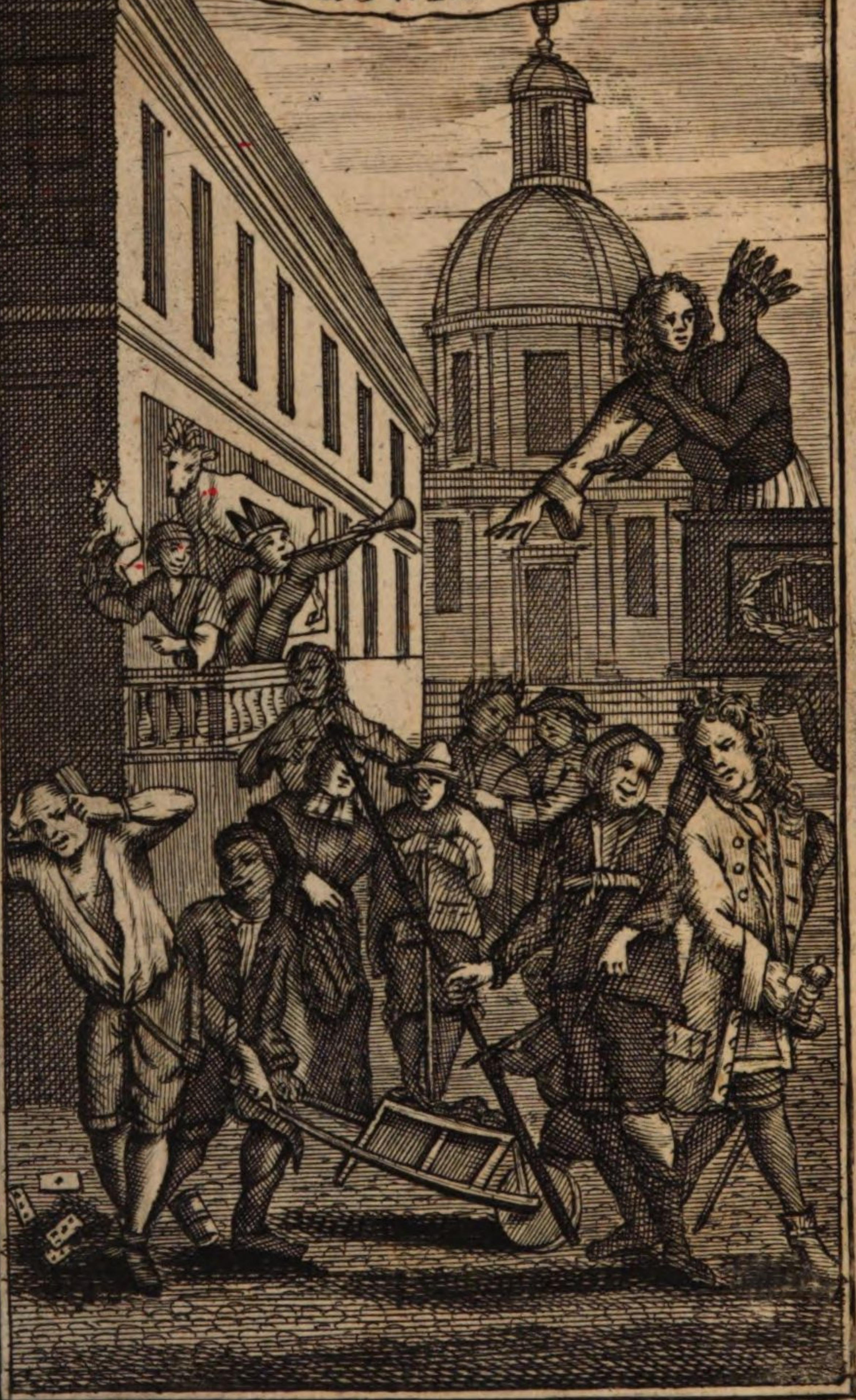


The Third Vol: of
T. BROWN'S WORKS



THE
THIRD VOLUME
OF THE
WORKS
OF
Mr. Thomas Brown;
BEING
AMUSEMENTS

SERIOUS and COMICAL,
Calculated for the Meridian of LONDON.

LETTERS Serious and Comical, to Gentlemen and Ladies.

ÆNEAS SYLVIUS's Letters in ENGLISH.

A Walk round LONDON and WESTMINSTER, exposing the Vices and Follies of the Town.

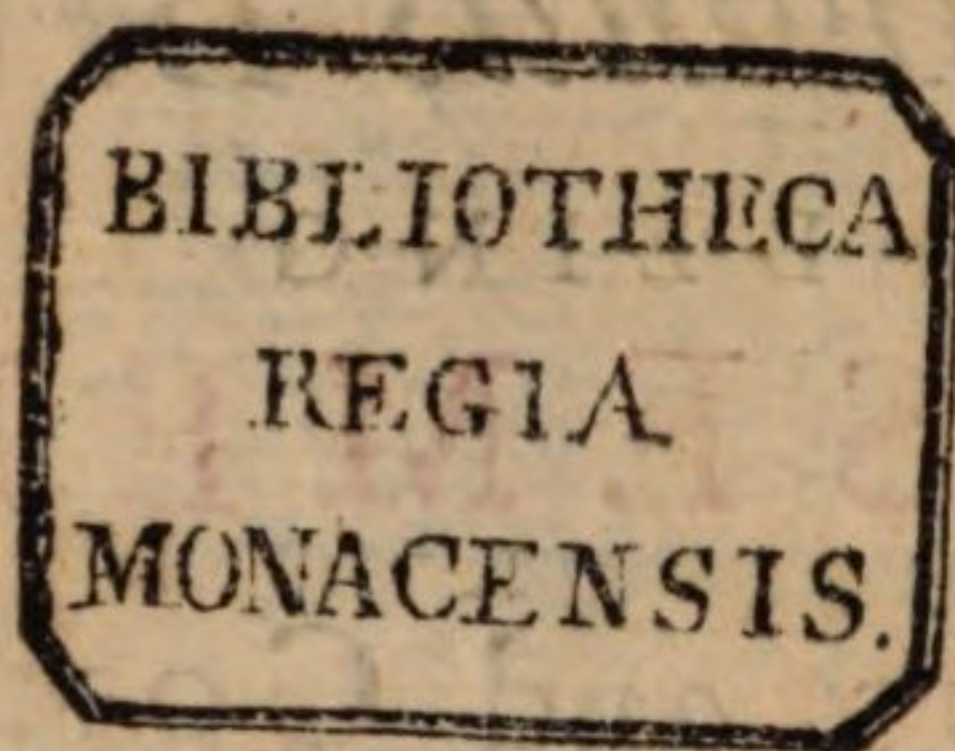
The DISPENSARY, a Farce.

The LONDON and LACEDÆMONIAN Oracles.

The Seventh Edition carefully Corrected.

LONDON:

Printed by and for *Edward Midwinter*, at the
Looking-Glass on London-Bridge. 1730.





THE
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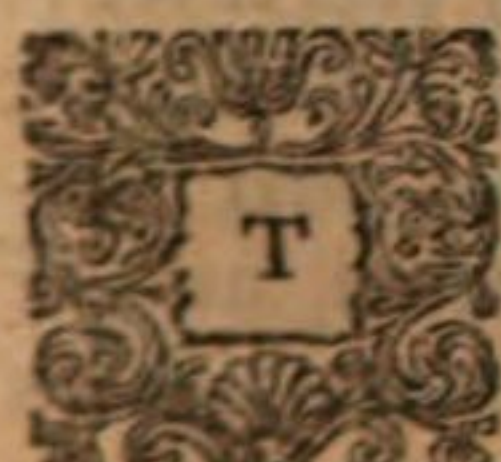
THE
WORKS
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Mr. *Thomas Brown.*

VOLUME III.

AMUSEMENTS
SERIOUS and COMICAL,
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AMUSEMENT I.

The PREFACE.

HE Title I have conferr'd upon my Book, gives me Authority to make as long a Preface as I please; for a long Preface is a true *Amusement*.

However, I have ventured to put one here, under the Apprehension that it will be very necessary toward the *understanding* of the Book; tho' the generality of Readers are of Opinion, that a Preface, instead of setting off the work, does but expose the Vanity of the Author.

E *Amusements Serious and Comical.*

A good General of an Army is less embarrassed at the Head of his Troops, than an ill Writer in the Front of his Productions. He knows not in what Figure to dress his Countenance: If he puts on a fierce and haughty Look, his Readers think themselves obliged to lower his Top-sail, and back a-Stern: If he affects an humble speaking Posture, they slight and despise him: If he boasts the excellency of his Subject, they believe not a Syllable of what he says: If he tells them there is little or nothing in it, they take him at his Word: and to say *nothing* at all of his Work, is an insufferable Omission in an Author.

I know not what Success these Papers will find in the World; but if any amuse themselves in criticizing upon them, or reading them, my Design is answered.

I have given the following Thoughts the Name of *Amusements*; you will find them Serious or Comical, according to the Humour I was in when I wrote them; and they will either *divert, instruct, or tire* you, after the Humour you are in when you read them.

T'other Day one of the imaginary serious Wits, who thought it a Weakness in any Man to laugh, seeing a Copy of this Book, at the opening of it, fell into a Passion, and wrinkling up his Nostrils like a heated Stallion that had a Mare in the Wind, said *The Book was unworthy of the Title, for grave Subjects should be treated with Decorum; and 'twas to prophane serious Matters, to blend them with Comical Entertainments: What a Mixture is here,* says he!

This Variety of Colours, said I to my Censurer, appears very natural to me; for if one strictly examine all Mens Actions and Discourses, we shall find that Seriousness and Merriment are near Neighbours, and always live together like Friends, if fullen moody Sots don't set them at Variance. Every Day shews us, that *serious Maxims* and *sober Counsels* often proceed out of the Mouths of the pleasantest companions: and such as affect to be always grave and musing, are then *more Comical* than they think themselves.

My Spark pushed his Remonstrance farther: *Are not you ashamed,* continued he, *to print Amusements? For you know, that Man was made for Business, and not to sit*

fit amusing himself like an owl in an Ivy-bush? To which I answered after this manner.

The whole Life of Man is but one entire *Amusement*: Virtue only deserves the Name of Business, and none but they that practise it can be truly said to be employ'd, for all the World besides are idle.

One amuses himself by *Ambition*, another by *Interest*, and another by that foolish Passion *Love*. Little Folks amuse themselves in Pleasures, great Men in the Acquisition of Glory; and I am amused to think that all this is *nothing but Amusement*.

Once more, the whole Transactions of our Lives are but meer *Amusements*, and Life its self is but an *Amusement* in a continued Expectation of Death.

Thus much for serious Matters; let us now make haste to Pleasantry.

I have a great Mind to be in Print; but above all, I would fain be an Original, and that is a true Comical Thought: When all the learned Men in the World are but Translators, is it not a pleasant Jest that you should strive to be an Original? You should have observ'd your Time, and have come in the World with the *Ancient Greeks* for that purpose; for the *Latins* themselves are but Copiers.

This discourse has mightily discouraged me. Is it true then, that there is such an Embargo laid upon *Invention*, that no Man can produce any thing that is perfectly *new*, and entirely his *own*? Many Authors, I confess, have told me so: I will enquire farther about it; and if Sir Roger, Mr. Dryden, and Mr. D'Urfey confirm it, then I will believe it.

What need all this Toil and Clutter about Original Authors and Translations? He who imagines briskly, thinks justly, and writes correctly, is an Original in the same thing that another had thought before him: The Natural Air and curious Turn he gives his Translation, and the Application wherewith he graces them, is enough to perswade any *Sensible Man*, that he was able to think and perform the same things, if they had not been thought and done before him, which is an *Advantage* owing to their Birth, rather than to the *Excellency* of their Parts beyond their Successors.

4 *Amusements Serious and Comical.*

Some of our Modern Writers, that have built upon the *Foundation* of the *Ancients*, have so far excell'd in disguising their Notions, and improving the first Essays, that they have acquir'd more Glory and Reputation, than ever was given to the *Original* Authors: Nay, have utterly effaced their Memories.

Those who rob the *Modern Writers*, study to hide their Thefts; those who filch from the *Ancients*, account it their Glory. But why the first should be more reproach'd than the latter, I can't imagine, since there is more Wit in disguising a Thought of Mr. *Lock's*, than in a lucky *Translation* of a Passage from *Horace*. After all, it must be granted, that the *Genius* of some Men can never be brought to write correctly in this Age, till they have formed their Judgments from the Standard of the *Ancients*, and the Delicacy of their Expression from the Variety and Turns of the *Moderns*; and I know no Reason why it should be their Disparagement, to capacitate themselves by these Helps to serve the Publick.

Nothing will please some Men but Books stuff'd with *Antiquity*, groaning under the Weight of learned Quotations drawn from the *Fountains*. And what is all this but Pilfering? But I will neither rob the *Ancient* nor *Modern Books*, but pillage all I give you from the Book of the World.

The Book of the World is very *Ancient*, and yet always new. In all Times Men and their Passions have been the Subjects: These Passions were always the same, tho' they have been deliver'd to Posterity in *different Manners*, according to the different Constitution of Ages; and in all Ages they are read by every one according to the Characters of their Wit, and the Extent of their Judgment.

Those who are qualified to read and understand the Book of the World, may be beneficial to the Publick, in communicating the Fruit of their Studies; but those that have no other Knowledge of the World but what they collect from Books, are not fit to give *Instructions* to others.

If the World then is a Book that ought to be read in the *Original*, one may as well compare it to a Country

The Preface.

5

try that one cannot know, nor make known to others, without travelling through it one self. I began this Journey very young; I always lov'd to make Reflections upon every thing that presented it self to my View; I was amused in making these Reflections: I have amused my self in writing them; and I wish my Reader may amuse himself in reading them.

Some will think it another Amusement to find a Book without a Dedication, especially from the Hand which this comes from: For my part, I give them leave to make what Reflections they please, but I can assure them this Omission of mine did not happen so much from a Scarcity of *Penegyrick*, as the Want of a *Patron*; for I can flatter as well as I could twenty Years since, and still retain the Knack of *dignifying* and *distinguishing* such as do not deserve it.

But as the Devil would have it, my Lord such a one has been laugh'd into Sense, and has order'd his Porter to say he is not at home to a Poetical Visitant. The Duke of — loves to be called *Heroe* no where but in the Frontispiece of a Play; and the Marquess — civilly returns his Thanks to the Gentleman for his Present, but without one piece of Gold to enable him to live up to the Title he compliments him with. The Lady — loses such Sums at Cards, and her good natur'd Husband is under such Apprehension of being ruffled by the P----, and taken a Peg lower, that *Elegies*, I am afraid, must henceforth supply the place of *Dedications*; and Men of my Profession will be more employ'd in writing on the Deaths of the Muses, than making gross Comments on the Lives of those who did not think 'em worth living.

However, I am one of the first of the Suburbian Class that has ventur'd out with an Amusement of this Bulk, without making Application to a Nobleman's Porter, and tiring him out with shewing him his Master's Name. Which Consideration I comfort my self with at no small rate; and if I have sent into the World what may divert the Pleasant, please the Serious, and instruct those that are willing to be advised, it's beyond my Expectance, and consequently must be an *Amusement* to my self as well as others.

A M U S E M E N T II.

The Voyage of the World.

T Here is no Amusement so entertaining and advantageous as improving some of our leisure Time in Travelling, and giving a Loose to our Souls that have been upon the Stretch, by diverting 'em with agreeable Reflections on the *Manners* of the different Countries we journey thro', and the *Constitutions* of the several People the Places we visit are furnished with. If any Man therefore has an Inclination to divert himself, and sail with me round the Globe, to supervise almost all the Conditions of human Life, without being infected with the Vanities and Vices that attend such a whimsical Perambulation, let him follow me, who am going to relate it in a Style and Language proper to the Variety of the Subject: For as the *Caprichio* came naturally into my *Pericranium*, and I am as fond of what is the Product of my Fancy, as a young Woman of the Fruits of her lost Virginity, I am resolv'd to pursue it thro' thick and thin, in order to enlarge my Capacity for a Man of Business.

Where then shall I begin? In the Name of Mischief what Country will first present it self to my Imagination? *He Bien!* I have hit upon't already: Let us steer for the Court, for that's the Region whose Inhabitants will read us the best Lecture of true Knowledge, and give the most instructive Ideas that the Prospect of the whole World can possibly *Amuse* us with.

The COURT.

T H E *Court* is a sort of a *τὸ πᾶν*, an Epitome of what is Universal, and abounds with all the Variety of *Amusements* that human Occurrences can present us with, or the Mind of Man is capable of receiving. The Air they breathe there, is very fine and subtle; only for about three Parts and a half of four in the Year, 'tis liable to be infected with gross Vapours full of *Flattery* and *Lying*. All the Avenues leading to it are gay, smiling, agreeable to the Sight, and all end in one and the same Point, *Honour* and *Self-Interest*. Here *Fortune* keeps her Residence, and seems to expect that

that we make our Addresses to her at the Bottom of a long Walk, which lies open to all Comers and Goers. One would be apt to think at first sight, that he might reach the End on't before he could count Twenty: but there are so many By-Walks and Alleys to cross, so many Turnings and Windings to find out, that he is soon convinc'd of his Mistake. 'Tis contriv'd into such an intricate Maze, and obscure Manner, that the straightest Way is not always the nearest; and indirect Practices and Measures are oftentimes very effectual Helps to bring you to your Journey's End, and forward your Designs to reach it. It looks gloriously at a Distance, but when you approach it, its Beauty diminishes.

After all the Enquiry I have made about it, I am not able to satisfy your Curiosity, whether the Ground it stands upon be firm and solid? A *Dutch* Boor can as soon find out the controverted Article of *Predestination*, or an *English* Quaker prove *Infallibility* from his Wife's lying on her Back, as the most *Intelligent Persons* in Affairs, that are foreign to the Knowledge of it, can ever discover the *Arcana's* of it at first sight. I have seen some New-comers tread as confidently upon it, as if they had been born there; but quickly found they were in a new World, where the tottering Earth made 'em giddy and stumble: For tho' they knew Good and Evil were equally useful to their Advancement, yet were so confounded to know which of the two they ought to employ to make their Fortunes with, that for want of understanding only that pretty Knack, they made a Journey to Court only to go back again, and report at Home they had the Honour of seeing it. On the other side, I have seen some old Stagers walk upon Court-ground as gingerly as upon Ice or a Quagmire, and with all the Precaution and Fear imaginable, lest they should fall from a great Fortune by the same Defects that rais'd 'em: And not without cause, for the *Ground* is hard in some Places, and sinks in others; but all People covet to get upon the highest Spot, to which there is no coming but by one Passage, and that is so narrow, that no ambitious Pretender can keep the way, without jostling other people down with his Elbows: And the farther Mischief on't is, that those

that keep their Feet will not help up those that are fallen, but make use of the same Methods that are in Practice amongst a certain Community of Birds, (Heavens forbid I should say *Canary*) that expel the lame and wounded from their Society, and are no manner of Company for those that are helpless, while they are still clapping their Wings in Defence of those who have no Occasion for it, and permit every Privilege to those of their feathered Acquaintance who have the least need of Assistance.

*Stout should his Heart, and thoughtful be his Head,
That would in slippe'ry Paths with Judgment tread,
And tempt the Dangers which on Courts attend,
A smiling En'my, and a treach'rous Friend;
As he of great Preferments waits the Call,
Certain to slip, and almost sure to fall.*

The Difficulties we meet with in this Country are very surprizing; for he takes the longest way about that keeps the old Track of Honesty and true Merit; for where the Address of some does not help to make the Fortune of others, immediately to eclipse his Desert, Calumny raises the thickest Clouds, Envy the blackest Vapours, and the Candidate is lost in the Fog of Competitors, and must hide himself behind a Favourite's Recommendation, if ever he hopes to obtain what he seeks for: So that Virtue is no longer Virtue, nor Vice, Vice, but every thing is confounded and eaten up by particular Interests.

A professed Courtier, tho' he never aims at the *Peace of God*, is past any Man's *Understanding*; and if he does Good, it may be wholly attributed to *Chance*; if Evil, you have no reason to impute it to any thing but *Design*. He that holds him by the Hand, is in the same condition with him that hath a wet Eel by the Tail, you no sooner think you are sure of him, but you have lost him, and he slips thro' your Fingers with the same Swiftness that he dismisses you from his Memory, after a thousand Promises of *never forgetting* you.

If *Familiarity breeds Contempt*, he ought to be the most despicable Creature living; for *My dear Friend* is the first Title you go by, tho he never saw you before that Minute; and *the next time you visit me, I shall have*

nothing to do but to give you Joy of the Possession of what you are now asking me for, is the Dialect you understand him by; when if you understand him as you ought, you would never lose your time in making Addresses to him.

Would you know what Religion he is of, you must enquire of his Prince? For he is the fittest Person to resolve the Question, provided he can give an Account of his own: But have you a desire to be informed what good he has done for his Country? To deal ingenuously with you, follow my Advice and ask no body, for no Man living can tell you. Other Mens Sins *stare 'em in their Faces*, but these Gentlemens Guilt rides behind 'em, and may be distinguished by the Multitude of their Liveries. If you offer to present one of 'em, *He must be excused, he dare not accept of it, it's Bribery, &c.* But his Man calls you aside, tells you the Business shall be done, gives the Law a milder Interpretation, and telling over the Guineas, has a round Sum of his Master for his Pains, and is sent out of his way to prevent the Detection of such unwarrantable Proceedings.

But tho' the Courtiers seem to tend *one and all* to the same Center, and Honour and Interest are what their Wishes and Endeavours terminate in, there are different Species among 'em, as they have raised themselves by different ways.

Observe that old starched Fop there; his Hat and Peruque continue to have as little Acquaintance together as they had in the Year 65. You would take him for a Taylor by his Mein, but he is another sort of an Animal, I assure you, a *Courtier*, a *Politician*, the most *unintelligible thing* now in being. Ask him his Profession, and you'll puzzel him with the Enquiry; for he has run thro' the whole Circle of Employments, and never has been Master of one grain of Honesty since his Admission into either. *Transubstantiation*, *Non-resistance*, and *Predestination* have *vice versa* been Articles of his Creed; and he is so well provided with Distinctions, that he can prove Infidelity to his Prince to be an act of Service to his Country, and that the only way to preserve the *Protestant Religion*, is for such as he to abjure

it. Of all Trades that are necessary to set up an Antiquated Beau, his *Haberdasher* loses the least by him; for he wears no Hat otherwise than under his Arm, lest his Brain should be over-heated, and his Head be rendered not cool enough for him to over-reach his Master with. In short, he is *Divisible in infinitum*, and you may as soon square the Circle, as reduce the several Branches of the matters of Fact he may be charged with, under one single Head. Your puny unexperienced Courtier fears every thing, but this Gentleman is skilful in Matters of Change, and so well read in the Vicissitudes of sublunary things, that he disdains the Reproaches of the Subject; and being wrapt up in the Protection of his Prince, seems apprehensive of nothing, till a Vote of Parliament flings him behind the Curtain, and makes him play at Bo-peep with Politicks: At which Diversion we will leave him, to take a Prospect of yonder gay Thing, that basks himself in his Sovereign's Smiles, and has elbow'd out as good a Man, and as well descended as himself, from his Master's Intimacy. He wares much such another Habit on his Shoulders as he formerly carried upon his Arm; and as an Instance of his Conquests the last War in the *Netherlands*, has fix as good *Flanders* Mares to his Coach as *English* Money could purchase. Some are apt to blame him for making use of a Coat of Arms on it, and maliciously try their Wits in making Enquiries how much Money was paid the Heralds for the Purchase of it? but I must have more Manners, since he's a *great Man*; and there's no reason to suspect him for any other than a *Wise One*, for keeping his Ground where the Generality of the same Profession lose theirs. He has had as many Estates as any *English* P——— of 'em all, yet is endued with that Fore-cast, as not to have a Foot of Land in a place where one Day his Title may be called in question: and as for the *Dirty Acres*, like Sir *Joseph* in Mr. *Congreve's Old Batchelor*, he has wash'd his Hands of 'em, but in another manner; for he has sufficiently daub'd 'em with fingering what he received in Exchange for 'em. In short, his *Mansion-house* is not in this World, i. e. in the Kingdoms of *Great Britain* and *Ireland*, tho' his *Abiding-place* is; and there is such a great Gulph be-

between his Possessions and ours, that a *Resumption Act* hath as little regard with him as that against *Immorality* and *Prophaneness*.

But as this Gentleman has worked himself into Favour by his good Looks and Deportment, so it will not be amiss to take a View of that superannuated Sinner there, who has had other Qualifications to commend him. Let me tell you, Sirs, it's brave thing to be a General Officer, without bearing the Fatigues of a Camp; and there's nothing like being paid for a Regiment of *Red Locusts*, without running the hazard of bearing 'em Company amongst the Desolations of War and Famine. It's the happiest and most contented State imaginable, to see the Resemblance of Battles, without the Danger of being wounded in 'em, and hear the *Artillery* roar by Days, without any apprehensions of being frightened from *flashing in the Pan* at Night with one's Mistress. As for my part, if it were allowed me to chuse my Condition of Life, I should assuredly pitch on such a one as this; only if it was my Fortune to have his Bed-fellow, I should desire to be without his Age: And in this Wish Madam ——— would not refuse to join with me, if Reports speak true of her, as grey Hairs seems to demonstrate in relation to him.

I could pursue my Discourses in the Character of that B ——— that has a Pendulum on his Neck, as if he moved by *Mechanism*; but poor honest indefatigable Pains-taker! he has so mortified himself with Fasting and Praying, that the *Translation Bill* may not pass, that it would be a piece of Cruelty to triumph over his Imperfections, tho' the World is apt to censure him for taking another Man's House over his Head, and bespeaking the Possession of it before the Tenant for Life is dead. A multitude of Observations might also be made on others that inhabit in this slippery Tenement; but as the City is more peopled than the Court, and consequently must have a greater Number of *Amusements*, we must reserve a greater space for remarks on it, since there is matter enough to employ us, should we take up the whole Duration of Time, and bespeak *Eternity* for a Life that is equal to it.

AMUSEMENT III.

LONDON.

LONDON is a World by it self; we daily discover in it more new Countries and surprizing Singularities, than in all the Universe besides. There are among the *Londoners* so many Nations differing in *Manners, Customs, and Religions*, that the *Inhabitants* themselves don't know a quarter of 'em. Imagine then what an *Indian* would think of such a motly Herd of People, and what a diverting Amusement it would be to him to examine with a Traveller's Eye, all the remarkable things of this mighty City. A Whimsy now takes me in the Head, to carry this Stranger all over the Town with me: No doubt but his odd and fantastical Ideas will furnish me with *Variety*, and perhaps with *Diversi-*
sion.

Thus I am resolved to take upon me the *Genius* of an *Indian*, who has had the Curiosity to travel hither among us, and who had never seen any Thing like what he sees in *London*. We shall see how he will be amazed at certain things, which the prejudice of Custom makes to seem reasonable and natural to us.

To diversify the Stile of my Narration, I will sometimes make my Traveller speak, and sometimes I will take up the Discourse my self. I will represent to my self the abstracted Ideas of an *Indian*, and I will likewise represent ours to him. In short, taking it for granted, that we two understand each other by half a word, I will set both *his* and *my Imagination* on the ramble. Those that won't take the pains to follow us, may stay where they are, and spare themselves the trouble of reading farther in the Book; but they that are minded to amuse themselves, ought to attend the Caprice of the Author for a few Moments.

I will therefore suppose this *Indian* of mine dropt perpendicularly from the Clouds, and finds himself all on a sudden in the midst of this prodigious and noisy City, where Repose and Silence dare scarce shew their Heads in the darkest Night. At first dash the confused
Clamours

Clamours near *Temple-Bar* stun him, fright him, and make him giddy.

He sees an infinite Number of different *Machines*, all in violent Motion, some *riding* on the top, some within, others behind, and *Jehu* in the Coach-box, whirling some *dignified Villain* towards the *Devil*, who has got an Estate by cheating the Publick. He lolls at full Stretch within, and half a dozen brawny Bulk-begotten *Footmen* behind.

In that dark Shop there, several Mysteries of *Iniquity* have seen *Light*; and it's a Sign our Saviour's Example is little regarded, since the Money-changers are suffered to live so near the *Temple*. T'other side of the Way directs you to a House of a more sweet-smelling Savour than its Owner's Conscience; and you can no sooner prepare your self to make Water near his back Window, but you shall have an *obliging* Female look thro' her Fingers to take the dimensions of the Pipe that emits it. Here stands a Shopkeeper who has not Soul enough to wear a Beaver Hat, with the Key of his Small-Beer in his Pocket; and not far from him a stingy Trader who has no Small-Beer to have a Key to. One side of the way points you out a Book-seller turned Quack, with his *Elixirs* and *Gallipots* ready to poyson old *Galen*, and the rest of his Worm-eaten Men of Physick's Works, which have taken no other Air than what blows upon his Stall, since they unhappily fell into his Hands; and t'other directs you to a *Divinity-monger*, who to the Dean of St. Paul's immortal Credit, is ready to attest, that there is one *living* that has got Money by him, and can prove any Man's opinion to be heterodox, and inconsistent with that of the *Christian Church*, if he believes otherwise.

Some carry, others are carried: *Make way there*, says a gouty-legged Chairman that is carrying a Punk of Quality to a *Mornings-Exercise*; or a *Bartholomew* Baby Beau, newly launched out of a Chocolate-house with his Pockets as empty as his Brains. *Make room there*, says another Fellow driving a Wheel-barrow of Nuts, that spoil the Lungs of the City Prentices, and make them wheeze over *their Mistresses*, as bad as the phlegmatick Cuckolds, *their Masters* do when called to *Family Duty*.

One

14 *Amusements Serious and Comical.*

One draws, another drives. *Stand up there you blind Dog*, says a Carman, *will you have the Cart squeeze your Guts out?* One Tinker knocks, another bawls, *Have you Brass-pot, Kettle, Skillet or a Frying-pan to mend?* Whilst another Son of a Whore yelps louder than *Homer's Stentor Two a groat, and Four for six-pence Mackerel?* One draws his Mouth up to his Ears, and howls out, *Buy my Flounders*, and is follow'd by an old burly Drab, that screams out the Sale of her *Maids* and her *Soul* at the same instant.

Here a footy Chimney-sweeper takes the Wall of a grave *Alderman*, and a *Broom-man* jostle the *Parson* of the Parish. There a fat greasy *Porter* runs a Trunk full-butt upon you, while another salutes your Antlers with a Flasket of *Eggs* and *Butter*. *Turn out there you Country Putt*, says a *Bully* with a Sword two Yards long jarring at his Heels, and throws him into the Kennel. By and by comes a *Christening*, with a *Reader* screwing up his Mouth to deliver the Service *ala-mode de Paris*, and afterwards talk immoderately nice and dull with the Gossips, the *Midwife* strutting in the Front, and young Original Sin as fine as Fippence, followed with the Vocal Musick of *Kitchen stuff ha' you Maids*, and a damned *Trumpeter* calling in the Rabble to see a Calf with six Legs and a Topknot. There goes a Funeral with the Men of *Rosemary* after it, licking their Lips after three hits of White, Sack and Claret at the House of Mourning, and the *Sexton* walking before, as big and bluff as a *Beef eater* at a Coronation. Here's a *Poet* scampers for't as fast as his Legs will carry him, and at his heels a brace of *Bandog Bailiffs*, with open Mouths ready to devour him and all the Nine *Muses*: And there an *Evidence* ready to spue up his *false Oaths* at the sight of the common Executioner.

We were jogging forward into the City, when our *Indian* cast his eyes upon one of his own Complexion, at a certain Coffe-house which has the *Sun* staring its Sign in the face, even at *Midnight* when the Moon is Queen Regent of the Planets, and being willing to be acquainted with his country Man, gravely enquired what province or Kingdom of *India* he belonged to ; but the footy Dog could do nothing but grin, and shew his teeth,

teeth, and cry, *Coffee, Sir, Tea, will you please to walk in, Sir, a fresh Pot upon my word.* Wherefore, to rest our selves a little, and recover our Ears from the deafness which the confused Noise of the Street had occasioned in 'em, we follow'd; and at the Entrance of the Room, according to ancient Custom, saluted the handsome Woman at the Bar with our Hats, and took our Seats. But we had no sooner placed our selves, when a Gentleman whose Sword was in Mourning for his Extravagance and whose wig had outlived every such thing as a Curl in it, came and sat down by us, and perceiving us to be strangers, under Pretext of Civility accosted us with Discourses relating to the Town, &c. The *Indian*, for his Part, hearkned to him very attentively; but I, who had been accustomed to such sort of Pensioners, took him aside, and told him I had heard the Story of *Sir John* several times, that the *Indian* was a person of Philosophy, &c. however he might call for a dish of Coffee or two, they were at his Service, provided he would spare the repetition of his *Legend* to us, at a time when there were so many young Tops that had both Leisure and Inclination enough to believe every Word he said, and would probably give him a Dinner for his pains.

We were no sooner got rid of our Impertinent, but we had a hurry of Objects, whose every individual was worthy of our strictest Observation: Parsons, Lawyers, Apothecaries, Projectors, Excisemen, Organists, Picture-sellers, Fiddlers and Bailiffs, were the several Ingredients this Miscellancy of Mortality was compos'd of; and it was extremely pleasant to take notice of a Certain *Mechanick*, who mov'd like Clock-work, a dandling another *Man's* Children, and as fond of 'em as if they were his *own*. But what call'd for our particular Observation, was a certain Triumvirate of persons who are always fond of a *particular* place, and are as constantly to be seen sitting on the Bench near the Fire, as a certain Church-Warden of *St. B* — in the same Street is giving audience in his shop amongst *Old Jack Philip's* merry politicks, to Beadles, and other Underlings of the Parish, from eight to ten in the morning, in his Night-cap. These Gentlemen, with very *cogitabund* Aspects
made

made up the three Degrees of Comparison amongst 'em. The least of them to give the Company a Tincture of his exemplary sobriety, cry'd, *I'm the most abstemious man in the World*; the middlemost for his part, as he had nothing in him, so he pretended to emit nothing from him, but contented himself with the name of an humble Auditor: but the tallest, like the Son of *Kish*, having found his two *Asses*, manag'd them accordingly. As he was singular in the Position of his Hat, so he held opinions contrary to the rest of the world, and he was grown so *scabbed* with the *Itch* of disputing, that for the sake of shewing his Parts, the worst of persuasions were as orthodox with him as the best. Sometimes he argu'd on the side of Popery, because it tolerated Pictures; another time *Geneva* was a blessed place, on account of its inhabitants not regarding 'em, whence he deduc'd this lucky inference, that a man who sold 'em again might buy 'em cheap there. Whatever the Doctrine was, Int'rest was the Application, and *Oliver Cromwell's* Picture was in more esteem with him than *Charles* the Martyr's, if it bore a higher price. This worthy person also desir'd to be amongst the Number of the *Abstemious*, and knew the Method prime well of talking three hours for a penny-worth of Tea; but that man that cannot abstain from *Flesh* in *Lent*, is like to pass undistinguished from the rest of his fellow Creatures, whose failings he's so apt to take notice of.

So many Contradictions fell from the mouth of this *would be an oracle*, with his Hat button'd behind, the judicious *Indian* was in haste to be gone to a place where he might have more instructive discourse; wherefore we left him and his *Abstemious* Comrades, and taking our leave of Smoke, Noise and Nonsense, made the best of our way down to the *Exchange*, without making any other Observations, than that there were more *Monthly* Collections in one Shop, than would be sold in a *twelve month*, and Malice and Ill-nature in the owner of another, than he could disperse amongst his neighbours, should he live to the next year of Jubilee.

As our way to the great Cathedral lay down Street, so we forbore going to see the place where *Peter's*
Wife

Wife formerly stood, to pay a visit to what was consecrated to *Paul*. Tho' there are people of some persuasions that don't stick to say one *Temp'e* is full as edifying as the other; and many women entertain those very thoughts of Elopement at Church, which they after put in practice at Taverns. But businesses of this nature are grown so frequent in this City, that in a short time we shall sooner admire at the Continency of a married Women, than her want of it; and since there is no other Punishment than for 'em to be deprived, by Act of Parliament of the company they fled from, in all probability we shall, in a short time, have more Horns of our Growth here, than are to be found in the *New-Forest*.

After a happy deliverance from the brawling consort of Fish-Women, and those that sell Puddings and Pyes on *Fleet Bridge*, and our passage by good King *Lud*, and his two Sons, where the poor citizens are confin'd, and starve amidst Copies of their Freedom, we enter'd in the *Strait Gate*, which is Westward of that noble edifice, and leads us into those paths which, as our Religion teaches us, tend to Salvation. The multitude of work-men, the Bulk of the stones, and the prodigious Circumference of the Pillars, amaz'd my companion to such a degree, that could we have met Sir *Christopher Wren*, he would have paid him that Act of Adoration the place was built for an Infinite Being to receive. He look'd upon the labour that was spent in building the *Chinese wall*, to be nothing to it, &c. however, after he was recovered from his Wonder, he could not but observe from the Smallness of the Windows, that the builder was no Enthusiast, and had no intention to make any great boasts of the *Light within*.

He agreed the choir was very magnificent, the Iron-work exquisitely fram'd, and nothing could be more agreeable than the Organ; but having met with very little that look'd like Religion before, since his arrival in these parts, he seem'd inquisitive in relation to the numerous Congregation, and reasons that brought 'em together. When I return'd, for answer, these dark Souls in *white* Garments here come for the sake of their Salaries, and are *hir'd* to ask Blessings for *themselves*; those

those Gentlemen that know nothing of the matter, and carry all their devotion in their eyes and ears, are strangers, and *come in only to go out again*; and those Ladies that look thro' their Fingers while the service is *Singing*, had never been here but for the sake of the *Musick* and *long Peruques*.

This sort of Devotion was a new manner of worship, to a person who was born in a country where there were such Bigots to the profession they were educated in, and he expressed his dislike of it in terms which bore a suitable Abhorrence of such unjustifiable proceedings. Wherefore we turned our backs on Bishop *Overall's* tall meagre disciple, and staying to see him take his Wife, *alias* his *Reasons*, in his hand after the Service was done, bad adieu to the Residentiaries Stalls, whose owners made a *Sine-cure*, of 400 l. per *Annum*; while *H——ll* was stretching his Lungs in order to maintain a long white wig, and a Hackney coach, and the worthy Subdean was chanting forth such deep Strains, as made it appear to the female audience, that tho' he had not a *Chamber-voice*, his Quail-pipe shewed him excellently well qualify'd for chamber-practice. But before we got out of this venerable Dome, I chanc'd to hammer out the following Stanza's, in relation to the rebuilding it.

*This Fabrick which at first was built
To be God's house of pray'r,
And not to pamper Priests in guilt,
Or hold a sleeping Mayor;
Once perished by the vengeful Flame,
Which a'l its Beauties raz'd,
Nor could its awful Patron's Name
Protect the pile it grac'd
But as it fell before, by Fire,
Which then destroy'd it whole,
So now to Heav'n its heights aspire,
And rise again by Coal.*

Our direct way to the great place of noise and tumult, the *Royal Exchange*, lying down *Cheapside*, we forbore paying a visit to the Bookfellers in the Church-yard, but left one rich old Curmudgeon walking about his Shop in Vindication of a perpetual Motion, that
having

having got by the Priesthood, to shew his gratitude, was perpetually cloathed like a parish Clerk; another sitting behind his Compter with multitudes of Reams of divinity Waste-papers about him, in expectation of some Clergyman or other, whom he had lost by, to take a hearty Glass with; and a third a tearing those Calculations of gain in a Fury which he had made, and assur'd himself of before *Dampier's* last unsuccessful voyage; to hasten our arrival at that Fabrick where mankind seems to be epitomiz'd, and the different tempers of Humanity in its several species tend to one Center, *viz.* Self-interest, which is accounted the *Summum Bonum*.

But as *Cheapside* is a street well furnish'd with matter for observation, and the Shopkeepers stand here on purpose to be taken notice of, so it may possibly be look'd upon as an indecency offer'd to their employments, to pass by 'em without a Compliment, or an Harangue upon their characters; for they are the fondest people living of being made publick; and rather than not be *known* at all, would be known for what *they are*. However, I must *husband* my observations at this time, and since a more convenient opportunity will offer it self hereafter, shall only take notice, that my *Indian*, whether out of the several indigested Ideas he had receiv'd from the diversity of Objects he met with, or a sort of a surprize that had laid hold of him, at the first sight of the chimney-sweepers at the Conduit, that look'd so much like his own country-men, was taken sick in an instant, and I was forced to carry him to a neighbouring Physician, whom some have falsely aspersed with the name of a *Horse-doctor*, because he lives so near their *Furniture-office*.

The worshipful Graduate in the noble art of Man-slaughter, receiv'd us with a Civility that was peculiar to him at the Sight of four Half-crowns; and tho' he had made a *Sine-cure* of most of his other Patients, recovered him from his indisposition in an instant. But as the Doctor's voluminous Works made no ordinary Figure among the refuse of the learned in *Duck-Lane*, or those redoubted Authors that take the Benefit of the Air upon the Rails in *Morefields*, so the Method he made use

use of towards his Recovery was altogether uncommon and extraordinary. In a word, we were no sooner enter'd into his Consultation-Room, but the Physician in Ordinary made his appearance with two large Folio's in his hands, and having ask'd me the nature of my Friend's distemper, (for he was not then capable of giving him an account of it himself) and made some Enquiry with his Fingers, in relation to the beating of the Pulse, he open'd the *tremendous* Page by way of Exorcism, and fell a reading one of the descriptions of Prince *Arthur's* Battles so pathetically, that the very noise of the Words awaken'd the modest *Indian* out of his Lethargy, and by way of Sympathy freed him from one Fright, by putting him into another.

For heaven's sake, said the Patient, my dear Friend, where are we, or what language does that honest Gentleman there make use of, that rattles so mightily in the throat, and confounds a Man's Understanding by endeavouring to improve it? This is one of our *English* Doctors, cry'd I, that having *Murder'd* the people, is for extirpating the *Language*, and falling foul upon every individual Syllable that composes the Vocabulary. He's a Poet, let me tell you, and what is more, makes verses in his own Coach too. He tells a Story admirably well in a Coffee-house, if Apothecaries and Surgeons are Judges, and has been some time since made a Fool of at Court, if there are any wise Men there. In short, he has been dignified with a title for making a King of a Prince; and whatever you do, you must use him as the great ones have done, that is, flatter him, and tell him he's the best Man at *heroicks*, in the present age, or he'll dismiss you with a Pill to rectify your Judgment, that shall send you to a place where a great many bold *Tell-truths* are gone before you. If you intend to dine with him, or sit within ten yards of him, up one pair of stairs at *Garraway's* Coffee-house, you must cry, *Sir Richard, your paraphrase upon Job outdoes your Arthurs*; but for your own dear Health's sake, don't say, in Dulness. This thought put me in mind of some Verses a Friend of mine wrote some time since on that inimitable Undertaking; which for the Novelty of the Expression, and the oddness

nests of thought, I judg'd proper to communicate, as follows;

*When Job contending with the Devil I saw,
It did my Wonder, but not Pity draw:
For I concluded, that without some Trick,
A Saint at any time could match Old Nick.
Next, came a fiercer Fiend upon his Back,
I mean his Spouse, and stunn'd him with her Clack;
But still I could not pity him, as knowing
A crab-tree Cudgel soon would send her going.*

*But when the Quack engaged with Job I spy'd,
The Lord have mercy on poor Job, I cry'd,
What Spouse and Satan did attempt in vain,
The Quack will compass with his murd'ring Pen,
And on a Dunghill leave poor Job agen.
With impious Doggrel he'll pollute his Theme,
And make the Saint against his Will blaspheme.*

From hence we made towards the Royal Exchange, and, between Sadlers-hall and Woodstreet, met a Friend of mine that deals in Linnen, standing at shop door; and having occasion for his acquaintance, in order to take up some Shirts and Handkerchiefs which Men under poetical circumstances generally stand in need of, I struck into discourse with him; but the first thing, as ill Luck would have it, I cast my eyes on, was an Inscription in several places of the Shop, which made me always as mute as a Fish, and was, *No trust upon retail.* However, I reflected to my self, that this caveat did not exclude those that would tick upon *Wholesale.* Wherefore rather than not to be a customer, I propos'd to take up several whole pieces by way of Credit; but the cream of the jest was, the Man knew his Trade, as also that which I had made Profession of, so that I was never the farther from continuing shirtless for the proposal. We were now almost come to *Woodstreet Corner*, when I bethought my self it was more advisable to go on the other side of the Street, than to endanger my Corps by coming within reach of the *Men-eaters*, that stood not far off seeking whom thy might devour, and desir'd the *Indian* to cross over the way, which he did accordingly. Avoid that turning, said I, if you would have me for your Companion, for it's a place of no Security for
a Man

a Man who has made as much use of the publick faith as I have. Those fellows, that give their attendance a little below, at the Prison gate, I must be plain with you, are no company for Poets. I have been too lately under their clutches to desire any more dealings with them, and I cannot come within a furlong of the *Rose Spunging-House*, without five or six Yellow Boys in my Pockets, to cast out those Devils there, who would otherwise intallibly take possession of me. With that, I told him how I had once (on Account of damn'd *Noverint Universi's*, and other Heretical papers, as notes under my Hand, &c.) been confin'd there; and that being without hopes of release, I had put pen to paper and written my own Elegy, which being too long to be repeated, I satisfied his Curiosity in some part, by the rehearsal of the following Epitaph, which was the close of it.

*Reader, beneath this Turf, I lye,
And hold my self content.
Piss, if you please, pray what care I,
Since now my Life is spent :
A Marble Stone indeed might keep
My Body from the Weather,
And gather people as I sleep,
And call more foo's together :
But hadst thou been from whence I came,
Thou'dst never mince the Matter,
But shew thy Sentiments the same,
And hate Stone-Doublets after.
I'm dead, and that's enough t' acquaint
A man of any sense,
That if he's looking for a Saint,
He must go farther hence.
Between two Roses down I fell,
As 'twixt two Stoo's a Platter;
One held me up exceeding well,
T'other did no such Matter:
The Rose by Temple-Bar gave wine,
Exchang'd for Chalk, and fill'd me;
But being for the Ready Coin,
The Rose in Wood-street kill'd me.*

My

My Companion was pleas'd to see me so merry under my Affliction, but being of a *Genius* altogether full of speculation, diverted the discourse to more material Enquiries in relation to Trade, which he saw was the whole Business of our Citizens.

While I behold this Town of *London*, said our contemplative Traveller, I fancy I behold a prodigious animal. The Streets are so many *Veins*, wherein the people Circulate. With what hurry and swiftness is the Circulation of *London*, perform'd? You behold, cry'd I to him, the Circulation that is made in the Heart of *London*, but it moves more briskly in the Blood of the *Citizens*; they are always in Motion and Activity. Their Actions succeed one another with so much rapidity, that they begin a thousand things before they have finished one, and finish a thousand others before they may properly be said to have begun them.

They are equally incapable both of attention and patience, and tho' nothing is more quick than the effects of hearing and seeing, yet they don't allow themselves time either to hear or see; but like Moles, work in the dark, and undermine one another.

All their Study and Labour is either about profit, or pleasure; and they have Schools for the education of their flaking horse, which they call *Apprentices* in the Mystery of *Trade*: A Term unintelligible to foreigners, and which none truly understand the meaning of, but those that practice it. Some call it *Over-witting those they deal with*, but that is generally denied as a heterodox Definition; for wit was never counted a *London* Commodity, unless among their Wives, and other city Sinners; and if you search all the Warehouses and Shops from *White-chappel* Bars to *St. Clement's* if it were to save a Man's Life, or a Woman's Honesty, you cannot find one Farthing-worth of *Wit* among them.

Some drive this Heathenish Word *Trade* from a *Hebrew* Original, and call it *over-reaching*; but the *Jews* deny it, and say the name and Thing is wholly *Christian*; and for this Interpretation quote the Authority of a *London Alderman*, who sold a *few* five Fatts of right-handed Gloves without any Fellows to them, and afterwards

terwards made him purchase the Left-handed ones to match them, at double the Value.

Some call *Trade honest Gain*, and to make it more palatable, have lacker'd it with the name of *Godliness*; and hence it comes to pass, that the generality of *Londoners* are counted such eminent Professors; but of all Gueffers he comes nearest the Mark that said, Trade was playing a Game at *Losing Loadum*, or dropping *Fools Pence* into *Knaves Pockets*, till the *Sellers* were rich, and the *Buyers* were Bankrupts.

That magnificent Building there, which stands in the middle of *London*, is for the accommodation of the *Lady Trade*, and her Heirs and Successors for ever, and is so full of amusements about twelve a clock every Day, that one would think all the World was converted into News-mongers and Intelligencers; for that's the first Salutation among all mankind that frequent that Place: What news from *Scandaroon* and *Aeppo*? says the Turkey Merchant. What Price bear Currants at *Zant*? Apes at *Tunis*? Religion at *Rome*? Cutting a Throat at *Naples*? Whores at *Venice*? and the cure of a Clap at *Padua*?

What news of such a Ship? says the *Insurer*. Is there any hopes of her being cast away, says the *Adventurer*, for I have insur'd more by a thousand pounds than I have in her? So have I through Mercy, say a second, and therefore let's leave a Letter of Advice for the Master, at the New light-house at *Plymouth*, that he does not fail to touch at the *Good-win sands*, and give us advice of it from *Deal* or *Canterbury*, and he shall have another Ship for his faithful service as soon as he comes to *London*.

I have a Bill upon you, Brother, says one *Alderman* to another. Go home, Brother, says the other, and if Money and my Man be absent, let my wife pay you out of her *Privy-purse*, as your *Good Wife* lately paid a *Bill at sight for me*, I thank her Ladyship.

Hark you, Mr. *Broker*, I have a parcel of excellent Log-wood, Block-tin, Spiders Brains, Philosophers Guts, *Don Quixot's* Wind-mills, Hens teeth, Ell-broad Pack-thread, and the Quintessence of the Blue of Plumbs. Go you puppy, you are fit to be a Broker, and don't know

know that the *Greshamites* buy up all these Rarities by Wholesale all the Year, and Retail them out to the Society every First of *April*.

Hah, Old Acquaintance! Touch Flesh: I have been seeking thee all the *Change* over. I have a pressing Occasion for some Seeds of Sedition, *Jacobite Rue*, and *Whig Herb of Grace*, can't furnish me? Indeed lau, no, saith the Merchant, I have just parted with them to the several Coffee-houses about the Town, where the respective Merchants meet, that Trade in those Commodities; but if you want but a small Parcel, you may be supplied by Mrs. *Bald—n*, or *Dar—y*, and his Son-in-Law *Bel' and Clapper*, and most Booksellers in *London* and *Westminster*. Da, da, I'll about it immediately. Stay a little Mr. — I have a Word in Private to you. If you know any of our *Whig* Friends that have Occasion for any Stanch Votes for the Choice of Mayors or Sheriffs, that were calculated for the Meridian of *London*, but will serve indifferently for any City or Corporation in *Europe*, our Friend Mr *Pats—l* has Abundance that lye upon his Hands, and will be glad to dispose of them a good Pennyworth. Enough, said the other, They are no Winter's Traffick; for though Mayors and Woodcocks come in about *Michae'mass*, they don't lay Springs for Sheriffs till about *Midsummer*, and then we'll talk with him about those weighty Matters.

There stalks a Sergeant and his Mace, smelling at the Merchants Backsides, like a Hungry Dog for a Dinner.

There walks a Publick Notary tied to an Inkhorn, like an Ape to a Clog, to put off his Heathen-Greek Commodities, Bills of Store, and Charter-Parties.

That wheesing Sickly Shew, with his Breeches full of the Prices of Male and Female Commodities, Projects, Complaints, and all Mismanagements from *Dan* to *Beerseba*, is the *Devil's Broker*, and may spoken withal every *Sunday*, from Eleven in the Morning till Four in the Afternoon, at the *Quakers-Meeting*, or his Lodging, and not after; for the rest of his Time on that Day he employs in adjusting his Accompts, and playing at *Back-gammon* with his Principal. There goes a *Rat-catcher* in State, brandishing his Banner, like a Black-

amoor in a Pageant, on the Execution Day of Roast-Beef, greasy Geese, and Custards. And there sneaks a Hunger-starv'd *Usurer* of a Druggist, in Quest of a crazy Citizen for *Use* or *Continuance-Money*, whom the other shuns as carefully as a Serjeant, and avoids with as much Industry as he does making up his Accompts with God Almighty.

Now say I to my *Indian*, Is not all this *Hodge-podge* a pleasant Confusion, and a perfect Amusement? The astonish'd Traveller replied, Without doubt the indigested *Chaos* was but an imperfect Representation of this congregated Huddle. But what most amuses my Understanding is, to hear 'em speak all Languages, and talk of nothing but *trucking* and *bartering*, *buying* and *selling*, *borrowing* and *lending*, *paying* and *receiving*; and yet I see nothing they have to dispose of, unless those that have 'em sell their Gold Chains, the Brasiers their Leather Aprons, the young Merchants their Swords, or the old ones their Canes and Oaken Plants, that support their feeble Carcases. That *Doubt*, quoth I to my inquisitive *Indian*, is easily resolv'd, for though their grosser Wares are at Home in their Store-houses, they have many things of Value to truck for, which they always carry about 'em; as, *Justice* for *fat Capons*, to be delivered before Dinner; a *Reprieve* from the Whipping-post for a *Dozen Bottles of Claret* to drink after it; *Licences* to sell Ale for a *Hoghead of Stout* to his Worship; and *Leave* to keep a Coffee-house, for a *Cask of Cold Tea* to his Lady. Name but what you want, and I'll direct you to the Walks where you shall find the Merchants that will furnish you. Would you buy the *Common Hunt*, the *Common Cryer's*, the *Bridge-master's*, or the *Keeper of Newgate's* Places? Stay till they fall, and a Gold Chain and great Horse will direct you to the Proprietors. Would you buy any naked Truth, or Light in a dark Lanthorn? Look in the *Wet-Quakers* Walk. Have you Occasion for Comb-brushes, Tweezers, Cringes or Compliments *A la mode*? The *French Walk* will supply you. Want you old Cloaks, plain Shoes, or formal Gravity? You may fit your self to a Cow's-Thumb among the *Spaniards*. Have you any Use in your Country for upright *Honesty* or downright *Dealing*? You may

may buy Plenty of 'em both among the *Stockjobbers*, for they are dead Commodities, and that Society are willing to quit their Hands of 'em. Would you lay out your *Indian Gold* for a new *Plantation*? Enquire for the *Scotch Walk*, and you'll buy a good Pennyworth in *Darien*. Three of your own Kings for as many new Hats, and all their nineteen Subjects into the Purchase, to be delivered at the *Scotch East-Indian-Office*, by Parson *Pater-son*, or their Secretary *Wisdom Webster*. If you want any Tallow, Rapparees Hides, or *Popish* Massacres, enquire in the *Irish Walk*, and you cannot loose your Labour: But I am interrupted.

Look yonder's a *few* treading upon an *Italian's* Foot, to carry on a Sodomitical Intrigue, and Bartering their Souls here for Fire and Brimstone in another World.

See, there's a Beau that has played away his Estate at a Chocolate House, going to sell himself to *Barbadoes*, to keep himself out of *Newgate*, and from scandalizing his Relations at *Tyburn*.

There's a Poet reading his Verses, and squeezing his Brains into an amorous Cit's Pockets, in hopes of a Tester to buy himself a Dinner.

Behind that Pillar is a *Welch Herauld* deriving a Merchant's Pedigree from *Adam's* Great Grandfather, to entitle him to a Coat of Arms, when he comes to be an Alderman.

Take notice of that tall black Gentleman; there is scarce a Merchant ship at Sea, but he has a Share in her, and scarce a Corporation in *England* that he has not been tampering with for the Choice of M—b—rs of P—. Would you think a Man of his Appearance had been brought upon his Knees before the H— of C—, or that a Person of so goodly and wise an Aspect could be spew'd out of a Place, where only *Wise Men* should meet together? But more unlikely things have come to pass, witness that Merry A— Fortune there, who has neither Parts nor Countenance to recommend him to any Conversation but that of the Fair Sex, yet he keeps his Place, and represents the Town that chuse him to a Miracle. Say that he came in by Bribery if you dare, his Gifts are Acts of Charity, and 'tis Heretical to say that he is not a godly, conscientious Man, in making him-

self *Great* by providing for the Poor. He give Money! 'Tis no such thing, he *builds Houses*, in order to get *into one*, and pull down our Constitution. A pleasant sort of a Spark! the Mayor and Aldermen of R—d—g can never want a Representative while spinning of Flax goes on so merrily among 'em, nor the City of L—— want a M——, while such as he are suffer'd to set up for Chief Magistrates. However, his Wife has another Opinion of him; and she that shewed her Wisdom in the Choice of such a *Husband*, thinks he shews his in being chosen for such a C—p—ration. But that unaccountable Knight there has more Comedy in him than all his Fellow Citizens besides. Ask on what Day the New War with *France* and *Spain* is to be proclaim'd? he'll tell you he knows the Time to a Second of a Minute; desire to know of him when the King comes over from *Holland*, or whereabouts in the *Neitherlands* the first Hostilities will break out? and he'll lay *Ten to One* he points out the *Time* and *Place* to you. Would you be told what he is worth? you are to be inform'd he is better stock'd with Projects than any *New-East-Indian* of 'em all; and where he chiefly signaliz'd his Courage? you'll be answer'd, in the famous Campaign the City Regiment made, and at *Tunbridge*, where a damn'd unlucky Pippin made him *save himself* after he had *lost his Money*. As he was made a *Knight* from a *News-monger*, so he is again become a Gamester from a Sh——, and if I were to venture a Wager on his Side, it should be, that the first thing he did was to *lay one*, neither would I refuse to go his Halves, would he make these Conditions on which he ventur'd his Money, *viz.* That the Corporation of B——b——r in *Sussex*, and S——d——ch in *Kent* don't know his Abilities so well as I do: That he is not Master of those Fortunes which the World thinks him to be, nor Possessor of that Magazine of Brains he himself would have us think he is; That whatever he has done by Way of Stock-jobbing other Commodities, the L——ds D——S—— and H—— can witness from his Conversation at *Garraway's*, he never monopoliz'd Wit, or engross'd any thing like it to his own Use. These Propositions would bring us both in Money, and his *Sagacity* would run a less risque in
lay-

laying on their Side, than he did some Years since about the Siege of *Namur*. But he has got some Wager in his Head, and is march'd off with his Chapman to a *Publick Notary* to confirm it: And so much for Sir *H*—

Why first here is a *Ship* to be sold, with all her Tackle and Lading. There are virtuous Maidens that are willing to be transported with *William Penn* into *Maryland*, for the Propagation of *Quakerism*. In another is a *Tutor* to be hir'd, to instruct any Gentleman's or Merchant's Children in their own Families: And under that an Advertisement of a *Milch-Ass*, to be sold at the Night-Man's in *White-chapel*. In another Column in a *Gilded Frame* was a Chamber-Maid that wanted a Service; and over her an Old Batchelor that wanted a Housekeeper. On the Sides of these were two less Papers, one containing an Advertisement of a Red headed Monkey, lost from a Seed-shop in the *Strand*, with two Guineas Reward to him or her that shall bring him Home again with his Tail and Collar on. On the other Side was a large Folio fill'd with wet and dry Nurses; and Houses to be lett; and Parrots, Canary-Birds, and setting Dogs to be sold.

Having no Occasion for Wet-Nurses, &c. since my Children sat by other Folks Fires; and being desirous to give my *Indian* a sight of the most remarkable things my time would allow me, we squeez'd out of a Throng of Cuckolds, and went to make a Visit to the *Madmen* in *Morefields*.

Bedlam is a pleasant Piece, that it is, and abounds with Amusements; the first of which is the building so stately a Fabrick for Persons wholly unsensible of the Beauty and Use of it: The Outside is a perfect Mockery to the Inside, and admits of two amusing Queries, Whether the Persons that ordered the Building of it, or those that inhabit it, were the maddest? And whether the Name and Thing be not as disagreeable as Harp and Harrow? But what need I wonder at that, since the whole is but one entire Amusement? Some were praying, others cursing and swearing. Some were dancing, others groaning. Some singing, others crying, and all in perfect Confusion. A sad Representation of the greater *Chimerical World*! only in this there's no whor-

ing, cheating, or sleeping, unless after the *Platonick* Mode, in Thought, for want of Action. However, any Gentleman that is dispos'd for a *Touch* of the Times, may take his Choice for the Price of a Penny, which is *Cerberus's* Fee at the Entry; or any Lady that has got the *Frurigo Copulandi* has a Spark at her Service to be found walking here any time of the Day. Is your Wife, or your Daughter *mad* for something that shall be nameless? Send 'em hither to be made *sober*; or has any one a Relation Male or Female that's over-bashful? Let not either him or her despair of a Cure, for here are Guests enough to teach 'em to part with their Modesty. As the Buildings took their Magnificence from a Palace at *Paris*, so the Company that resort to make Assignations within 'em, very often bring off the *Parisian* Distemper from the bottled Ale and Cheescakes, which are eaten after they are coupled and gone out of 'em; and if we have been witty upon the *French* in giving *Bedlam* the Resemblance of the *Louvre*, they have been even with us to a Witness, by making a Present of a Disease to us, which may be bargain'd for with no more Difficulty than half a Turn in the *Long Gallery*. Here were *Persons* confined, that having no Money nor Friends, and but a small Stock of Confidence, run mad for want of Preferment. A *Poet* that, for want of Wit and Sense, run mad for want of Victuals; and a Hard-favour'd *Citizen's Wife*, that lost her Wits because her *Husband* had so little as to let her know that he kept a handsom Mistress. In this Apartment was a *Common Lawyer* pleading; in another a *Civilian* fighting; a third enclosed a *Jacobite* ranting against the Revolution; and a fourth a morose Melancholy *Whig*, bemoaning his want of an Office, and complaining against Abuses at Court, and Mismanagements. A fifth had a comical sort of a Fellow, that was laughing at his Physician Doctor *Tyson*, for his great Skill in *Taciturnity*; and a sixth, had a *Cantabrigian* Organist for his Tenant, that had left Sonnet and Madrigal for Philosophy, and had lost his Senses for a Fool, while he was in pursuit of Knowledge. How now! said I, honest Friend, what dost thou think of *Materia Prima*, and the rest of the pretended *Entities*? I think, said he, if you

you thought of 'em at all you would ask a more pertinent Question, for I am mad because I know nothing of the Matter, when thou art so much in love with Ignorance, thou wouldst have lost thy Wits if thou hadst. I expected not such a home Reply from a *Bedlamite*, and without any more to do with such a Spark, left him railing against the Sin of murthuring Lice, and shewing his Detestation against eating good Roast Mutton, as a Cruelty to the Creatures, to take a Sight of a young Fellow quite dumfounded with Love. Poor Lad, his Mother and two Sisters that are Milliners in *Oxford*, I dare swear, will never keep him Company; for they know a Trick worth two of his, and have often experimented that *if one won't, another will*. Here was *Bishop* the Quaker, and an Audience of *modest* Women peeping through their Fingers, to see whether his Notes were written in *Legible Characters* or no; and there was a Shopkeeper's Wife retailing out the Sight of the best in Christendom, for a Half-Penny a Head to young Templers, *Morefields* Sharpers, and old Citizens that had taken the Opportunity of their Wives being abroad, and being ready to run mad themselves, were come to divert themselves with the Sight of those that were actually so.

Missing many others, who I thought deserved a Lodging among their Brethren, I made Enquiry after them, and was told by the Keeper, they had many other Houses of the same Foundation in the City, where they were disposed till they grew *Tamer*, and were qualified to be admitted Members of this *soberer* Society. The Projectors, who are generally broken Citizens, were coop'd up in the *Counters* and *Ludgate*. The Beaux, and Rakes, and Common mad Jilts, that labour under a *Furor Uterini* in *Bridewell*, and Justice *Long's* Powdering-Tub; and the *Virtuosi* were confined to *Gresham College*. Those, continued he, in whose Constitutions Folly has the Ascendant over Frenzy, are permitted to reside, and be smoaked in Coffee-Houses; and those that by the Governours of this Hospital, are thought utterly incurable, are shut up with a pair of Foils, a Fiddle, and a Pipe, in the Inns of Court and Chancery; and when their Fire and Spirits are exhausted, and they be-

gin to dote, they are removed by *Habeas Corpus* into a certain Hospital built for that Purpose near *Amen-Corner*.

Walking from hence, I had Leisure to ask my *Indian* his Opinion of these Amusements? who after the best Manner his Genius would suffer him, harangued upon Deficiency of Sense, as the only beneficial Quality, since the bare Pretence to *Wit* was attended by such Tragical Misfortunes, as Confinement to Straw, small Drink, and Flogging.

Hearing a Noise, and some Approaches of Nonsense that always bears it Company, where should we step but into *Cripplegate* Church, and whom should I see perch'd up in a Pulpit, but honest *Orthodox E—S—*, as knowing a Divine as ever *P—* with a Bible in his Pocket, a spreading the Word very dexterously. Hey day! cry'd I, nonjuring *Man* has left off cheating People in a *Coat*, to put Tricks upon the World in a *Gown*! I wish his *Dutch* Merchant were here to be one of his Auditors, that he might be satisfy'd the Reverend Dr. is not such a Man he reports him to be. He laid forth the Blessings of a handsome Wife most emphatically, and I expected every Minute to hear when the City Knave would have invited his Male Auditors home to see *his*, according to ancient Custom; but he's grown more Politick since he had father'd *Æsop* at *Tunbridge*, and was abundantly more reserv'd, since he had read over those two laborious Works, the *Whole Duty of Man* epitomiz'd, and Dr. *Taylor's Holy Living and Dying*: And 'twould have done a Man under Poetical Circumstances, good, to think how powerfully he laid himself out, to perswade his Hearers to be charitable to the Poor, as if he was begging for himself, and reading his own Wants to the Audience in the Life his own *unhappy Mendicant*. 'Slife, thought I, we must drink together, but imagining from the Drift of his Discourse the Parson was Pennyless, away went I up *Redcross-street*, leaving him to come down to his *bor ow d* Pulpit, as soon as he had finished his *borrow'd* Harangue, to make the best of his Way to his Eloquent and Reverend Brother, and deliver the *Gown* he *borrow'd* of him, on such an emergent Occasion, as shewing his Parts.

Now

Now I, that am always more scared at the Sight of a *Sergeant* or *Bailiff*, than at the Devil and all his Works, was mortally frightened in my Passage through *Barbican* and *Long-lane*, by the Impudent *Rag-sellers* in those scandalous Climates, who laid hold of my Arm to ask me *what I lack'd*? At first it made me tremble worse than a Quaker in a Fit of *Enthusiasm*, imagining it had been an Arrest, and was just asking the Customary Question, *At whose Suit*? But their Rudeness continuing at every Door, relieved me from those Pannick Fears; and the next that attacked my Arm with *What d' ye buy, Sir, What d' ye lack*? I threw him from my Sleeve into the Kennel, saying, though I want nothing out of your Shops, methinks you all want good Manners and Civility, that are ready to tear a new Suit from my Back, under Pretence of selling me an old one; Avant Vermine, your Cloaths smell as rankly of *Newgate* and *Tyburn*, as the Bedding to be sold at the *Ditchside* near *Fleet-street* smells of a *Bawdy-house* and *Brandy*.

Smithfield would have afforded us a great Variety of Objects, but it being neither *Bartholomew-Fair* time, nor any of the chief Market-days, I passed through the Quarters of the Jockeys and Graziers, and taking the clancular Roads, that were most agreeable to my Circumstances, I went through *Baldwin's Gardens*, and whom should I see standing at the Door of the *Hole in the Wall*, but an old Acquaintance of mine, an honest *Dear Foy*, that had taken the House; and as the Gentlemen of that Country are famous for being Men of particular Ceremony, so the first Word that came from him, was, *Master, I am your very Humble Servant*; and the next, *Hey, you Bastard you*, on Account of my putting a Civil Question, relating to two young Ladies looking through their Fingers at him.

He was immediately for presenting me with a *Tankard*; and down my Fellow-Traveller and I sat our selves, when I found my Neighbour K—— had been new christened since I saw him last, and was made a Commission-Officer by the Name of Captain *Whip 'em*, I made no Enquiry after the *Etymology* of his new Title, but judg'd he had been *whipping* it in with the Gentlewomen before mentioned, though 'twas not convenient to tell him so, lest

his Wife should watch his Waters more narrowly than she had done, which might have been no small Grief to the two virtuous Ladies, and a great Disappointment to a Man of his known Modesty. I'll say that for the Man, his Liquor was the best of the sort that ever I drank, had his Company been answerable to it, but there was such a Jargon of Contradictions among em, such a Difference of Trades and Opinions, and such an unintelligible Captain among 'em, that my poor *Indian* and I were in a perfect Wilderness. *To pay there*, said I, and so left the witty Dogs by themselves, and a Bookbinder talking about the Adventures of *him and two or three more Gentlemen*, to make the best of my Way through *Gray's-Inn*, where I met with nothing material.

This was all we entertained our selves with, before we came to the *Play-House*.

A M U S E M E N T IV.

The Play-House.

THE *Play-House* is an enchanted Island, where nothing appears in Reality what it is, nor what it should be. 'Tis frequented by Persons of all Degrees and Qualities whatsoever, that have a great deal of idle Time lying upon their Hands, and can't tell how to employ it worse. Here *Lords* come to laugh, and to be laughed at for being there, and seeing their Qualities ridiculed by every Triobolary Poet. Knights come hither to learn the amorous Smirk, the *à la mode* Grin, the antick Bow, the newest fashioned Cringe, and how to adjust their Phiz, to make themselves as ridiculous by Art as they are by Nature.

Hither come the Country Gentlemen to shew their Shapes, and trouble the Pit with their Impertinence about Hawking, Hunting, and their handsome Wives, and their Housewifery.

There sits a *Beau* like a Fool in a Frame, that dares not stir his Head, nor move his Body, for Fear of incommoding his Wig, ruffling his Cravat, or putting his Eyes or Mouth out of the Order his *Maitre de dance* set it in; whilst a *Bully Beau* comes drunk into the Pit, screaming out, *Damn me, Jack, 'tis a confounded Play,*
let's

let's to a Whore and spend our time better. Here the Ladies come to shew their Cloaths, which are often the only things to be admired in or about 'em. Some of them having scabbed, or pimpled Faces, wear a thousand Patches to hide them, and those that have none, scandalize their Faces by a foolish Imitation. Here they shew their Courage by being unconcerned at a *Husband* being *poison'd*, a *Hero* being *killed*, or a *Passionate Lover* being *jilted*: And discover their Modesties by standing buff at a bawdy Song, or naked obscene Figure. By the Signs that both sexes hang out, you may know their Qualities or Occupations, and not mistake in making your Addresses. Men of *Figure* and *Consideration* are known by seldom being there, and men of *Wisdom* and *Business*, by being always absent. The L—D is known by his Ribbon, and T—D— or some other Impertinent Poet, talking Nonsense to him; the L— by sitting on the *Kit Cat* Side, and *Jacob Tonson* standing Door-keeper for him; the rest of the Witty No—ity have their several distinguishing Characteristicks; and those that are the easiest things to be *understood* in the Universe: As for Instance, that *Toaster* there, is it possible he can give a Judgment of the Beauties of a Play, while he is wholly taken up in surveying those of the Ladies? Or that incorrigible Fop know any thing of the Matter, that is taking such Pains not to know himself, as to be carried away with the Thoughts that all Eyes were fixed upon him on Account of his amazing Perfections, when the quite contrary Cause diverts the Audience from what they came to take a View of?

Would you think that little *Lap-dog* in Scarlet there, has Stomach enough to digest a Guinea's worth of Entertainment at *Pontack's* every Dinner-time, or that odoriferous *Time-server* there, had nothing he so much laid to Heart, as the Disappointment of not having his Whore brought to him at the *Fountain Tavern*, after the Curtain is let down again?

Hey-day! what have we here? A Dutcheſs and a Dutchman together, *Pepper* and *Vinegar* on my Conscience, only 'tis a difficult time of the Year, and People that lye so close together are warm enough without any such Matters to heat 'em. But that Poet there that
shews

shews his Affiduity by following yonder Actress, is the most entertaining sort of an Animal imaginable. But 'tis *the Way of the World*, to have an Esteem for the fair Sex, and she looks to a Miracle when she is acting a Part in one of his own Plays. Would not any one think it pity she should not have an Humble Servant, when that Mrs. *Abigail* there, who is one of her Attendants, can be brought to bed of a Living Child without any Manner of notice taken of her. Look upon him once more: I say, if she goes to her *Shift*, 'tis Ten to One but he follows her, not that I would say for never so much, to take up her *Smock*; he dines with her almost ev'ry Day, yet she's a *Maid*; he rides out with her, and visits her in Publick and Private, yet she's a *Maid*; if I had not a particular Respect for her, I should go near to say he lyes with her, yet she's a *Maid*. Now I leave the World to judge whether it be his or her Fault that she has so long kept her *Maidenhead*, since Gentlemen of his Profession have generally *a greater Respect for the Ladies than that comes to*.

Now for that Majestical *Man* and *Woman* there, stand off, there is no coming within a Hundred Yards of their High Mightinesses. They have revolted like the *Dutch* from their once Lords and Masters, and are now set up for Sovereigns themselves. See what a Deference is paid 'em by the rest of the cringing Fraternity, from fifty down to ten Shillings a Week; and you must needs have a more than ordinary Opinion of their Abilities. Should you lye with her all Night, she would not know you next Morning unless you had another five Pounds at her Service; or go to desire a Piece of Courtesy of him, you must attend longer than at a Secretary's of State. His Gravity will not permit him to give you Audience till the Stateliness of his Countenance is rightly adjusted, and all his high swelling Words are got in Readiness: Nor will her celebrated Modesty suffer her almost to speak to an Humble Servant, without a Piece or two to rub her Eyes with, and to conceal her Blushes, while she *sluggishly* goes through a Vacation she might take more Pains in, did she not grudge a *Pennyworth* for a *Penny*.

There

There are two Sets of these Histrionical Entertainers, and I should be too partial should I not divide my Thoughts equally between 'em; both are called his *Majesty's Servants*, yet neither have done any *Service* to their *King* or *Country*, if we may take Mr. *Collier's* Word, or the Affidavits of a Multitude of a decay'd *Beaux*, who have been undone, and afterwards laughed at by 'em.

Do but take notice of that scornful Piece of Flesh there; does not she tread the Stage as haughtily as if she knew no such thing as Condescension to the Desires of any Man breathing, yet she was soundly beaten by a Spark of hers, for *opening her Legs to another* Humble Servant. I would not for the Wealth of the *Indies*, divulge any Harm to her, but a Person might say without the help of a Prophetick *Cassandra*, that it will not be for want of shewing her Endeavours for the Publick good, that she does not bring his Majesty a new Subject into the World this Year, as she did the last; and I dare swear that her ingenious Friend Mr. S——, though his Modesty will not permit him to be the Father of it, will be ready at all times and Seasons to fetch out the Velvet Petticoat, that may occasionally be in Trouble, on Account of the Decency of her next Lying-in.

From this Lady, that is always quarrelsome with the Prompter, and who has enough of that Grand Issue in the middle of her, without any other Disturbances of that Nature about her, it falls out of Course, that we pay our Respects to that bewitching Creature, that has entangled a very great Man into her Noose; and from so mean a Beginning as Pippins, small Nuts and Gingerbread, has the Honour to have a Nobleman wear her Chains. The virtuous Gentlewoman before mentioned was lineally descended from a Retailer of *Rumps* and *Kidney*, and had greater Pretensions from her Birth to the Smiles of *Fortune*, than her hypocritical *Ladyship* that owes her being to a *Mother*, who, poor Woman, would not be forced to beg, were she as young a bit of Flesh as her Daughter, had she as much natural Affection for a *Parent* as she has for a *Gallant*.

Away with her, cried out the Indian, if she's unnatural, she's no Mistress for me; but it's a Custom among
you

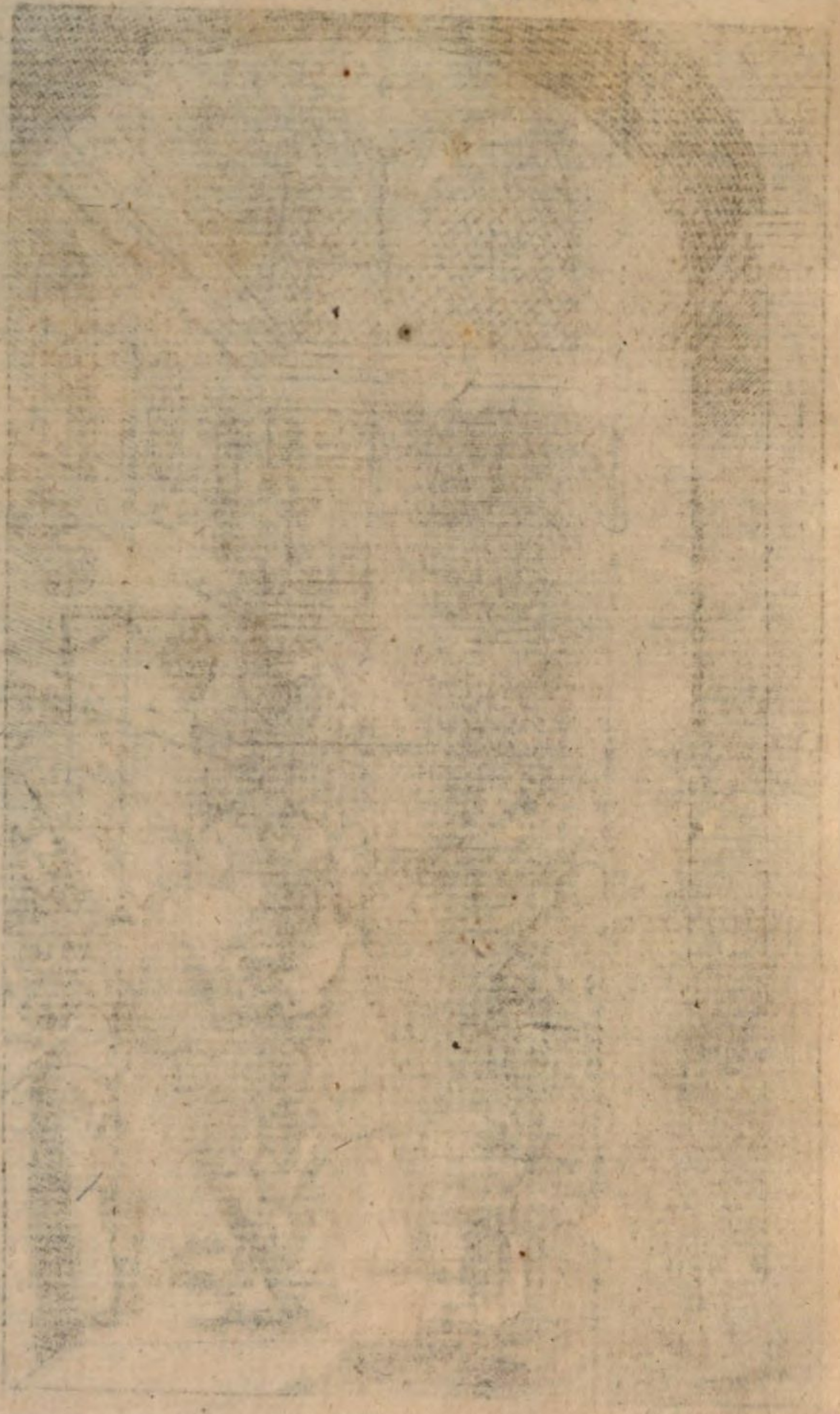
you Europeans to forget Father and Mother, and cleave to your own Interest: Your People of the highest Rank practice it daily; and would you think this Woman, that mimicks 'em in their Cloaths and Fashions, would behave her self so vulgarly, as not to imitate 'em? As my Companion had nothing but Truth in his Observations, so I could not contradict his opinion of us, but turned my Eye upon the Boxes, to let him know there were some of the Fair Sex in that bright Circle, that were *Exceptions* to his *General Rule*. Let us lose no more time about her, said I, you have seen all she has, but the Furniture of her Chamber, and that she may thank the *D*— for; as to her clean Gloves and Finery here, they are owing to the old good-natured Mr. R—, who from his drowsy Constitution in the Day-time, makes it appear that some or other has disturbed his Rest in the Night. That *Beau* there, is known by the decent Management of his *Sword-knot* and *Snuff box*; a *Poet*, by his empty Pockets; a *Citizen* by his Horns and gold Hat-band; a *Whore*, by a *Vizor-mask* and the Multitude of Ribbons about her Breast; and a *Fool* by talking to her: A *Play-house Wit* is distinguished by wanting Understanding; and a *Judge of Wit*, by nodding and sleeping till the fall of the Curtain, and crowding to get out again, awake him.

I have told you already, that the *Play-house* was the *Land of Enchantment*, the *Country of Metamorphosis*, and performed it with the greatest Speed imaginable. Here, in the twinkling of an Eye, you shall see Men transformed into *Demi-Gods*, and *Goddeses*, made as true Flesh and Blood as our Common Women. Here *Fools* by slight of Hand are converted into *Wits*, *Honest Women* into *arrant Whores*; and which is most miraculous, *Cowards* into *Valiant Heroes*, and rank *Coquets* and *Jilts* into as chaste and virtuous *Mistresses* as a Man would desire to put his *Knife* into.

Let us now speak a Word or two of the *Natives* of this Country, and the Stock of *Wit* and *Manners* by which they maintain themselves, and ridicule the whole World besides. The People are all somewhat whimsical and giddy-brain'd; when they speak they sing, when they walk they dance, and very often do both when they have a mind to it. The

Westminster Hall.





The *Stage* has now so great a Share of Atheism, Impudence, and Prophaneness, that it looks like an Assembly of *Demons*, directing the Way *Hellward*; and the more blasphemous the *Poets* are, the more are they admired even from huffing *Dryden* to sing-song *D'Urfey*, who always stutters at *Sense*, and speaks plain when he swears. What are all their new Plays but damned insipid dull *Farces*, confounded toothless *Satyr*, or plaguy *rhimy* Plays, with scurvy Heroes, worse than the *Knight of the Sun*, or *Amadis de Gaul*? They are the arrant'st *Plagiaries* in Nature; and, like our common *News Writers*, steal from one another.

When a *Humour* takes in *London*, they ride it to death e'er they leave it: The *Primitive Christians* were not persecuted with half that Variety as the poor *Unthinking Beaus* are tormented with upon the Theatre: *Character* they supply with a smutty Song, *Humour* with a Dance, and *Argument* with *Lightning* and *Thunder*, which has oft reprieved many a scurvy Play from *Damning*. A huge great Muff, and a gaudy Ribbon hanging at a Bully's Backside, is an excellent Jest, and new-invented Curses, as, *Stap my Vitals*, *Damn my Diaphragm*, *Slit my Windpipe*, *Sink me Ten Thousand Fathom-deep*, rig up a new Beau, though in the Main 'tis but the same everlasting Coxcomb, and there's as much Difference between their *Rhimes* and *solid Verse*, as between the Royal *Psalmist* and *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*, with their Collars of *Ay's* and *Eke's* about 'em. Wherefore let us take a Voyage into the *Land of Wit*, since there is so little stirring now-a-days in the *Play-house*, and make an Inspection into the Growth of that Commodity elsewhere.

AMUSEMENT V.

Westminster-Hall.

A Magnificent Building, which is open to all the World, and yet in a Manner is shut up, by the prodigious Concourse of People, who crowd and sweat to get in or out; and happy are they that don't leave their *Lives*, *Estates*, or *Consciences* behind 'em. Here we entered into a great Hall, where my *Indian* was surprized to see,
in

in the same Place, Men on the one Side with Baubles and Toys, and the other taken up with the Fear of *Judgment*, on which depends their inevitable Destiny.

In this Shop are to be sold *Ribbons*, *Glove*, *Towers* and *Commodities*, by Word of Mouth; in another Shop *Lands* and *Tenements* are dispos'd of by Decree. On your left Hand you hear a nimble-tongu'd painted *Seamstress*, with her charming Treble invite you to buy some of her Knick-knacks; and on your right a deep-mouth'd Cryer commanding Impossibilities, *viz.* Silence to be kept among Women and Lawyers. What a fantastical Jargon does this heap of Contrarieties amount to? While our Traveller is making his Observations upon this motly Scene, he's frighted at the terrible Approaches of a Multitude of Men in black Gowns and round Caps, that make betwixt 'em a most hideous and dreadful Monster called *Petty-fogging*, of which there is such Store in *England*, that the People think themselves oblig'd to pray for the *Egyptian* Locusts and Caterpillars, in Exchange for this kind of Vermin: And this Monster belows out so pernicious a Language, that one Word alone is sufficient to ruin whole Families.

Here's honest, good natur'd, modest Mr. S ————, that has done by the Council on the opposite Side, as the *King of France did by the Confederates*; and there a worshipful R ———— drawing up *Indictments*; with no less than twenty Flaws in 'em at a time: That Breach directs you to a Judge's Favourite fingering the Pence, as if he deserv'd it from his great Knowledge in the Law, rather than his Interest: and that C ———— t of J ———— ce there up in the Corner, points Men of some Characters out to you, that are for holding out their Hands to *Plaintiff* and *Defendant*. At certain Hours appointed, there appear grave and dauntless Men whose very Sight's enough to give one a *Quartan Ague*, and who lay this *Monster* on his Back; scarce a Day passes over their Heads but they rescue out of his greedy Jaws some Thousands of Acres half devoured.

This cursed *Petty-fogging* is much more to be fear'd than *Injustice* it self; the latter openly undoes us, and affords us at least this Comfort, That we have a Right to bewail our selves; but the former by its dilatory Formalities,

lities, robs us of all we have, and tells us for our eternal Despair, that we suffer by Law.

Justice, if I may so express my self, is a beautiful young Virgin disguis'd, brought on the Stage by the *Plender*, pursu'd by the *Attorney*, cajol'd by the *Counsellor*, and defended by the *Judge*.

Some pert Critick will tell me now, that I have lost my way in Digressions; Under Favour, this Critick is in the wrong Box, for Digressions properly belong to my Subject, since they are all *nothing but Amusement*; and this is a Truth so *uncontested*, that I am resolved to *continue* 'em.

By way of *Digression* I must here inform you, that in all those Places of my Voyage where the *Indian* perplexes me with his Questions, I will drop him, as I have already done, to pursue my *own Reflections*; upon this *Condition* however, that I may be allow'd to take him up again when I'm weary of travelling alone. I will likewise make bold to quit the Metaphor of my Voyage, whenever the Fancy takes me; for I am so far from *confining* my self, like a Slave, to one particular Figure, that I will keep the Power still in my Hands, to change, if I think fit, at every Period, my Figure, Subject and Stile, that I may be less tiresome to the Modern Reader; for I know well enough, that Variety is the *predominant Taste* of the present Age.

Although nothing is durable in this *transitory World*, yet 'tis observ'd that this Saying proves false in *Westminster-Hall*, where there are things of *eternal Continuance*, as Thousands have found true by woful Experience; I mean *Chancery Suits*. Certain Sons of Parchment, call'd *Sollicitors* and *Barristers* make it their whole Business to keep the *Shuttlecock* in Motion, and when one Hand is weary, they play it into another: 'Tis the chiefest Part of their Religion to keep up and animate the Differences among their Clients, as 'twas with the *Vestal Virgins* in the *Days of Yore*, to maintain the sacred Fire.

'Tis a most surprizing thing, that notwithstanding all the Clamour, Squauling and Bauling there is in the Courts, yet you shall have a Judge now and then take as comfortable a Nap on the *Bench*, as if we were at *Church*; and

and every honest *Christian* has Reason to pray, that as often as a Cause comes to be heard, the Judges of ancient Times were awake, and the modern fast asleep. However, this must be said for them, that they are righteous enough in their Hearts; but the Devil on't is, that they can't tell which Way to take to instruct themselves in the Merits of the Cause. The *Contending Parties* are suspected by them, the *Sollicitor* embroils them, the *Counsellor* deafens them, the *Attorney* importunes them, and the *She-Sollicitor* distracts them. Well, let what will happen on't, give me for my Money the *Female Solicitor*.

A certain Judge in the *Days of Yore* made his boast, that *the most charming Woman in the World was not able to make him forget that he was a Judge*. Very likely, Sir, said a Gentleman to him, *but I'll lay Twenty to one on Nature's side*. The Magistrate was a Man before he was a Judge; the first Motion he finds is for the *She Solicitor*, and the second is for *Justice*.

A very beautiful *Countess* went to a morose surly Judge's Chamber, to prepossess him in Favour of a very unrighteous Cause, and to sollicite for a *Colonel* against a *Tradesman* that sued him: This *Tradesman* happened that very Moment to be in his Lordship's Closet, who found his Cause to be so just and clear, that he could not forbear to promise him to take care he should carry the Day.

The Words were no sooner out of his Mouth, but our charming *Countess* appear'd in the Antichamber. The Judge immediately ran as fast as his gouty Legs would give him leave, to meet her Ladyship; her Eyes, Air, and graceful *Deportment*, the Sound of her Voice, so many Charms, in short, pleaded so powerfully in her Favour, that at the first Moment he found the *Man* too powerful for the Judge, and he promised our *Countess* the *Colonel* should gain his Cause. Thus you see the poor Judge engag'd on both sides. When he came back to his Closet, he found the *Tradesman* reduc'd to the last Despair. *I saw her*, cries the Fellow almost out of his Wits; *I saw the Lady that solicites against me, and, Lord, what a charming Creature she is! I am undone, my Lord, my Cause is lost and ruin'd*. Why, says the Judge,
not

not yet recover'd from his Confusion, *imagine your self in my Place, and tel me if 'tis possible for fraile Man to refuse any thing so beautiful a Lady asks?* As he spoke these Words, he pull'd a Hundred Pistoles out of his Pocket, which amounted to the Sum the *Tradesman* sued for, and gave them to him. By some Means or other the *Countess* came to the Knowledge of it, and as she was virtuous even to a Scruple, she was afraid of being too much oblig'd by so generous a Judge, and immediately sent him an Hundred Pistoles. The *Colonel*, full as gallant as the *Countess*, was scrupulous, and paid her the Sum aforesaid; and thus every one did as he ought to do. The *Judge* was afraid of being unjust, the *Countess* fear'd to be too much oblig'd, the *Colonel* paid, and the *Tradesman* was satisfied: Or, according to our old *English* Adage, all was well; *Jack* had *Joan*, and the *Man* had his *Mare* again.

Shall I give you my Opinion of this *Judge's* Behaviour? The first Motion he found in himself, was for the charming *Sollicitrix*, which I cannot excuse him for; the Second for *Justice*, for which I admire him.

While I thus amus'd my self, my Traveller was lost in a Fog of Black Gowns: I'll go and find him. Oh, yonder he is, at the farther end of the *Hall*, I call to him, he strives to come to me, but his Breath fails him, the Crowd over-powers him, he's carried down the Stream, he swims upon his Elbows to get to Shore; at last, half spent, and dripping from every Pore of his Body, he comes up to me, and all the Relation I could get of him of what he had seen, was, *Oh, this confounded Country! let us get out of it as soon as possible, and never see it more.*

Come, come, says I to him, let's go and refresh our selves after this Fatigue; and to put the Idea of the *Hall* out of our Heads, let's go this Evening into the delicious Country, the *Walks* and Places set apart for the Publick Refreshment.

AMUSEMENT VI.

The WALKS.

WE have divers Sorts of *Walks* about *London*; in some you go to see and be seen, in others neither to see nor be seen, but like a noun substantive to be felt, heard, and understood.

The Ladies that have an inclination to be private, take Delight in the close Walks of *Spring-Gardens*, where both Sexes meet, and mutually serve one another as Guides to lose their way; and the Windings and turnings in the little Wildernesses are so intricate, that the most experienced Mothers have oft lost themselves in looking for their Daughters.

From *Spring-Garden*, we set our Faces towards *Hide-Park*, where Horses have their Diversion as well as Men, and neigh and court their Mistresses almost in as intelligible a Dialect. Here People coach it to take the Air, amidst a Cloud of Dust able to choak a Foot-Soldier, and hinder'd us from those that come thither on purpose to shew themselves; however we made hard Shift to get now and then a Glance at some of them.

Here we saw much to do about nothing; a World of brave men, gilt Coaches, and rich Liveries; within some of them were upstart Courtiers, blown up as big as Pride and Vanity could swell them, sitting as upright in their Chariots as if a stake had been driven through them. It would hurt their Eyes to exchange a Glance upon any thing that's vulgar, and that's the Reason they are so sparing of their Looks, that they will neither bow, nor move their Hats to any thing under a *Duke* or a *Dutchess*; and yet if you examine some of their Originals, a covetous Soul less Miser, or a great Oppressor, laid the Foundation of their Families, and in their retinue there are more Creditors than Servants.

See, says my Indian, what a Pevy of gal'ant Ladies are in yonder Coaches, some are singing, others laughing, others tickling one another, and all of them toying and devouring Sweetmeat, March-Pane, and China Oranges. See that Lady, says he, Was ever any thing so black as her Eye, and so clear as her Forehead? One would swear
her

her Face had taken its Tincture from all the Beauties in Nature; and yet perhaps, answered I to my fellow-Traveller, all this is but Imposture; she might, for ought we know, go to bed last Night as ugly as a hag, tho' she now appears like an Angel; and if you did but see this Puppet taken to Pieces, she's all but Paint and Plaster.

From hence we went to take a Turn in the Mall. When we came into these pleasant Walks, my Fellow-Traveller was ravish'd at the most agreeable Sight in Nature; there were none but Women there that Day as it happen'd, and the Walks were covered with them. *I never (said he to me laughing) beheld in my Life so great a Flight of Birds: bless me! how fine they are!* Friend, reply'd I, *these are Birds to amuse one, they change their Feathers two or three times a Day.*

They are fickle and light by inclination, weak by Constitution, but never weary of Billing and Chirping. They never see the Day till the Sun is just going to set, hop always upright with one Foot upon the Ground, and touch the clouds with their proud Toppings. In a Word, the generality of Women are Peacocks when they walk, Water-Wagtails when they are within Doors, and Turtles when they meet Face to Face.

This is a bold Description of them, says my Indian. Pray tell me, Sir, says he, is this Portrait of them after Nature? Yes, without Question, answer'd I; but I know some Women that are superiour to the rest of their Sex, and perhaps to Men also. In relation to those, I need not say much to distinguish them, they'll do it by their virtuous Discourse and Deportment. Nothing is so hard to be defined as Women, and of all Women in the World, none are so undefinable as those of London. The Spanish Women are altogether Spanish, the Italians altogether Italian, the Germans altogether Germans, the French Women always like themselves; but among the London Women we find Spaniards, Italians, Germans, and French, blended together into one individual Monopoly of all Humours and Fashions. Nay, how many different Nations are there of our English Ladies. In the first place, there is the Politick Nation of your Ladies of the Town. Next the Savage Nation of the Country

Country Dames. Then the *Free Nation* of the Coquets. The *Invisible* Nation of the faithful Wives, (the worst Peopled of all.) The *Good-Natur'd* Nation of Wives that Cuckold their Husbands, (they are almost forced to walk upon one another's Heads, their Numbers are so prodigious.) The *Warlike* Nation of Intriguing Ladies. The *Fearful* Nation of----, but there are scarce any of them left. The *barbarous* Nation of Mothers in Law. The *Haughty* Nation of Citizens Wives, that are dignified with a Title. The *Strowling* Nation of your regular Visitants, and the Lord knows how many more; Not to reckon the *Superstitious* Nation that run after Conjurers and Fortune-Tellers. 'Tis Pity this latter sort are not lock'd up in a Quarter by themselves, and that the Nation of *Cunning* Women are not rooted out that abuse them, and set them upon doing some things which otherwise they would not.

I have suffer'd my self to be carried too far by my Subject. 'Tis a strange thing that we cannot talk of Women with a just Moderation: We either talk too much, or too little of them: We don't speak enough of *virtuous* Women, and we speak too much of those that are not so. Men would do Justice to them all, if they could talk of them without Passion; but they scarce speak at all of those that are indifferent: They are prepossessed for them they love, and against them by whom they cannot make themselves to be beloved. They rank the latter in the Class of *Irregular* Women, because they are wise, and indeed wiser than they would have them be. The Railing of the Men ought to be the justification of the Women; but it unluckily falls out, that one half of the World take delight to raise scandalous Stories, and t'other half in believing them. Slander has been the Product of all Times, and all Countries; it is very near of as ancient standing in the World as Virtue. Defamation ought to be more severely punish'd than Theft. It does more Injury to Civil Societies, and 'tis a harder Matter to secure one's Reputation from a Slanderer, than one's Money from a Robber. All the World are agreed, that both one and the other are Scoundrels; yet, for all that, we esteem them when they excel in this Art. A Nice and a witty Railer is the most agreeable Person in Conversation; and he that dexterously picks another
Man's

Man's Pocket, as your Quacks and Attornies, draws the Veneration even of those who live by cutting of Pur-ses. When one observes in what Reputation both of them live, one would be apt to say that tis neither De-famation nor Robbery, that we blame in others; but only their *Awkwardness* and want of Skill. They are punish'd for not being able to arrive at the Perfection of their Art.

Come, come, says my *Indian*, you ramble from your Subject; you speak of Back-biting in general, whereas at present we are only talking of that Branch of it, which belongs to Women. I would bring you back to that point, which puts me in mind of certain Laws, which were heretofore proposed by a Legislator of my Country. One of these Laws gave Permis-sion for one Woman to slander another; in the first Place, because it is *impossible to prevent it*; and besides, because in Matters of Gallantry, she that accuses her Neighbour, might her self be accused of it in her turn, pursuant to the ancient and righteous Law of returning a *Rowland* for an *Oliver*. But how would you have a Woman quit Scores with a Man, who has publish'd dis-advantageous Stories of her? Must she serve him in the same Kind? By all Means; For if Men think it a Piece of Merit to conquer Women, and Women place theirs in well defending themselves, she that gets a Lover, sings a Triumph; and she that loves, confesses her self to be conquer'd. If it were true, that the Ladies were more weak than we are, their Fall would be more excusable; but I think we are weaker than our Wives, since we expect they should pardon us, and not we them. One would think that when a Man had got a Woman into a Matrimonial Noose, 'twas enough for her to be whol-ly his: And by the same Reason should not the Man be wholly hers? What a Tyranny is this in the Men, to monopolize Infidelity to themselves?

But if Men will be slandering Women, let them vent their Fury against those only that are ugly, for that is neither slandering nor calumniating, though it be a Crime the Ladies will never forgive; for the generality of them are more jealous of the Reputation of their Beauties, than of their Honours; and she that wants a whole
Morn-

Morning at least to bring her Face to Perfection, would be more concerned to be surpriz'd at her *Toilet*, than to be taken in the Arms of a Gallant.

I am not at all surpriz'd at this Notion, for the chief Virtue in the Ladies Catechism is, to please; and Beauty pleases Men more effectually than Wisdom. One Man loves Sweetness and Modesty in a Woman; another loves a jolly Damsel with Life and Vigour; but Agreeableness and Beauty relishes with all human Palates. A young Woman who has no other Portion than her Hopes of pleasing, is at a Loss what Measures to take that she may make her Fortune. Is she Simple? We despise her: Is she Virtuous? We don't like her Company: Is she a Coquet? We avoid her: Therefore to succeed well in the World, 'tis necessary that she be Virtuous, Simple, and a Coquet all at once. Simplicity invites us, Coquetry amuses, and Virtue retains us. 'Tis a hard Matter for a Woman to escape the Censures of the Men. 'Tis much more so to guard themselves from the Womens Tongues. A Lady that sets up Virtue, makes her self envied; she that pretends to Gallantry, makes her self despised; but she that pretends to nothing, escapes Contempt and Envy, and saves her self between two Reputations. This Management surpasses the Capacity of a young Woman, she being exposed to two Temptations: To preserve themselves from them, they want the assistance of Reason; and 'tis their Misfortune that Reason comes not in to their Relief, till their youth and Beauty, and the Danger is gone together. Tell us why should not Reason come as soon as Beauty, since one was made to defend the other? It does not depend upon a Woman to be handsome; the only Beauty that all of them might have, and some of them, to speak modestly, often part with, is *Chastity*; but of all Beauties whatsoever, 'tis the easiest to lose. She that never was yet in love, is so ashamed of her first Weakness, that she would by all Means conceal it from others; but she does not think it worth the while to conceal the third from any body. When *Chastity* is once gone, 'tis no more to be retriev'd than Youth. Those that have lost their Chastities, assume an affected one, which is much sooner provoked than that which is real: Of
which

which we had an Experiment in the close walk at the Head of *Rosamond's Pond*, where for one poor equivocal Word, a brisk She was ready to tear a Gentleman's Cravat off? who, after a farther Parley, discover'd herself to be sensible of some things which she ought to have been ignorant of, for *Modesty* Sake. A Lady of this Character was sitting on the Side of this *Pond* upon the *Grass*, with her young Sister newly come out of the Country, to whom a Spark sitting by, entertain'd her with a Relation of an amorous Adventure between my Lord — and my Lady *Love it*; but expressing himself in such obscene ambiguous Terms, that a Woman that did not know *What* was *What*, could as soon fly with a hundred Weight of Lead at her Heels, as tell what to make of it: The more obscurely the Gentleman told his Story, the more attentively did our young Creature listen to it, and discover'd her Curiosity by some simple harmless Questions. The elder of the two Sisters desirous to let the Gentleman, and others that sat by him, understand that she had more Modesty than her younger Sister, cry'd out, *Oh fie, Sister, fie; can you hear such a wicked Story as this without Blushing? Alas, Sister*, says the young Innocency, *I don't yet know what it is to blush, or what it is you mean by it.*

The Gentleman soon took the Hint, and whispering the elder Sister in the Ear, she immediately sends home the young ignorant Creature by her Footman, and tript away Hand in Hand with the Gentleman. Her cunning Management shew'd her an experienc'd *Coquet*, who observ'd a sort of *Decorum* to usher in a greater Liberty.

Every thing is manag'd in good order, by a Woman that knows her Company, and understands her Business. He that loses his Money out of Complaisance, yields place to him who lends the Lady his Coach to take the Air in. The young *Heir* begins where the ruin'd *Cully* ended. He that pays for the Collation, is succeeded by another that eats it; and when my *Lord* comes in at the Gate, poor Sir *John* must scamper out at the Window.

The green Walk afforded us Variety of Discourses from Persons of both Sexes. Here walk'd a Beau bare-

headed by a Company of the common Profession in Dishabille and Night dresses; either for want of Day-Cloaths, or to shew they were ready for Business. Here walk'd a *French Fop* with both his Hands in his Pockets, carrying all his pleated Coat before to shew his Silk Breeches. There were a Cluster of Senators talking of State-Affairs, and the price of Corn and Cattle, and were disturb'd with the noisy *Milk-Folks*, crying, *A Can of Milk, Ladies; a Can of red Cow's Milk, Sir.* Here were a Bevy of Buxom Lasses complaining of the Decay of Trade, and Monopolies; and there virtuous Women railing against Whores, their Husbands, and Coquetry.

And now being weary of walking so long, we repos'd our selves upon one of the Benches, and digesting several Dialogues between the modest Ladies and Coquets, made this Observation, that tho' the Coquets were despised by the Generality of *Ladies*, yet they imitate them to a Hair's-breadth in their whole Conduct. They learn of them the *Winning Air*, the *Bewitching Glance*, the *Amorous Smirk*, and the *Sullen Pout*. They *Talk*, and *Dress*, and *Patch* like them: They must needs go down the Stream. It is the Coquets that invent the new Modes and Expressions; every thing is done for them, and by them; though with all these Advantages, there's a vast Difference between them: the *Reputation of virtuous Women* is solid, that of *Coquets* is more extended. But I am sensible I have made too long a stay in this part of my Voyage; a Man always amuses himself longer with the *Women* than he is willing. Well, since we are here, let's shew our *Indian* the Horse-Guards, the Country of Gallantry. In our way thither was nothing worth our Observation, unless 'twas the Bird-Cage inhabited by Wild Fowl; the Ducks begging Charity, the Black-Guard Boys robbing their own Bel-lies to relieve them, and an *English Dog-kennel*, translated into a *French Eating-House*.

GALLANTRY.

LET's enter this brave Country, and see—But what is there to be seen here? Gallantry and Bravery, which was formerly so well cultivated, so flourishing and frequented by many Persons of Honour, is at present desolate

solate, unmanur'd and abandon'd; What a Desert 'tis become! Alas, I can see nothing at all in it but a disband-ed Soldier mounted upon a Pedestal, standing Centinel over the Ducks and wild Geese, and to prevent an Invasion by O————'s *Spanish Pilgrims*, or *Webster's Darcinus*.

Why, says my Indian, is that a Soldier? He has ne'er a sword, and is naked.

I suppose, reply'd I to the *Indian*, since the Peace he has pawn'd his Sword to buy him Food; and for his being naked, who regards it? What signifies a *Soldier* in time of *Peace*? Pish! A Soldier naked, is that such a Wonder? What are they good for else but hanging or starving; when we have no Occasion for them; as has been learnedly determined by the Author of that Original Amusement, *Arguments against a Standing Army*.

*Our God and Soldier we alike adore,
Just at the brink of Danger, not before;
After Deliv'rance, they're alike requited,
Our God's forgotten, and our Soldier's slighted.*

Come, this is a Melancholy Country, let's leave amusing our selves about Gallantry and Bravery, and all at once, like Men that have nothing to Do, nor nothing to Have, take a Trip into the Land of Marriage, and see Who and Who are together: But first, What are these Soldiers doing? They look like brave Fellows.

They are (says I) drawn up to Prayers, and would be brave Men indeed, if they were half as good at Praying and Fighting, as they are at Cursing and Swearing.

AMUSEMENT VII.

MARRIAGE.

TIS a difficult Task to speak so of Marriage, as to please all People. Those who are Noos'd in the Snare, will thank me for giving a Comical Description of it. The Grand Pox eat this Buffoon, says the serious wary Husband, if he was in my Place, he would have no more Temptation to Laugh, than to break his Neck. If I moralize gravely upon the Inconveniencies of Matrimony, those that have a Longing to enter into that Honourable State, will complain that I dissuade them from so

charming a Condition. How then shall I order my Discourse? For I am in great Perplexity about it.

A certain Painter made a Picture of *Hymen* for a young Lover. I would have him drawn, says this Passionate Gentleman, with all the Grace your utmost Skill can bestow upon him: Above all remember, that *Hymen* ought to be more beautiful than *Adonis*: You must put into his Hand a *Flambeau* more brilliant than that of Love. In short, give him all the Charms that your Imagination and Colours can bestow. I will pay you for your Picture, according as I find you use my Friend *Hymen*. The Painter, who was well acquainted with his Generous Temper, was not wanting, you may be sure, to answer his Expectations, and brought him home the Piece the Evening before he was married. Our young Lover was not at all satisfied with it. This Figure, says he, wants a certain Gay Air, it has none of those Charms and Agreements. As you have painted him, he makes but a very indifferent Appearance, and therefore you shall be but indifferently paid.

The Painter, who had as much Presence of Mind, as Skill in his Profession, took a Resolution what to do that very Moment: You are in the right on't, Sir, said he, to find fault with my Picture, it is not yet dry: This Face is soak'd, and to deal freely with you, the Colours I use in Painting don't appear worth a Farthing at first. I will bring you this Table some Months hence, and then you shall pay me, as you find it please you: I am confident it will appear quite another thing then, Sir, your Humble Servant, I have no Occasion for Money.

The Painter carried his Piece home; our young Lover was married the next Day, and some Months went over his Head before the Painter appear'd. At last he brings the Picture with him, and our young Husband was surpriz'd when he saw it. You promised says he, that time wou'd mend your Picture, and you are as good as your Word. Lord, what a Difference there is? I swear I scarce know it now I see it again. I admire to see what a strange effect a few Months have had upon your Colours; But I admire your Ingenuity much more. However, Sir, I must take the Freedom to tell you, That in my Opinion his Looks are somewhat of the Gayest, these
Eyes

Eyes are too brisk and lively: Then to deal plain'y with you, the Fires of Hymen ought not to be altogether so bright as those of Love: for his is a solid but heavy Fire: Besides, the Disposition of your Figure is somewhat too Free and Chearful, and you have given him a certain Air of Wantonness, which let me tell you, Sir, does not at all sit well upon ——— In short this is none of Hymen.

Very well Sir, said the Painter, what I foresaw is now come to pass. Hymen at present is not so beautiful in your Idea, as in my Picture. The Case is mightily altered from what it was three Months ago. 'Tis not my Picture, but your imagination that is changed: You were a Lover then, but now a Husband.

I understand you very well, says the Husband interrupting him, let us drop that Matter. Your Picture now p'leases, and here is more Money for it than you could reasonably have expected. By no means, says the Painter. you must excuse me there; but I will give you another Picture, wherein by certain Optick Rules and Perspectives, it shall be so contrived, as it shall please both the Lovers and the Husbands: And perform'd it accordingly, placing it at the end of a long Gallery, upon a kind of an Alcove; and to come to this Alcove, one must first pass over a very slippery Step. On this Side of it was the Critical place where the Piece look'd so lovely and delicious; but as soon as you were gone beyond it, it made a most lamentable Figure.

If you understand how difficult a thing it is to paint Matrimony to the Gust of all People, pray suspend your Censure here, I am going to present my Picture, chuse what Light you please to view it in. To come back to my travelling Stile, I must tell you at first dash, that Marriage is a Country that peoples all others: The Commonalty are more fruitful there than the Nobility, the Reason of which perhaps is, That the Nobility take more delight to ramble Abroad, than to stay at Home. Marriage has this peculiar Property annex to it, that it can alter the Humours of those that are settled in it. It frequently transforms a jolly Fellow into a meer Sot, it often melts down a Beau into an arrant Sloven, and on the other Hand it so happens sometimes,

that a *Witty* virtuous Woman will improve a *Dull* heavy Country *Booby* into a Man of Sense and Gallantry.

People marry for different Motives: Some are led by Portion, and others by Reason; the former without knowing what they are going to do, and the latter knowing no more, but that the thing must be done. There are Men in the World so weary of Quiet and Indolence, that they marry only to divert themselves. In the first place the *Choice* of a Woman employs them, for some time: Then Visits and interviews, Feasts and Ceremonies; but after the last Ceremony is over, they are more tired and weary than ever. How many Hundred married Couples do we see, who from the Second Year of their coming together, have nothing more in common than their Names, their Quality, their Ill-Humour, and their Misery. I don't wonder there are so many unhappy Matches, since Folks Marry either wholly of their own Heads, or wholly by those of others. A Man that marries of his own Head, not seeing that in his *Spouse* which all the World sees in her, is in Danger of seeing much more in her than others ever did.

Another that has not Courage enough to trust his own Judgment, fairly applies himself to the next *Match-maker* in the Neighbourhood, who know to a Tittle the exact Rates of the Market, and the Current Price of young Women that are fit to marry. These *Marriage-Hucksters*, or *Wife Brokers*, have an admirable Talent to sort Conditions, Families, Trades and Estates: In short, every thing together, except Humours and Inclinations, about which they never trouble themselves. By the Procurement of these experienc'd Matrons, a *Marriage* is struck up like a *Smithfield* Bargain: There is much *Higling* and *Wrangling* for t'other to beat down the Market-price. At last after a World of Words spent to a fine purpose, they come to a Conclusion.

Others that have no time to truck and bargain so, go immediately to a Scrivner's, to find out a *Rich-Widow*, as they go to the Office of Intelligence to hearken out a *Service*. It is not altogether the Match-maker's Fault, if you are deceived in your Woman. She gives you an Account of her *Portion* to a Farthing: You examine nothing but the Articles relating to the *Family* and

and the *Fortune*; the Woman is left in the Margin of the Inventory, and you find her too much at long run.

After all that I have said, I am not afraid to advance this Proposition; that *'tis possible for those that marry to be happy*. But you must call it Trucking or Bartering, and not marrying, to take a Woman merely for her Fortune, and reckon her Perfections by the Number of *Pounds* she is like to bring with her. Nor is it to marry, but to please one's self, to chuse a Wife as we do a *Tulip*, merely for her Beauty. It is not to marry, but to *doat* at a certain Age, to take a *Young Woman* only for the sake of her Company. What is it then to be marry'd? Why, 'tis to chuse with Circumspection and Deliberation, by Inclination, and not by Interest, such a Woman as will chuse you after the same manner.

Besides other things in common with all the World, the Country of *Marriage* has this Particular to it self; That Strangers have a Desire to settle there, and the Natural Inhabitants wou'd be banish'd out of it with all their Hearts. A Man may be banish'd out of this Country by certain things call'd *Separation*; but the true Way of getting out of it is by *Widowhood*, and is much to be preferred before *Separation*; for the separated are *savage* Animals, uncapable of the prettiest Ties of Society. The usual Cause of *Separation* is assign'd as the Fault of the Wife, but often the Husband is the Occasion that the Wife is in the Fault: and he himself is a fool to proclaim to the World that his Wife has made a false Step.

It will be expected now, that I speak a few Words of *Widowhood*. 'Tis a copious and fertile Subject, that's certain: But a Man may burn his Fingers by meddling with it. For if I describe them as but little concern'd for the Death of their Husbands, I shall offend the Rules of Decency and good Manners, and if I exaggerate their Afflictions, I shall offend the Truth. Whatever our Railers pretend to the contrary, I say, there's no *Widowhood* without a sprinkling of Sorrow in it. Is it not a very sorrowful Condition to be obliged to counterfeit a perpetual Sorrow? A very doleful Part this, that a Widow must play, who would not give the World Occasion to talk of her. There are some Widows in

the World so mightily befriended by Providence, that their Sighs and Tears cost them nothing. I know one of a contrary Temper to this, who did honestly all that in her lay to afflict her self, but Nature it seems had denied her the Gift of Tears; She desir'd to raise the Compassion of her Husband's Relations, for All depended on them.

One Day her Brother-in-Law, who lamented exceedingly, reproach'd her for not having shed one Tear. Alas, reply'd the Widow to him, my poor Heart is so overwhelm'd with this unexpected Calamity, that I am as it were become insensible by it! Great Sorrows are not felt at first; but I am sure mine will kill me in the End. I know very well, said her Brother-in-Law to her, that Grievs too great don't make themselves at first to be perceived; and I know as well, that violent Grievs don't continue long. Thus Madam, you will be strangely surprized, that the Grievs of your Widowhood will be past before you are aware.

Another Widow was reduced to the last Pitch of Despair, nor was it without a very sorrowful Occasion. She had lost upon the same Day the best *Husband*, and the prettiest little *Lap-Dog* in *London*. This double Widowhood had brought her to so low a Condition, that her Friends were afraid of her Life. They durst not speak to her of Eating and Drinking; nay, they durst not so much as offer to comfort her. 'Tis a dangerous Matter, you know, to combat a Woman's Grief. The best way is to let Time and their natural Inconstancy work it off. However, to accustom our Widow by little and little to support the Idea of her two Losses, a good Friend spoke to her first of her *little Dog*. At the bare Name of *Dony* there was such a howling and crying, such tearing of Hair, and beating of Breasts; in short, such a Noise, and such a Pother, that one would have thought Heaven and Earth had been coming together: At last she fainted away. Well, says this prudent Friend of hers, God be prais'd, I was so happy as not to mention her *Husband* to her, for then she had certainly died upon the Spot. The next Day the Name of *Dony* set her Tears a running in so great Plenty, that it was hoped the Spring would stop it self, and the above-mentioned zealous Friend

Friend thought she might now venture to administer some Consolation to her. Alas, said she, if the bare Name of *Dony* gives you so much Affliction, what might we not fear from you, should we talk to you of your *dear Husband*? But God forbid I should do that. *Ab poor Dony!* To be mow'd down thus in the Flower of Youth and Beauty! Well, *Madam*, you'll never have such a pretty Creature again. But 'tis happy for the *Dog* that he's dead, for you could never have lov'd him longer that's certain: Is it possible for a Woman to love any thing after she has lost her Husband? After this Manner it was that this *Discreet* Gentlewoman very dexterously mingled the Idea of the *Husband* with that of *Dony*, well knowing that as two Shoulders of Mutton drive down one another, so two powerful Grievs destroy one another, by making a Diversion. She observed, that at the Name of *Dony* her Tears redoubl'd, which stopt short at the Name of *Husband*: It was without Question, a sort of *Qualm*. Every body knows that Tears are a Tribute we owe, and only pay to ordinary Grievs. However it was, our poor afflicted Widow passed several Days and Nights in this sad Alternative of Weeping for her *Dog*, and lamenting her *Husband*. At last her good Friend enquired all over the Town for a *Pretty Dog*; and it was her good Luck to light upon one much finer and prettier than *Dony* of happy Memory, and presented it to our Widow, who burst into a fresh Stream of Tears as she accepted it. This beautiful New-comer so, strangely insinuated himself into her good Affections that within eight Days he had got the Ascendant of her Heart, and *Dony* was no more thought of, than if he had never had a Being there. Observe now what a Consequence our Widow's Friend drew from it. If a new *Dog* has put a stop to her Tears, perhaps a new *Husband* will have the same Operation upon her *Qualms*; but, alas, the one was not to be so easily effected as the other. The new *Dog* so play'd his Cards, that he effaced the Memory of his Predecessor in eight Days; but it was above *Three* long tedious Months before our Widow could be brought to take a new *Husband* into her Bed. Now tho' I left my self full Power to drop my *Indian Traveller* as often as I saw convenient, yet I have no Intention to lose

him out of my Sight; for I have Occasion for him to authorize certain odd Fancies that come into my Head, while I pass from the Country of *Marriage*, where we lose our Liberties, into that of *Gaming*, where we lose our Estates.

AMUSEMENT. VIII.

Gaming Houses.

GAMING is an Estate to which all the World has a Pretence, though few espouse it that are willing to keep either their Estates, or Reputations. I knew two *Midd'sex Sharpers* not long ago, that inherited a West-Country Gentleman's Estate, who, I believe would have never made them his Heirs in his last Will and Testament.

Lantrillon is a kind of a Republick very ill ordered, where all the World are Hail Fellow well met; no Distinction of Ranks, no Subordination observ'd. The greatest Scoundrel of the Town, with Money in his Pockets, shall take his Turn before the best *Duke* or *Peer* in the Land, if the Cards are on his Side. From these privileged Places, not only all Respect and Inferiority is banished; but every thing that looks like good Manners, Compassion, or Humanity: Their Hearts are so hard and obdurate, that what occasions the Grief of one Man, gives Joy and Satisfaction to his next Neighbour.

The *Grecians* met together in former Times, to see their Gladiators shew their Valour, that is, to slash and kill one another; and this they call'd Sport; What a cursed Barbarity was this? But are we a Jot inferiour to them in this Respect, who christen all the Disorders of *Lansquenets* by the Name of Gaming; or, to use the Gamesters own Expression, where a Parcel of *Sharks* meet, to bite one anothers Heads off.

It happened one Day, that my Traveller dropt into a Chocolate-House in *Covent-Garden*, where they were at this noble Recreation; he was wonderfully surprized at the Odness of the Sight. Set your self now in the Room of a Superstitious *Indian*, who knows nothing of our Customs at Play, and you will agree that his No-
tions

tions, as abstracted and visionary as they may seem, have some Foundations in Truth. I present you here with his own Expressions as I found them set down in a Letter which he sent into his own Country.

The Fragments of an Indian Letter.

TH E *English* pretend, that they worship but one God, but for my Part I don't believe what they say: For besides several living Divinities, to which we may see them daily offer their Vows, they have several other inanimate ones to whom they pay Sacrifices, as I have observed at one of their publick Meetings, where I happened once to be.

In this Place there is a great Altar to be seen, built round and covered with a green *Wachum*; lighted in the midst, and encompassed by several Persons, in a sitting Posture, as we do at our domestick Sacrifices. At the very Moment I came into the Room, one of those, who I supposed was the *Priest*, spread upon the Altar certain Leaves which he took out of a little Book that he held in his Hand. Upon these Leaves were represented certain Figures very awkwardly painted; however, they must needs be the Images of some Divinities, for, in Proportion as they were distributed round, each one of the Assistants made an offering to it, greater or less, according to his Devotion. I observed that these Offerings were more considerable than those they make in their other Temples.

After the aforesaid Ceremony is over, the Priest lays his Hand in a trembling Manner, as it were, upon the rest of the Book, and continues sometime in this Posture seiz'd with Fear, and without any Action at all: All the rest of the Company attentive to what he does, are in Suspense all the while, and the unmoveable Assistants are all of them in their Turn possess'd by Different Agitations, according to the *Spirit* which happens to seize them: One joins his Hands together, and *blesse*s Heaven, another very earnestly looking upon his Image, *Grinds his Teeth*, a third, *Bites his Fingers*, and *stamps upon the Ground with his Feet*. Every one of them, in short, make such extraordinary Postures and Contorfions, that they seem to be no longer Rational Creatures. But
scarce

scarce has the Priest returned a certain Leaf, but he is likewise seiz'd by the same Fury with the rest. *He tears the Book, and devours it in his Rage, throws down the Altar, and Curses the Sacrifice.* Nothing now is to be heard but *Complaints and Groans, Cries and Imprecations.* Seeing them so transported, and so furious, I judge that the God that they worship is a jealous Deity, who to punish them for what they sacrifice to others, sends to each of them an evil *Demon* to possess him.

I have thus shewed you what Judgment an *Indian* would be apt to pass upon the Transports he finds in our Gamesters. What wou'd he not have thought then if he had seen any of our *Gaming Ladies* there? 'Tis certain that Love it self, as extravagant as it is, never occasion'd so many Disorders among the Women as the unaccountable Madness of *Gaming*. How come they to abandon themselves thus to a Passion that discomposes their Minds, their Health, their Beauty, that ruins ——— What was I going to say? But this Picture does not shew them to Advantage, let us draw a Curtain over it.

In some Places they call Gaming-Houses *Academies*; but I know not why they should inherit that honourable Name, since there's nothing to be learn'd there, unless it be *Slight of Hand*, which is sometimes at the Expence of all our Money, to get that of other Mens by Fraud and Cunning. The Persons that meet are generally Men of an *Infamous* Character, and are in various Shapes, Habits, and Employments. Sometimes they are Squires of the *Pad*, and now and then borrow a little Money upon the *Kings High-Way*, to recruit their Losses at the *Gaming House*; and when a Hue-and-Cry is out, to apprehend them, they are as safe in one of these Houses as a *Priest* at the *Altar*, and practise the old Trade of *Cross-biting-Cullies*, assisting the *Frail square Dye* with high and low *Fullums*, and other *Napping Tricks*, in Comparison of whom the common *Bulkers*, and *Pick Pockets* are a very honest Society. How unaccountable is this way to *Beggery*, that when a Man has but a little Money, and knows not where in the World to compass any more, unless by hazarding his Neck for't, will try an
Experiment

Experiment to leave himself none at all ; or, he that has Money of his own, should play the Fool, and try whether it shall not be another Man's? Was ever any thing so nonsensically pleasant? One idle Day I ventur'd into one of these *Gaming-House*, where I found an *Oglio of Rakes* of several Humours and Conditions met together. Some that had left them never a Penny to bless their Heads with. One that had played away even his Shirt and Cravat, and all his Cloaths but his Breeches, stood shivering in a Corner of the Room, and another comforting him, and saying, *Damme Jack*, who ever thought to see thee in a State of Innocency: Cheer up, Nakedness is the best Receipt in the World against a Fever; and then fell a ranting, as if Hell had broke loose that very Moment. What the Devil have we here to do, says my *Indian*, does it rain Oaths and Curses in this Country? I see Gamesters are Shipwrackt before they come to understand their Danger, and lose their *Cloaths* before they have paid their *Tylors*. They should go to School in my Country to learn Sobriety and Virtue. I told him, instead of *Academies*, these Places should be call'd *Cheating-Houses*: Whereupon a Bully of the *Blade* came strutting up to my very Nose, in such a Fury, that I would willingly have given half the Teeth of my Head for a Composition, crying out, Split my Windpipe, Sir, you are a fool, and don't understand *Trap*, the whole World's a Cheat.

The *Play-House* cheats you of your Time, and the *Tradesmen* of your Money, without giving you either Sense or Reason for it. The *Attorney* picks your Pocket, and gives you *Law* for't; the *Whore* picks your Purse, and gives you the *Pox* for't; and the *Poet* picks your Pocket, and gives you nothing for't. *Lovers* cozen you with their *Eyes*, *Orators* with their *Tongues*, the *Valiant* with their *Arms*, *Fidlers* with their *Fingers*, *Surgeons* with *Wooden Legs*, and *Courtiers* and *Songsters* empty your Pockets, and give you *Breath* and *Air* for it: And why should not we recruit by the same Methods they have ruin'd us.

Our Friends, continued he, give us good Advice, and would fain draw us off from the Course we are in, but all to no purpose: We ask them what they would have
us

us do? Money we have none, and without it there is no Living: Should we stay till it were brought, or come alone? How would you have a poor *Individuum Vagum* live, that has neither Estate, Office, Master, nor Friend to maintain him, and is quite out of his Element, unless he be either in a *Tavern*, a *Bawdy-House*, or a *Gaming-Ordinary*? No, we are the Men, says he, that Providence has appointed to live by our Wits, and will not want while there is Money above Ground. *Happy Man catch a Mackeril.* Let the worst come to the worst, a *Wry Mouth* on the *Triple Tree* puts an end to all Discourse about us. From the *Gaming-House* we took our walk through the Streets, and the first Amusements we encountred, were the Variety and contradictory Language of the *Signs*, enough to perswade a Man there were no Rules of Concord among the Citizens. Here we saw *Joseph's Dream*, the *Bull and Mouth*, the *Hen and Razor*, the *Ax and Bottle*, the *Whale and Crow*, the *Shovel and Boot*, the *Leg and Star*, the *Bible and Swan*, the *Frying Pan and Drum*, the *Lute and Tun*, the *Hog in Armour*, and a Thousand others, that the wise Men that put them there can give no Reason for.

Here walk'd a Fellow with a long white Rod on his Shoulder, that's ashamed to cry his Trade, though he gets his Living by it; another bawling out *Todd's Four Volumes* in Print, which a Man in reading of wou'd wonder that so much *Venom* should not tear him to Pieces, but that some of the Ancient Moralists have observ'd, that the rankest *Poyson* may be kept in an *Ass's Hoof*, or a *Fool's Bosom*. Some say, the first Word he spoke was *Rascal*, and that if he lives to have Children, they will all speak the same Dialect, and have a natural Antipathy to Eggs, because their Father was pelted with hundreds of 'em, when ye was dignified on the Pillory.

Other Amusements presented themselves as thick as Hops, as *Moses* pictur'd with *Horns* on his Head, to keep *Cheapside* in Countenance. The Sign of the *Three Nuns* very dismally painted, to keep up young Womens Antipathy to Popery and Maidenheads. Here sat a fellow selling little *Balls* to take the Stains out of the Ci-
tizens

tizens Wives Petticoats, that should have been as big as *Foot-Balls*, if applied to that Purpose. Under that Bulk was a *Projector* clicking off his *Swimming Girdles*, to keep up Merchants Credit from sinking. A pretty *Engine* to preserve Bankers and insurers from breaking, and prevent publishing it in the *Gazette*, when they are broke, that they will pay all their Debts as far as it may stand with their Convenience. In that Shop was an indebted Lord talking of his *Honour*, and a Tradesman of his *Honesty*, things that every Man has; and every thing is in some Disguise or other; but duly consider'd, there are scarce any such things in the World, unless among Pawn-Brokers, Stockjobbers, and Horse-Courfes; so that the *Lord* and the *Tradesman* were discoursing about nothing; and signified no more than the Parson's Preaching against *Covetousness* to the maim'd, blind, and superannuated Soldiers in *Chelsea-College*, nor Dr. *Salmon's* prescribing *Cow-Heels* to a Married Couple, as a conglutinating Aliment. But there the *Weaver* had the Ascendant to the *Doctor*.

As we pass'd along, I could not forbear looking into some of the Shops to see how the Owners employed themselves in the Absence of Customers, and in a Barber's Shop I saw a *Beau* so overladen with Wig, that there was no Difference between his Head, and the Wooden one that stood in the Window. The Fop, it seems, was newly come to this Estate, though not to the Years of Discretion, and was singing the Song, *Happy is the Child whose Father is gone to the Devil*; and the Barber all the while keeping Time on his Cittern; for you know a Cittern and a Barber is as natural as Milk to a Calf, or the Bears to be attended by a Bagpiper.

In the Scrivener's Shop I saw a Company of *Sparks* that were Selling their Wives and their Portions, and purchasing Annuities; and old *Ten-in-the Hundred* Fathers damning themselves to raise their Posterities.

In the Tobacconists Shop Men were sneezing and spauling as if they were all clapt, and under a Salivation for the Cure on't. They that smoak'd it were persecuting others to follow their Example; and they that snuffed it up in Powder, were drawing on themselves the Incom-

Incommodities of Old Age, in the perpetual *Annoyance* of Rheum and Drivel.

Pursuing my Voyage through the City, and casting a Leer into the Shops of the rich *Drapers, Mercers* and *Lacemen*, I saw them haunted by many People in Want, especially young *Heirs* newly at Age, and *Spendthrifts* that come to borrow Money of them. *Alas*, said the *Traders*, *Times are dead, and little money stirring; all we can do, is to furnish you with what the Shop affords; and if a Hundred Pounds or Two in Commodities will do you any good, they are at your Service.* These the *Galants* take up at an excessive Rate, to sell immediately for what they can get, and the Trader has his Friend to take them off Underhand at a Third Part of the Value, by way of helping Men in Distress. These are they that inveigle unthinking Animals into all Sorts of extravagant Expences, and ruin them insensibly, under Colour of *Kindness* and *Credit*, for they set every thing at double the Value, and if you keep not Touch at the Day, your Persons are imprisoned, your Goods seized, and your Estates expended; and they that help'd to make you *Princes* before, are now the forward'st to put you in the Condition of *Beggars*.

Among other *Amusements*, let us speak a Word or two of *Lumbard-street*, where *Luxury* seems to carry us to *Peru*, where you behold their Magazines, Ingots of Gold and Silver as big as Pigs of Lead; and your Ladies, after they have travell'd thither with some liberal Interloper, carry Home with them more than their *Husbands* are worth, and drag at their long Tails, the whole Substance of a Herd of Creditors. Here are Jewels and Pearls, Rubies and Diamonds, Broad-Pieces, Guineas, *Lewis d'Or's*, Crown-Pieces, and Dollars without Number: Nay, in some of their Shops is nothing to be seen or sold but great Heaps of Money, that would tempt a Man to think the whole *Indies* were emptied into one single Shop, 'tis so full of Gold and Silver; and yet it often happens, that he who is possesst of this vast Treasure is not worth a Brass Farthing; to Day his Compter bends under the weight of Cash, and to Morrow the Shop is shut up, and you hear no more of our Goldsmith, till you find him in a *Gazette*, tore to
 Pieces

Pieces by a Statute of Bankrupt, and he and his Creditors made a Prey by a Parcel of devouring Vermine called *Commissioners*.

The Neighbouring Country in *Stocks-Market*, where you see a large Garden pav'd with *Pebble Stones* in all the Beds and Alleys, indifferently open to all Comers and Goers, and yet bears as good Herbs, Fruits and Flowers, as any in the World: Here is *Winter* dress'd in the Livery of *Summer*; every Day a Crop is gather'd, and every Night are stock'd up in Baskets till the next Day's Sun does open them.

About the Garden great Numbers of Nymphs reside, who each of them live in their respective Tubs; they have not only that in common with *Diogenes*, but, like that Philosopher also, they speak out freely to the first Comer whatever comes uppermost. A farther Description I would give you of their Parts and Persons, only I cannot endure the Smell of the *Sergeants* at the *Compter-gate*, who stink worse than *Assa foetida*, and would poison the Country, if *this* pleasant Garden was not an *Antidote* against their *Infection*: And therefore I'll go back again into the Country of

COFFEE-HOUSES.

WHere being arriv'd, I'm in a Wood, there are so many of them, I know not which to enter: Stay, let me see, where the Sign is painted with a *Woman's Hand in't*, 'tis a Bawdy-house; where a *Man's*, it has another Qualification; but where it has a *Star* in the sign, 'tis calculated for every lewd Purpose.

Every Coffee house is illuminated both without and within Doors; without by a fine Glass Lanthorn, and within by a Woman so light and splendid, you may see through her without the help of a Perspective. At the Bar the good Man always places a charming *Phillis* or two, who invite you by their Amorous Glances into their smoaky Territories, to the Loss of your Sight. This is the Place where several *Knights Errant* come to seat themselves at the same Table, without knowing one another, and yet talk as familiarly together as if they had been of many Years Acquaintance: They have scarce look'd about them, when a certain Liquor as black as
Soot

Soot is handed to them, which being foppishly fum'd into their Noses, Eyes and Ears, has the Virtue to make them talk and prattle together of every thing but what they should do: Now they tell their several Adventures by Sea and Land; how they conquer'd the Giant, were overcome by the Lady, and bought a Pair of wax'd Boots at *Northampton* to go a Wooing in. One was commending his *Wife*, another his *Horse*, and the third said he had the best *smoak'd Beef* in *Christendom*. Some were discoursing of all Sorts of Government, *Monarchical*, *Aristocratical*, and *Democratical*; some about the Choice of *Mayors*, *Sheriffs* and *Aldermen*; and others of the transcendant Virtues of *Vinegar*, *Pepper* and *Mustard*. In short, I thought the whole Room was a perfect Resemblance of *Dover Court*, where *all speak*, but *no Body heard* or answer'd.

To the Charms of *Coffee* the wiser Sort join'd *Spirit of Clary*, *Usquebaugh*, and *Brandy*, which compleatly enchants the Knights: By the Force of these *Soporiferous Enchantments*, you shall find one snoring heartily on a *Bench*, another makes Love to beautiful *Phillis* at the Bar, and the third as valiant as *Orlando Furioso*, goes to signalize his Valour in scouring the Streets.

I should never have done, if I should attempt to run thro' all the several Countries within the Walls of *London*, as the *Long Robe*, the *Sword*, the *Treasury*. Every State, in brief, is like a separate Country by it self, and has its particular Manners and Gibberish. Here you may view the fruitful Country of *Trade*, that has turn'd Leather Breeches into gold Chains, blue Aprons into furr Gowns, a Kitchen-stuff-tub into a gilded Chariot, a Dray-Man into a Knight, and Noblemens Palaces into Shops and Warehouses. Here is also the barren Country of the *Philosopher's Stone*, inhabited by none but Cheats in the Operation, Beggars in the Conclusion, and now is become almost desolate, till another Age of *Fools* and *Knaves* do people it. To this may be added the *cold Country* of the *Newsmongers*, that report more than they hear, affirm more than they know, and swear more than they believe, who rob one another, and lie in *Sheets* for want of a *Coverlid*. The *hot Country* of the *Disputers* that quarrel and raise a Dust about nothing. The *level Coun-*
try

try of bad *Poets* and Presbyterian *Parsons*, one of which is maintain'd by a good Stock of *Confidence*, and the other by *Flattery* and *Canting*. The *desart uninhabited Country* of *Virtuous Women*. The *Conquer'd Country* of *Coquets*, and an infinite Number of others; not to reckon on the *Lost Country* inhabited by *Strollers*, who aim at nothing but to lead others out of their Way: They are of easy of Access, but 'tis dangerous to traffick with them. Some of them have the Art to please without Management, and to love without Loving.

But how have I forgot my own *dear Country*, that is consecrated to *Bacchus*, that abounds with *Nectar*, the Wonder-working Liquor of the World, that makes a *Poet* a *Prince* in his own Conceit, a *Coward* valiant, and a *Beggar* as rich as an *Alderman*. Here I live at Ease, and in Plenty, swagger and carouse, quarrel with the *Master*, fight the *Drawer*, and never trouble my self about paying the *Reckoning*, for one Fool or other pays it for me: A *Poet* that has Wit in his Head never carries Money in his Breeches, for fear of creating a new *Amusement*.

In *Leicester-fields* I saw a *Mountebank* on the Stage, with a Congregation of Fools about him, who, like a Master in the Faculty of *Lying*, gave them a History of his Cures, beyond all the Plays and Farces in the World: He told them of Fifteen Persons that were run clear through the Body, and glad to carry their Puddings in their Hands for a matter of three Days together, but in four and twenty Hours he made them as whole as Fishes, and not so much as a Scar for the Remembrance of the Orifice. If a Man had been so bold as to ask him *when* and *where*, his Answer would have been ready without studying, that it was some twelve Hundred Leagues off, in *Terra incognita*, by the Token that at the same time he was Physician in Ordinary to a great Prince, who died about five and twenty Years ago; and yet the *Quack* was not forty.

All these Subjects, tho' very amusing, were not equally edifying, and therefore in my Voyage towards the City, I call'd in at a *Quaker's Meeting*, where a Fellow was talking *Nonsense* as confidently as if he had got a Patent for it, and confirm'd the Popish Maxim, that *Ignorance*

rance was the Mother of Devotion. The Women were the oddest Creatures in the World, neither Fish nor Flesh, but like *Frogs*, only their lower Part were Man's Meat.

From thence I sail'd into a *Presbyterian Meeting* near *Covent-Garden*, where the vociferous *Holder-forth* was as bold and fawcy, as if the Deity, and all Mankind, had ow'd him Money. He was shewing the way to be rich when Taxes rise and Trading falls, and descanting upon all Humours and Manners: He (says the *Tubster*) that would be rich according to the Practice of this wicked Age, must play the Thief or the Cheat; he that would rise in the World, must turn Parasite or Projector; he that marries, ventures for the Horn, either before or afterwards: There is no Valour like Swearing, Quarrelling or Hectoring: If you are poor, no body owns you; if rich, you'll know no body: If you die young, what Pity 'twas, they'll say, that he should be cut off in his Prime? If old, he was e'en past his best, there's no great miss of him: If you are religious, and frequent Meetings, the World will say you are a Hypocrite: And if you go to Church, and don't make a liberal Contribution to us, we say you are a Papist. To which I make bold to add, if you are gay and pleasant, you pass for a Buffoon; and if pensive and reserv'd, you are taken to be sower and censorious. Courtesy is call'd colloquing and currying Favour; downright Honesty and Plain-dealing is interpreted to be Pride and ill Manners. And so I took my Leave of Dr. —, and peep'd into a fine Church in my way to *Fleet-street*, where a huge double belly'd Doctor was so full of his *Doubtlesses*, that he left no room for one Grain of *Scepticism*, and made me so perfect a *Cognatist*, that I made these innocent Reflections: The Doctor does not love butter'd Buns, *Doubtless*, he is glad his first Lady Wife is under Ground, for he married again within two Months after her Death; *Doubtless*, he is carnally inclin'd, he has got his second Wife with Child; *Doubtless*, a Man of his sanguine Appearance had no Body to help him: He is very fat, *Doubtless*, he is rich; he looks very grum and surly, *Doubtless*, he is not the best humour'd Man in the World. But I soon gave over these Remarks, for being a Stranger to his Worship, *Doubtless*, I might have been sometimes in the right, and *Doubtless*, I should sometimes

times have been in the wrong; and therefore I remov'd my Corps to *another Church* in my Road to *London*.

Here, before Sermon began, the Clerk (in a slit Stick contriv'd for that Purpose) handed up to the Desk a Number of Prayer-Bills, containing the humble Petition of divers Devotees, for a Supply of what they wanted, and the Removal of their Afflictions. One was a Bill from a *Courtier*, that having a good Post, desir'd he might keep it for his Life, without being call'd to account for *Neglect* or *Mismanagement*; and that he might continue God's Servant in *Ordinary*, and the King's *Special Favourite*. A young *Virgin*, apprehensive of her Wants and Weaknesses, being about to enter into the Holy State of Matrimony, pray'd for proportionable *Gifts* and *Graces*, to enable her for such an *Undertaking*.

Some pray'd for good Matches for their *Daughters*, and good Offices for their *Sons*; others begg'd Children for themselves; and sure the Husband that allows his Wife to ask Children abroad, will be so civil as to take them home when they are given him.

Now came Abundance of *Bills* from such as were going Voyages to Sea, and others that were taking long Journeys by Land; both praying for the Gift of Chastity for their *Wives*, and Fidelity of their *Prentices*, till they should return again. Then the Bills of Complaint coming in thick and threefold, *Humbly shewing*, that many Citizens Wives had hard Hearts, and artful *Husbands*, and disobedient Children, which they heartily pray'd to be quit of; I discharg'd my Ears from their Attendance on so melancholy a Subject, and employ'd my Eyes on the Variety of *Diverting Faces* in the Gallery.

Where you might see in one *Pew* a Covey of handsome, buxom *Bona Roba's* with high Heads, and all the *Mundus Muliebris* of Ornament and Dress about them, as merry as Hawks in a Mew, as *Airy* as their *Fanns*, and as light as a *Beau's* Head, or his *Feather*.

In another *Pew* was a Nest of such hard-favour'd *She's* that you would have blest your self. Some with their Faces so pounced and speckled, as if they had been *scarified*, and newly pass'd the *Cupping-Glass*; with a world of little Plaisters, *large, round, square*, and briefly cut out into such Variety, that it would have posed a good

Mathe-

Mathematician to have found out another Figure. They employ'd themselves while the Bills were reading about—
Hush, hush.

The *Wou'd be Bishop* is beginning, and 'tis a Sign of a *Clown*, as well as an *Atheist*, *Ludere cum Sanctis*; for though I expose the Foppery of Persons, I have a great Veneration for Holy Offices. Our *Doctor*, I grant it, has some of the Qualifications of an *All-Souls* Candidate, *Bene Vestiti & Mediocriter Docti*; and in good earnest fills a Pulpit very well, but that he so often hauls in his *Common-Place Book* by Neck and Shoulders, that he cloy's his Auditors with that unpalatable *Ragoust*, call'd in Latin, *Cramben bis coctum*, and in plain English, *Twice-boil'd Cabbage*; for having in every Harangue, let the Subject be what it will, marshal'd his Discourse by the help be what it will, marshall'd his Discourse by the help of the *Warlike* Josephus, and by the Assistance of the Learned Grotius, and Pious Dr. Hammond, our own Countryman, puzzled Aquinas, confuted Bellarmin, and baffled Origen, pass we on (says he) to the next thing as considerable.

The *Clark* is such an effected C. C. C.—, that he sings out of Tune, repeats out of Order, and does nothing as he should do: For instead of saying *Amen*, he screams out, *A Main*, which had like to have put me into a confounded Fit of Laughter; for a Spark who had been over Night at 7 or 11, falling asleep in the Church, and being awaked by the Noise of *A Main*, he starts up, and cries out aloud, *I'll set you Half a Crown*.

Crowding to get out to breathe my Spleen at this Adventure, I put the *Bilk* upon a *Pick-Pocket*; who measuring my Estate by the Length and Bulkiness of my new Wig, (which God knows) is not paid for, he made a Dive into my Pocket, but encountering a Disappointment, rubb'd off, cursing the *Vacuum*; and I as heartily laughing at his Folly, that could think a Poet ever went to Church when he had Money to go to a Tavern. Poets are better principal'd than to hoard up *Trash*; and could they as well secure themselves from the *Flesh* and the *Devil*, as they do from the World, there would not be a Hairs-Breadth betwixt them and Heaven. This
Pains-

Pains-taker of a Divine has some time since, I hear, been oblig'd to his kind Parishoners, for letting him make a sure Cure of his Care of Souls, by pulling down that Church he gave such Instances of preternatural Endowments in, and have *rebuilt* it to *pull it down* again, or one of the Churchwardens does not talk so much like an Apothecary as he's reported to do, the other takes as much Care of other People's Money, as he does of his own. But Talk is but Talk, and the Gentlemen of the Vestry would never shew their own Heads to be heavier than their Bodies, by building a greater Superstructure to that of the Church, than its Foundations will bear: Tho' *W—K—* to be sure knows more of the Matter than Sir *Christopher Wren*, and the Booksellers thereabouts will have more than sufficient Amends made for the Cost they will be at in beautifying the Doctor's Church and Pulpit, would his Reverence oblige them with the Copies of his elaborate Sermons.

After so learned a Discourse, I could digest nothing under the *D—* of St. *P—*'s, and over I went to the Temple-Church, but who should be a laying down new Schemes of Church-Government but but *W—K—* D. D. he had learnt to flatter Archbishops and other great Men, from his Pedantick Translation of *Pliny's* fulsom *Penegyrick*, and was drawing forth his Words at full length, in order to draw himself into some Church Preferment, tho' in my Opinion, it was very improper that a Man that had written contrary to the Canons of the Church, and the municipal Laws of the Kingdom, should be perch'd up in a Pulpit to give Instructions to those Gentlemen whose Abilities would be too hard for his Ignorance. But Dr. *Atterbury* had handled him with that Dexterity, as to have Occasion for no one else to expose his Weakness, and if he must have other Preferment before he flings him upon his Back, he may rest contented with his Arch-Deaconry and Curacy. Now I cross'd the way to a *Bookseller's*, in Hopes to get a Dinner and a Bottle, but the stingy Cur popt me off with a Dish of Coffee, and the old Talk, that Trading was dead, that they suffer'd for other Mens Works as well as their own; and in short, finding not a Penny to be screw'd out of the *Brig*, I pursued my Voyage to
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the City; but it happening to rain, to shelter my self from it, I ran my Face into

A HERALD's Office.

HERE was a confounded Noise of Descents, Pedigrees, Genealogies, Coats of Arms, Bearings, Additions, Abatements, and a deal of that insignificant Jargon. While I was listening to this *Gibberish*, in comes a Fellow with a Roll of Parchment in his Hand to be made a *Gentleman*, and to have a Coat of Arms finely painted to hang up in his *Dining-Room* till his Wife died, and then to be transported on the Outside and Front of the House, to invite a rich Widow to marry him.

My *Father*, says he, has bore Arms for his *Majesty* in many honourable Occasions of *Watching* and *Warding*, and has made many a *Tall Fellow* speak to the Constable at all Hours of the Night. My *Uncle* was the first Man that ever was of the Honourable Order of the *Black-Guards*: And we have had five brave Commanders of our Family, by my Father's Side, that have served the *State* in the Quality of *Marsha's Men*, and *Thief-Takers*, and gave his Majesty a fair Account of all the *Prisoners* that were taken by them. And by *Mother's Side*, it will not be denied, but that I am honourably descended; for my *Grandmother* was never without a dozen Chambermaids and Nurses in Family. Her Husband wore a sword by his Place, for he was *Deputy-Marshal*; and to prove my self a Man of Honour, I have here a Testimonial in my Hand, in Black and White; and in my Pocket brave *Yellow-Boys*, to pay for a Coat of Arms: Which being produc'd and finger'd by the Herald, he immediately assign'd him a Coat, viz. A *Gibbet* erect, with a Wing volant, a Ladder ascendant, a Rope pendant, and a *Marshal's Man* swinging at the End on't.

I am scandaliz'd, says my *Indian*, at your Custom in *London*, in making every sawcy *Jack* a Gentleman. And why are you not as well offended, reply'd I to my *Indian*, to hear almost every Gentleman call one another *Jack*, *Tom*, and *Harry*. They first dropt the Distinction proper to Men of *Quality*, and Scoundrels took it up
and

and bestowed it upon themselves; and hence it is that a *Gentleman* is sunk into *Plain Jack*, and *Jack* is raised into a *Gentleman*.

In Days of Yore, a Man of Honour was more distinguishable by his *Generosity* and *Affability*, than by his *Lac'd Liveries*; but too many of them having degenerated into the Vices of the vulgar Fry, Honour is grown contemptible, the Respect that is due to their *Births* is lost in a *Savage* Management, and is now assum'd by every Scoundrel.

The Cocker is affronted, if you don't call him Mr. *Translator*; the Groom names himself *Gentleman of the Horse*, and the Fellow that carries *Guts* to the Bears, writes himself *one of his Majesty's Officers*. The Page calls himself *a Child of Honour*, and the Foot-boy stiles himself my *Lady's Page*. Every little *Nasty Whore* takes upon her the Title of *Lady*, and every impudent *Broken-mouth'd Manteau-maker*, must be called *Madam Theodosia, Br——* Every Dunc of a *Quack* is call'd a *Physician*. Every Gown-Man a *Counselor*. Every silly Huff a *Captain*. Every Gay thing a *Chevalier*. Every Parish Reader a *Doctor*: And every *Writing Clarke* in the Office, Mr. *Secretary*: Which is all but Hypocrisy and Knavery in Disguise; for nothing is now call'd by its right Name. The Heralds I see have but little to do, Honour and Arms which us'd to employ all Men of Birth and Parts, being now almost dwindled into an Airy Nothing: Let us then go and see how the World wags in the City Circle.

AMUSEMENT IX.

The City Circle.

I Have given my Traveller Walking enough from Country to Country, let us save him the Trouble now of beating the Hoof, and shew him the rest of the World as he sits in his Chair.

To be acquainted with all the different Characters of it, it will be sufficient for him to frequent certain numerous Assemblies, a sort of a *City Circle*; they are set up in Imitation of the Circle at Court.

The Circle in Foreign Courts is a grave Assembly, but ill seated, upon low Stools set in a Round. Here all Women talk and none of them listen. Here they make a Pother about nothing. Here they decide all things, and their most diversified Conversations, are a sort of Roundelays, that end either in Artificial Slanders, or gross Flattery; but this being in no wise applicable to the *English* Court, I shall wave a farther Description of it, and come to

The City Ladies Visiting-Day.

Which is a familiar Assembly, or a general Council of the fair and charming Sex, where all the important Affairs of their Neighbours are largely discuss'd, but judg'd in an arbitrary Manner, without hearing the Parties speak for themselves. Nothing comes amiss to these Tribunals; Matters of High and no Consequence, as Religion and Cuckoldom, Commodities and Sermons, Politicks and Gallantry, Receipts of Cookery and Scandal, Coquetry and Preserving, Filting and Laundry; in short, every thing is subject to the Jurisdiction of this Court, and no Appeal lies from it. The Coach stops at the Goldsmith's or Mercer's Door, and off leaps Mr. Skipkennel from behind it, and makes his Address to the Book-keeper or Prentice, and asks if his Lady (for that is always the Name of the Mistress) receives any Visits that Day or no: Some Stay must be made till the Woman above Stairs sends down her Answer, and then the Pink of Courtesy is receiv'd at the Top of the Stairs, like King James by the French King, and handed to her Stool of Discourse.

My dear Lady, 'tis an Honour to give me your Company after so obliging a Manner, is the first Word that drops from her the Visit is paid to, and I should never have forgiven that Uneasiness of Mind which must have been the Consequence of it, had I any longer forbore paying my Respects to my dear Lady Tattle, is of Course the Answer to it. Lord, Madam! Did you hear the News of the Misfortune that beset Mrs. such a one's Husband? Never believe me again, if that old filthy Sot she was married to for the sake of his Money, has not had a Statute of Bankrupt taken out against him; but Alderman Vani-

Vanity's Lady had the most insupportable Accident that befel her, which it's possible to think of; Let me never go a visiting again, if her Coach did not overturn just against the Royal Exchange, in full Change time, and expos'd what her Ladyship had, a foul Smock and a dirty Skin, to the whole Company. I could never have outliv'd the Disgrace, nor have suffer'd my self to be seen in publick, but her Ladyship is of another sort of Complexion, than I carry about me. I suppose you are no Stranger to her making a Bedfellow of that filthy Fellow her Groom, or the Conversation Mr. Alderman turn'd away his Coachman for: But Heavens so bid I should expose her, &c.

Thus they take a sup of Tea, then for a Draught or two of Scandal to digest it, next let it be Ratified or any other Favourite Liquor, Scandal must be after-Draught, to make it sit easy on their Stomach, till the half Hour's past, and they have disburthen'd themselves of their Secrets, and take Coach for some other place, to collect new Matter for Defamation.

A venerable old Gentlewoman, call'd Madam Whimsy, whose Relations are dispers'd into all Corners of the Earth, is a President of this Board; she is lineally descended from the Maggots of the South, an illustrious and ancient Family, that were a Branch of the Wag-tails of the East, who boast themselves descended in a right Line from Madam Eve. Here are to be found as many different Opinions as there are Heads in the Room. The same Judge is sometimes severe, and sometimes indulgent, sometimes grave, and sometimes trifling, and they talk exactly there as I do in my Amusements.

They pass in a Moment from the most serious to the most comical Strain; from the greatest things to the smallest, from a Duke to a Chimney-sweeper, from a Council of War to a Christening; and sometimes a sudden Reflection upon a Woman's Head-dress hinders the Decision of a Case of Conscience under Examination.

In this Country twenty several Sentences are pronounc'd all at once. The Men vote when they can, the Woman as often as they please; they have two Votes for one: The great Liberty that is allow'd in the City Circle invites all sorts of Persons to come thither to see and be seen: every one talks according to his Designs,

Inclination and Genius; the young Folks talk of what they are now doing, the old Fellows talk of what they have done in the Days of *Queen Dick*, and your Sots and Coxcombs of what they have a Design to do, tho' they never go about it.

The Ambitious rail at the Sluggards, as a Company of idle Fellows, that take up Room in the World and do nothing: The Sluggards return back the Compliment to the Ambitious. That *they trouble al' the World with their Plot*, to advance themselves and ruine others. The *Tradesman* curses War from the Bottom of his Heart, as that which spoils Commerce, depopulates Countries, and destroys Mankind; and the *Soldier* wishes those who had a Hand in making the Peace were at the Devil

The *Virtuoso* despises the Rich for making such a Bustle about so foolish and pale-fac'd a Metal as *Gold*. The Rich laugh at Learning and learned Men, and cry, a Fig for *Aristotle* and *Des Cartes*. Your Men of Gravity and Wisdom rail at *Love*, as the most foolish and impertinent Trifle in the World: And the *Lover* fattens himself with his own Fancies, and laughs at Wisdom as a sowre and severe thing, that is not worth the Pursuit. Those who are unmarried fall upon the jealous-pated Husbands, as Men that create their own Troubles: And those who are married, justify their own prudent Conduct in endeavouring to prevent their own Dishonour.

A young forward Puppy full of Vigour and Health, seem'd to intimate by his Discourse, that he thought himself immortal: *Well*, says he, *I have drank my Gallon of Claret every Night these Seven Years, and yet the Devil of a Fever, or any other Disease, dare attack me, tho' I always keep two or three Sins going at once: Before George, I think our Family's made of Iron; There is that old Prig my Father, (a Plague on him) turned of Seventy, and yet he is as sound as a Roach still; he'll ride you Forty Miles outright at a Fox-Chase; Small-Beer be my Portion here and hereafter, if I believe he'll ever have the good Manners to troop of.* A grave old Gentleman, offended at this rude and frothy Discourse, gave his Whiskers a twirl, and thus reprimanded our sawcy Whipper-snapper: *Know Boy*, cries he to him in an angry Tone, *know Sirrah, that every Age stands upon the same Level*
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as to the Duration of Life; a Man of Fourscore is young enough to live, and an Infant but of four Days Birth is old enough to die. I apprehend your meaning, old Gentleman, says our young Prig to him, well enough; you are young enough to live to Day, and old enough to die to Morrow.

Those whom you have hitherto heard, talk'd only to let the Company see what they were; the rest, both in their Conversation and Manners, appear'd directly contrary to what they were.

You admire the gay noisy Impertinence of that Country Wit yonder, who tells so many pleasant Stories, and sets all the Company a laughing. Don't be mistaken in him, he's is the dullest Rogue alive, if you strip him of what he has plunder'd from others. All his Jests and Repartees he purloin'd from his *Father's Chaplain*; they are the Effect of his Memory, and not of his Invention.

That other Spark there sets up for a *Wit*, and has some pretence to't. Pray mind that worshipful Lump of Clay, that inanimated Figure who lolls in the Elbow-Chair, he takes no manner of Notice of what is said in the Company: By his plodding, starch'd solemn Looks, you would conclude that Business of Importance and Affairs of State took up all his Thoughts, and that his Head was brim full of *Dispatches, Negotiations, Decrees, Orders of Council*, and the Lord knows what. I'll tell you what, he's the emptiest dullest, shallowest Monster within the *Bills of Mortality*; he's equally incapable of Business and Pleasure; he'll take you a Nap over a Game at Cards, and yawn and stretch at the most diverting Comedy; nay, under the Pulpit, when the Parson has preach'd all the Dogs out o'th' Church: He dreams as he walks, and the Sot, when he's asleep, differs from the Sot when awake, as a *Ninepin* does when 'tis up, from a *Ninepin* down. He has a considerable Post in the Government, and a pretty Wife, and minds 'em both alike; 'tis pity he has not a *Deputy* to officiate for him.

That young Creature there by the Window, at the bare mention of the Word *Love*, starts and trembles as if a *Demi-Culverin* were shot off at her Ear: Her virtuous Mother has told her such terrible Stories about it, that the poor Fool believes she hates it. And do you

think, Sir, she'll hate it to the End of the Chapter? That's so uncertain, I dare not engage for it; a Woman who hates *Love* before she knows *what it is*, is not in Danger to hate it very long.

Perhaps I explain things after a freer Manner than I ought, and unmask too many Faces in my Circle, but if I were never so much inclin'd to spare them, and they themselves had Address enough to conceal their own Defects I see a Lady coming into the Room, who will decypher them more unmercifully than I can. Now she has seated her self, observe what a modest Air she has, how critically she draws off her Gloves, how artfully she manages her Fan? and if she lift up her Eyes, 'tis only to see whether other Women are as handsom and modest as her self; she has so much Virtue, the World says, that she can't endure any that have a less Share on't than her self: What is harder still, those that have more Virtue than she, do equally displease her. 'Tis for this Reason she spares no body.

I ask'd of a Lady of the same Character t'other Day, how it came to pass, that her Exhortations were half *Godliness*, and half *Slander*: *Bless me!* cries she, *Slander!* *what mean you by the Word!* 'tis enough to give one the Spleen, or an Ague Fit. The Truth on't is, I am sometimes obliged to accommodate my self to the Taste of the World, to season my Remonstrances with a little Satyr, for the World expects we should make every thing agreeable, even Connexion it self. We must sometimes give a little slip from Morality, to bring in a few Strokes of Satyr. Speak more honestly, Madam, says I to her, and confess, that you bring in one Stroke of Morality to countenance the making of a Thousand scandalous Reflections.

Very well, replies the Indian to me, I find the Londoners are as comical in their Garbs, as affected in their Discourses; they would think themselves dishonoured to appear in a suit they were in last Year: According to the Rule of Fashions, this furious Beau the next Year must make but a scurvy Figure; but I pardon them for following the Custom of their Country: I put so ill a Construction upon their Curiosity. I will not hereafter judge of the Hearts of Women by the Steps I see them make.

As for that Beau yonder, I have a great Curiosity to know whether his *Inside* answers his *Outside*; not a Word has dropt from him as yet, but surely the Oracle will open anon. The Ladies that encompass him, said I to my curious Traveller, are as impatient to hear him talk as you can be; therefore let us listen. They'll all compliment and address their Discourses to him. What Answers does he make them? Sometimes *Yes*, sometimes *No*, and sometimes *Nothing at all*. He speaks to one with his *Eyes*, to another with his *Head*, and laughs at a third with so mysterious an *Air*; that 'tis believ'd there is something extraordinary meant by it. All the Company are of Opinion that he has *Wit* in Abundance; his Physiognomy talks, his Air persuades, but all his Eloquence lies in the fine *Outside* he makes; and as soon as the *Spark* has shew'd himself, *he has concluded his Speech*. 'Tis a Thousand pities that Nature had not time enough to finish her Workmanship: Had she bestowed never so little *Wit* upon an *Outside* so prepossessing us in his Favour, the idlest Tales from his Mouth would have pass'd for the most ingenious Story in the World.

But our Ladies now begin to be weary of holding a longer Discourse with their Idol; all of them resolve, if they must speak, to speak with some body that will answer them again, and not with a *Statue*. Our *Beau* retires into the next Chamber, intent on nothing but how to display his Charms to the best Advantage: He is at first View enamour'd with a pretty Lady, whom he saw in the Room; he besieges her with his Eyes, he ogles at her, he primes and plumes himself, and at last boards her.

This Lady is very reserv'd, and though our Gentleman appear very charming to her, she is not surpriz'd at the first Sight of him, tis nothing but her Curiosity which makes her hazard meeting him in the Field; with this Intention she listens to what our Adventurer has to say. In short, this was the Success of his Affair with her: He found himself mightily at a Loss how to cope with this Lady: she had an inexhaustible Source of *Wit*, and would not be paid with gracious *Nods* and *Smiles*: but as we see there are a hundred witty Woman in the World, that are not displeased with a fair Out-

side, our confident Spark flatter'd himself, that if he could but once persuade the Lady he was in Love with her, the Garrison would immediately surrender. To effect this, he employ'd the *finest Turns* of Eloquence and the most touching Expressions of the mute Language, but this fair Lady made as if she did not understand him: What should he now do to explain himself more clearly to her? He had a *Diamond Ring* of a considerable Value upon his Finger, and found himself put to't to contrive a piece of Gallantry *Alamode* to present it to her: Thus playing with his Hand, and holding it so that he might shew his *Diamond* more advantageously to the Eyes of the *Fair indifferent*, he plays with it: She turns her Head first on one side, then on the other. This *Unconcernedness* mortified him extremely, yet still he kept on his shew, which is always the last Refuge of a Coxcomb: He is astonish'd to find a Woman *Insensible* to such a *Beau* as himself, and such a *Diamond* as his was; but this made no Impression on the Lady.

At the very Moment he despair'd of his Enterprize, this Cruel, this Insensible seiz'd him hastily by the Hand to look nearer at the *Diamond* from which she first turn'd her Eyes: What a *blessed Turn* of the Scene was this to a dejected Lover! He reassumes his Courage, and to make a Declaration of his Passion for once and all, he takes the *Ring* from his Finger, and after a Thousand *Cringes* and *Grimaces* presents her with it. The Lady takes it in her Hand, and holds it close to her Eyes, to view it more carefully, redoubles his Hope and Assurance, and thought he had a Right to kiss the Hand that had received his *Diamond*. The Lady was so taken up in looking at it, that she was not at Leisure to think of being angry at this Freedom, but on the contrary smiled, and without any more Ceremony put the *Ring* upon her Finger.

Now it is that our Lover thinks himself secure of *Victory*, and transported with Joy proposes the *Hour* and *Place* of Meeting: Sir, says this Lady coldly to him, I am charm'd with this *Diamond*: and the Reason why I have accepted it without scruple is, because it belongs to me. Yes, Sir, this *Diamond* is mine, my Husband took it from off my *Toilet* some three Months ago, and made

made me afterwards believe he had lost it. That cannot be, replies our *Fop*, it was a *Marchioness* that exchanged it with me for something that shall be nameless.

Right, right, continues the Woman, *my Husband was acquainted with this Marchioness, he truck'd with her for my Diamond, the Marchioness truck'd with you for it, and I take it for nothing, tho' if I were of a Revengeful Nature, my Husband very well deserves, that I should give the same Price for it that he receiv'd from the Marchioness.* At this unexpected Blow, our fine thing stood confounded and astonished; but I can now forgive his being *Mute* upon so odd an Occasion: A Man of Wit and sense could hardly avoid it.

The great *Lord* yonder was bred and born a *Lord*: His *Soul* is full as noble as his *Blood*, his thoughts as high as his *Extraction*. I esteem, but don't admire his *Lordship*; but the Man who by his *Merits* and *Virtues* raises himself above his Birth and Education, I both *esteem* and *admire*.

Why then should you, whose *Virtues* equal your Fortune, conceal the Meanness of your Original, which raises the Lustre of your Merit? We shall better esteem the Merit of your Elevation.

Look, yonder goes a Man, says one, that takes upon him so much of the *Lord*, that one would think he had never been any thing else. It often happens, that by our over-acting of Matters, the World discovers we were not always the Men we appear.

While I made my Reflections, my *Indian* was likewise busy in making his. He did not so much wonder at the Man in the embroider'd Coat, who did not know himself, as at the Assembly, who likewise seem'd not to know him. He was treated with the Respect due to a Prince; these are not Civilities, but down-right Adorations. What cannot you be content, says our *Indian*, cannot you be content to idolize *Riches* that are useful to you? Must you likewise idolize the *Rich*, who will never do you a Farthing's-worth of Kindness.

I confess, continued he, that I cannot recover out of this Astonishment. I see another Man of a very good Look come into the Circle, and no body takes the least Notice of him. He has seated himself, and talks, and

very much to the Purpose too, and yet no one will vouchsafe him a Hearing. I observe the Company files off from him by Degrees to another Part of the Room, and now he is left alone by himself. Wherefore, say I to myself, do they run from him thus? Is his *Breath* contagious, or has he a *Plague-Sore* running upon him? At the same time I took Notice, that these Deserters had flock'd about the *Gay Coxcomb* in the lac'd Suit, whom they worshipped like a little God. By this I came to understand, that the contagious Distemper the other Man was troubled with was his Poverty.

Oh Heavens! says the *Indian*, falling all on the sudden into an Enthusiastick Fit, like that wherein you saw him in his Letter; *Oh Heavens!* Remove me quickly out of a Country where they shut their Ears to the wholesome Advice and sage Instructions of a *Poor Man*, to listen to the Nonsensical *Chatt* of a Sot in *Gaudy Cloaths*. They seem to refuse this *Philosopher* a Place among Men, because his Apparel is but indifferent, while they rank that wealthy Coxcomb in the Number of the Gods. When I behold this abominable Sight, I could almost pardon those that grow haughty and insolent upon Prosperity.

This latter Spark a little while ago was less than a *Man* among you, at present you make a sort of a *Deity* of him. If the Head of their new Idol should grow giddy, he may e'en thank those who incense him at this abominable rate.

There are among us in my Country, continues he, a sort of People who adore a certain Bird for the Beauty and Richness of its *Feathers*. To justify the Folly wherein their Eyes have engaged them, they are perswaded that this proud Animal has a Divine Spirit that animates him. Their Error is infinitely more excusable than yours; for, in short, this Creature is *mute*, but if he could talk like your *Brute* there in the rich *Embroidery*, they'd soon find him to be a Beast, and perhaps would forbear to adore him.

This sudden Transport carry'd our well-meaning Traveller a little too far. To oblige him to drop his Discourse, I desir'd him to cast his Eyes upon a certain Gentleman in the *Circle*, who deserved to have his *Veil* taken off, with which he cover'd himself, to procure the Confidence

fidence of Fools. Examine well this serious Extravagant. The *Fool's Bauble* he makes such a pother with, is his *Probity*, an amiable thing indeed, if his Heart were affected by it; but 'tis only the *Notion* of it that has fly-blown his Head. Because, forsooth, it has not yet appear'd in his Story, that he is a notorious Cheat and Falsifyer; upon the Merit of this Reputation, the *Insect* thinks himself the most virtuous Man in the World. He demands an implicate Faith to all he says. You must not Question any thing he is pleas'd to affirm, but must pay the same Deference to his Words as to the sacred Oracles of Truth it self. If he thinks fit to assert, that *Romulus* and *Rhemus* were Grandchildren to *John of Gaunt*, 'tis a Breach of good Manners to enquire into their Pedigrees.

If any Difference happens, he pretends his Word is a Decree from which you cannot appeal without Injustice. He takes it for a high Affront, if you do but ask him to give you the common Security.

All the Universe must understand that his Verbal Promise is worth a Thousand Pounds. He would fain have perswaded his *Wife's* Relations to have given him her in Marriage upon his bare Word, without making a Settlement. He affects to be exactly nice to a Tittle in all his Expressions, and if you think it impossible to find it in him, all his Words you ought to believe to a Hair's breadth: Nothing less, and nothing beyond it. If ever he give you the Liberty to stretch a little, it must be in his Commendation. Let the Conversation turn upon what Subject it pleases, be it of *War*, or of *Religion*, *Morality*, or *Politicks*, he will perpetually thrust his *Nose* into it, though he is sure to be laugh'd at for his Pains, and all to make a fine *Parade* of his own good Qualities and Virtues.

A certain *Lady*, for Instance, after she had effectually proved, that all Gallantry and Sincerity was extinct amongst the young Fellows of this Age, corrected her self pleasantly in this Manner. I am in the *wrong*, Gentlemen, says she, I am in the *wrong*, I own it. There is such a thing as Sincerity still among the Men: *They speak all that they think of us Women.*

Upon

Upon the bare mention of the Word *Sincerity*, our Gentleman thought he had a fair Opportunity to enlarge upon his own. Every Man, says he, has his particular Faults; my Fault is to be too sincere. Soon after this, the Discourse fell upon other Matters, as want of Compassion and Charity in the Rich. What an Excess of Barbarity, cries our Man of Honour, is this? For my Part, I always fall into the opposite Extream. I melt at every thing, I am *too good* in my Temper, but 'tis a Fault I shall never correct in my self. To make short, another who towards the Conclusion of his Story happen'd accidentally to let the Word *Avarice* drop from him, found himself interrupted by our *modest* Gentleman, who made no Difficulty to own that *Liberality* was his Vice. *Ab Sir!* reply'd the Man coldly, who was interrupted, you have three great Vices, Sincerity, Goodness and Liberality. This Excess of Modesty in you, which makes you own these Vices, give me to understand, Sir, that you are master of all the contrary *Virtues*.

In my Opinion now, this was plucking off the Vizor of our Sir *Formal*. This was discharging a *Pistol* at his Breast; one would have thought it would have went to the very Heart of him. In the meantime he did not so much as feel the Blow; the *Callus* of his Vanity had made him invulnerable, he takes every thing you say to him in good Part. Call him in an ironical Manner, the *great Heroe of Probity*, he takes you in the literal Sense. Tell him in the plain Language of T. O. that he's a *confounded Rascal*, Oh Sir! says he, your humble Servant, you are dispos'd to be merry I find: Thus he takes it for Raillery.

The *Railers* have a fine time on't you see, to *jest* upon a Man of so *oily* a Temper. What a Vexation is it to your Gentlemen that speak sharp and witty things, to level them at so *supple* a Slave. All the Pleasure would be to touch him to the Quick, to confound his Vanity. Wit does but hazard it self by attacking him in the Face, there's nothing to be got by it: *Vanity is a Wall of Brass*.

But I find nothing will be lost. There sits a Gentleman in the Corner of a quite different Temper, who takes every thing upon himself that was meant to another.
He

He *blushes*, he grows *pale*, he's out of Countenance; at last he quits the Room, and as he goes out threatens all the Company with his Eyes. What does the World think of this holding up the *Buckler*; they put but a bad Construction upon it, and say that his Conscience is *ulcerated*, that you cannot touch any String but it will answer to some painful Place. *Touch a gall'd Horse and he'll wince*. In a Word, he's wounded all over, because he's all over sensible of Pain.

These are two Characters that seem to be directly opposite; however, it were easy to prove that these two are the same at Bottom. What's this Bottom? Divine it if you can: One Word would not be sufficient to explain it clearly to you, and I am not at Leisure to give you any more. I perceive a Man coming into the Room whom I am acquainted with, he will interrupt me without Remorse. I had better be before-hand with him, and hold my Tongue. *Silence, Gentlemen, Silence*, and see you shew due Respect. You will immediately see one of those *Noble Lords*, who believe that all is due to them, and that they owe nothing to any Body. When my *Lord* enter'd, every one put on a demure Look, and he himself came in with a *Smiling* Look, like a true Politician. Immediately he makes a Thousand Protestations of Friendship to every one; but at the same Time that he promises you his Service, he looks as pale as a *Scotchman*, when he offers you his Purse. He is scarce sat down in his Chair, but he embroils the Conversation. He talks to four several Persons, about four several Affairs at once: He puts a *Question* to one Man, without waiting for an *Answer* of another: He proposes a *Doubt*, treats it, and resolves it all by himself. He's not weary of *Talking*, though all the Company be of *Hearing* him. They steal off by Degrees, and so the Circle ended.

The *Publick* is a great Spectacle always new, which presents it self to the Eyes of private Men, and *Amuses* them. These private Men are so many diversified Spectacles that offer themselves to the publick View, and divert it. I have already, as it were in *Miniature*, shewed some few of these small inconsiderable private Spectacles, which will suffice to point out the rest, and therefore to draw towards a Conclusion, shall in the last
Place

Place take a View of the desolate and frightful Country of *Philosophy* and *Physick*: Those being Regions that few Visitants return from in so good a State of Health as they went, or rather with any Life at all.

AMUSEMENT X.

The Philosophical, or Virtuosi Country.

IN this Country every thing is obscure, their Habitations, their Looks, their Language, and their Learning. 'Tis a long Time ago since they undertook to cultivate the Country of *Science*; but the only thing they have made clear and undeniable is, that One and One makes Two: And the Reason why this is so *clear*, is because it was known by all Men before they made a *Science* of it.

Their *Geometricians* work upon so solid a Foundation, that as soon as ever they have well laid the first Stone, they carry on their Buildings without the least Fear, so high as the *Atmosphere*; but their *Philosophers* build those haughty Edifices they call Systems upon a quite different Bottom.

They lay their Foundation in the Air, and when they think they are come to solid Ground, the Building disappears, and the Architects tumble down from the Clouds.

This Country of *Experimental Philosophy*, is very amusing, and their Collections of Rarities exceeds that of *John Trudeskin*; for here are the Galls of Doves, the Eye-Teeth of flying Toads, the Eggs of Ants, and the Eyes of Oysters. Here they weigh the *Air*, measure *Heat*, *Cold*, *Dryness* and *Humidity*; great Discoveries for the publick Advantage of Mankind! Without giving our selves the Trouble to make use of our Senses, we need but only cast our Eyes upon a Weather-Glass, to know if 'tis Hot or Cold, if it Rains, or if Fair Weather.

Tempted by these Noble Curiosities, I desired the Favour of seeing some of the Gentlemen they called Improvers of Nature, and immediately they shewed me an Old Bard cutting Asp-leaves into Tongues, which were to be fastened in the Mouths of Flowers, Fruits, Herbs, and Seeds, with design to make the whole Creation Vocal.

cal. Another with Dissecting Atoms, and Mites in Cheese, for the Improvement of the Anatomical Science; and a third was transfusing the Blood of an *Ass* into an *Astrological Quack*; of a *Sheep* into a *Bully*; and of a *Fish* into an *Exchange-Woman*, which had all the desired Effects; the *Quack* prov'd a *Sot*, the *Bully* a *Coward*, and the *Tongue Pad* was *Silent*. All Prodigies in Nature, and none miscarried in the Operation.

In another Apartment were a curious Collection of *Contemplative Gentlemen*, that had their Employments severally assign'd them. One was chewing the Cud upon *Dr. Burnet's new System of the World*, and making Notes upon it in Confutation of *Moses*, and all the *Antediluvian Historians*. Another was reconciling the Differences among *Learned Men*, as between *Aristotle* and *Des Cartes*, *Cardan* and *Copernicus*, *William Penn* and *Christianity*, *Mr. Edwards* and *Arabick*: Determining the Controversy between the *Acidists* and *Alkalists*, and putting a Period to the abstruse Debates between the *Engineers* and *Mouse-trap-makers*.

If any one ask me, which of these Disputants has Reason of his side, I will say, that some of them have the Reason of *Antiquity*, the other, the Reason of *Novelty*; and in Matter of Opinion, these two Reasons have a greater Influence upon the Learned than Reason it self.

Those that set up for finding the North-West Passage into the Land of *Philosophy*, would with all their Hearts, if it were possible, follow these two Guides all at once, but they are afraid to travel in a Road where they talk of nothing but *Accidents* and *Privation*, *Hecceities* and *Entelechias*. Then they find themselves all on the sudden seiz'd with Hot and Cold, Dry and Moist, penetrated by a subtile Matter encompassed with *Vortexes*, and so daunted by the fear of a *Vacuum*, that it drives them back instead of encouraging them to go forward.

A Man need not lay it much to Heart that he never travell'd through this Country; for those that have not so much as beheld it at a Distance, know as much of it almost as those that have spent a great deal of Money and Time there; but one of their Arts I admire above all the rest, and that is when they have consum'd their Estates in trifling Experiments, to perswade themselves they

they are now as Rich, and Eat and Drink as luxuriously as ever; they view a single Shilling in a Multiplying Glass, which makes it appear a Thousand, and view their Commons in a Magnifying Glass, which makes a Lark look as big as a Turkey-Cock, and a Three-penny Chop as large as a Chine of Mutton.

Before I let my Traveller pass from this Place to *Physick*, 'twill not be amiss to make him remark, That in the Country of *Science* and the *Court*, we lose our selves; that we don't search for our selves in *Marriage*; that in the *Walks*, and among *Women*, we find our selves again; but seldom or never come back from the Kingdom *Physick*.

AMUSEMENT XI.

PHYSICK.

TH E first thing remarkable in the Country of *Physick* is, that it is situate upon the *Narrow* Passage from this World to the other. 'Tis a *Clymaacterick* Country, where they make us breathe a refreshing Air, but such a one as is a great Enemy to the natural Heat; and those that travel far in this *Cimate*, throw away a world of Money in Drugs, and at last die of Hunger.

The Language that is spoken here is very learned; but the People that speak it are very ignorant.

In other Countries we learn languages, to be able to express what we know in clear and intelligible Terms; but it looks as if *Physicians* learnt their *Gibberish* for no other Purpose, than to embroil what they do not understand.

How I pity a patient of good Sense that falls into their Hands? He is obliged at once to Combat the Arguments of the Doctor, the Disease it self, the Remedies, and Emptiness. One of my Friends, whom all this together had thrown into a *Dilirium*, had a Vision in his Fever which sav'd him his Life. He fancied he saw a Fever under the Shape of a burning Monster, that press'd hard upon a sick Man, and every Minute got Ground of him, till a Man who looked like a *Guide*, came and took him by the *Wrist* to help him over a River of Blood. The poor Patient had not strength enough to cross

cross the Stream, and so was drown'd. The *Guide* used Means to get himself paid for his Pains, and immediately ran after another sick Man, who was carried down a Stream of *Carduus* Posset-Drink, Barley-Broth, and Water-Gruel. My Friend, advised by this Vision, discarded his *Doctor*, and 'twas this that did his Business; for when he was by himself, there was no Body to hinder him from recovering. The Absence of Physicians is a Sovereign Remedy to him that has not Recourse to a Quack.

These Gentlemen of the *Faculty* are Pensioners to *Death*, and travel Day and Night to enlarge that Monarch's Empire; for you must know, notwithstanding distemper'd Humours make a Man sick, 'tis the Physician has the honour of killing him, and expects to be well paid for the Jobb, by his Relations, that lye in wait for his Life to share his Fortune: So that when a Man is ask'd how such a Man died, he is not presently to answer, according to corrupt Custom, that he died of a *Fever* or a *Plurisie*, but that he died of a *Doctor*.

See a Consult of 'em marching in State to a Patient, attended by a diminutive *Apothecary* that's just Arse-high, and fit to give a Glyster; how magisterially they look, and talk of the Patient's Recovery, when they themselves are but *Death* in a Disguise, and bring the Patient's Hour along with 'em. While the Patient breaths and Money comes, they are still prescribing; but when they have sent the Patient hence, like a Rat with a Straw in his Arse, they'll say his Body was as rotten as a Pear, and 'twas impossible to save him. *Cruel* People, that are not contented to take away a Man's Life, and like the *Hangman*, be paid when they have done, but must persecute him in the Grave too, and blast his Honour, to excuse their Ignorance.

It were to be wish'd that every Physician might be oblig'd to marry, for it's highly reasonable that those Men should beget Children to the State, who every Day rob the King of so many Subjects.

In this Land of *Physick* they have erected themselves a *College*, for the Improvement of the Mystery of *Man-slaughter*, which may be call'd their *Armoury*; for here are their Weapons and Utensils forg'd, and a Company
of

of Men attending to kill poor Folks out of meer Charity.

In one Part of their Convent is a *Chymical Laboratory* where some were calcining Calves Brains to supply those of the *Society* that wanted; some fixing volatile Wits, and others rarifying dull ones: Some were playing Tricks with *Mercury*, promising themselves vast Advantages from the Process; but after they had resolv'd the viscous Matter, and brought the *Materia Prima* into the Coppel, all went away in a Fume, and the Operator had his Labour for his Travel.

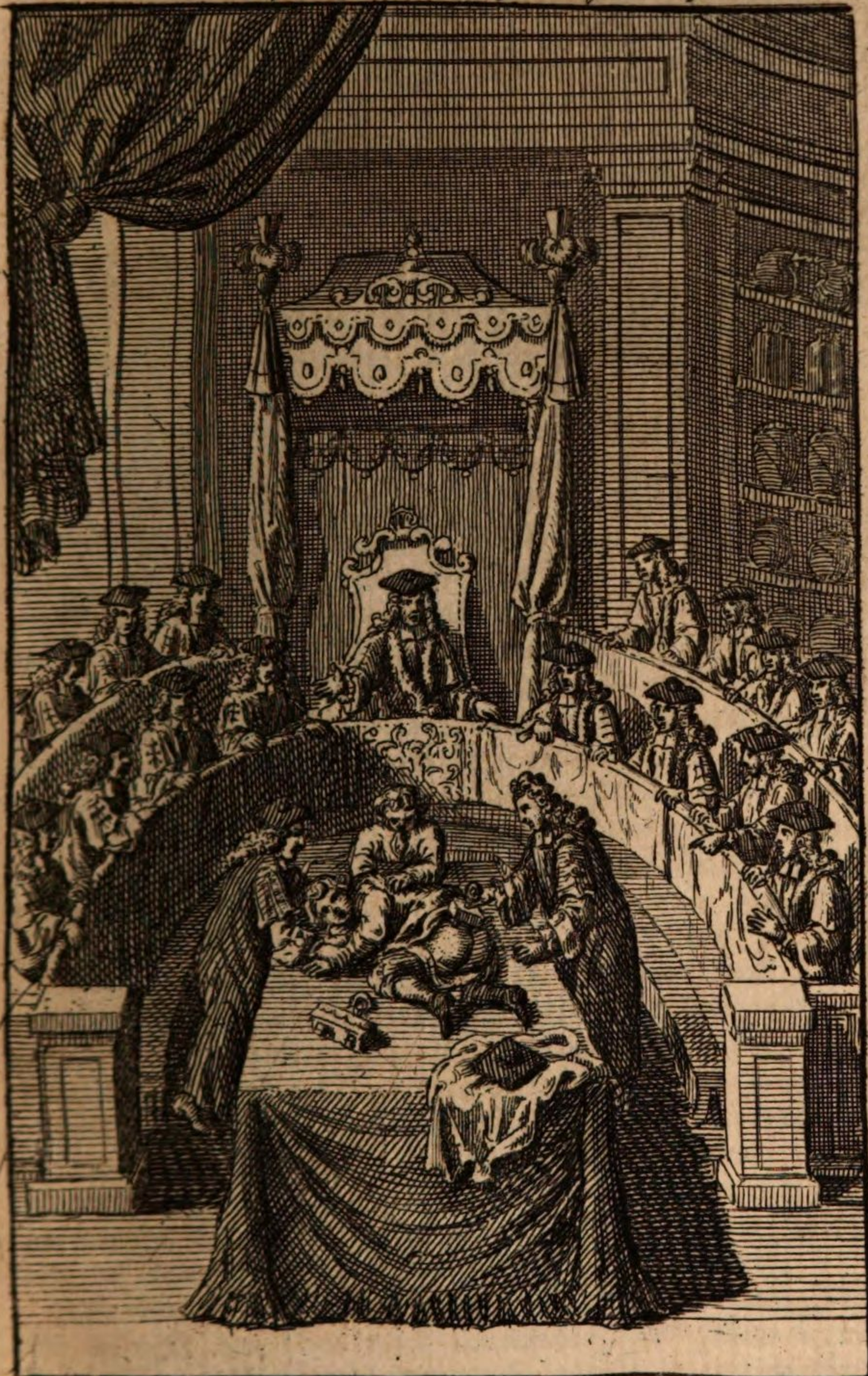
In another Place were *Apothecaries* preparing *Medecines*, the Outsides of their Pots were guilt with the *Titles* of *Preservatives*, *Cordials*, and *Pharmacons*, but in the Inside were *Poysons*, or more nauseous Preparations. However, of all our late pretended *Alchymists*, recommend me to the *Apothecaries*, as the noblest Operators and *Chymists*; for out of *Toads*, *Vipers*, and a *Sir-Reverence* it self, they will fetch ye Gold ready minted, which is more than ever *Paracelsus* himself pretended to.

Here were also Chirurgeons in great Numbers, talking hard Words to their Patients, as Solution of Continuity, Dislocations, Fractures, Amputation, Phlebotomy, and spoke *Greek* Words, without understanding the *English* of them. One of the gravest among them, propounded this Question to the rest. Suppose a Man falls from the *Main-Yard*, and lies all bruised upon the *Deck*, pray what is the *First Intention* in that Case? A brisk Fellow answers, You must give him *Irish Slate quantum sufficit*, and embrocate the Parts affected *Secundum Artem*. At which I seeming to Smile, another reprimands me saying, *What do you laugh at, Sir, the Man's i'th' right on't*. To whom I reply'd, with Reverence to your Age and Understanding, Sir, I think he's in the wrong; for if a Man falls from the *Main Yard*, the first Intention is, *To take him up again*.

Among all these People every thing is made a Mystery to detain their Patients in Ignorance, and keep up the Market of *Physick*; but were not the very Terms of Art, and Names of their Medicines sufficient to fright away any Distempers, 'tis to be feared their Remedies would prove worse than the Disease.

That

A Description of the Colledge of Physicians



That nothing might be wanting in this famous College, there were others that like Porters and Plaisterers stood ready to be hired, as *Corn-Cutters* and *Tooth-Drawers*. The one of which will make you to halt before the best Friend you have; and if you do but Yawn, the other Knaves will be examining your *Grinders*, depopulate your Mouths, and make you old before your time, and take as much for drawing out an old Tooth as would buy a Sett of new ones.

An ill Accident happened while we were viewing the Curiosities of this College. A Boy had swallowed a Knife, and the Members of the College being sitting, he was brought among them, if it were possible to be cured. The *Chirurgeons* claim'd the Patient as belonging to their Fraternity, and one of 'em would have been poking a Crane's Bill down his Throat to pluck it up again, but the Doctors would not suffer him.

After a long Consultation, one of these two Remedies was agreed on, viz. That the Patient should swallow as much *Aqua fortis* as would dissolve the Knife into minute Particles, and bring it away by Siege; but the other Remedy was more Philosophical, and therefore better approv'd, and that was, to apply a *Loadstone* to his *Arse*, and so draw it out by a *Magnetick* Attraction; but which of the two was put in Practice I know not, for I did not stay to see the noble Experiment, tho' my particular Friend Dr. W———d was the first that propos'd that Remedy, and he is no Quack, I assure you.

Not but that there are some Quacks as honest Fellows as you would desire to piss upon. This Foreigner here, for Instance, is a Man of Conscience, that will take you but half a Crown a Bottle for as good *Lamb's-Conduit* Water as ever was in the World. He pretends it has an Occult Quality that Cures all Distempers. He Swears it, and Swears like T. O. on the right side of the Hedge, since this very individual Water has cured him of Poverty, which comprehends all Diseases.

'Tis with Physicians in *London*, as with *Almanacks*, the newest are the most consulted; but then their Reign, like that of an *Almanack*, concludes with the Year.

When

When a sick Man leaves all for *Nature* to do, he hazards much: When he leaves all for the Doctor to do, he hazards more: And since there is a Hazard both ways, I would much sooner chuse to rely upon *Nature*; for this, at least, we may be sure of, that she acts as honestly as she can, and that she does not find her Account in prolonging the Disease.

So much for Physick, which as it is the last thing I should be perswaded to take, so it's the last Country I shall travel thro' for the present; and if the Reader has any good Nature in him, he'll congratulate my safe Arrival from a Place where there are so many Obstacles to be met with, before you can possibly return from it.

The End of the AMUSEMENTS.



LET



LETTERS

SERIOUS and COMICAL,

Suited to the Present AGE.

LETTERS to the LADIES.

To Madam —, shewing how a young Gentleman that had try'd all other Methods unsuccessfully, made his Mistress comply with him, by threatening to starve himself in her Closet.

YOU will excuse me, Madam, if I have made bold to send you a *remarkable Accident* which lately hapned in *these* Parts of the World; and for the Truth of which, I dare pawn my Reputation to you. It will give you a *wholesome Testimony* of the power of Love, and serve to instruct you, That when a Lover is once positively *resolved* to gain his Point, the best thing a Woman can do, is to strike up a Bargain with him, and lose no more time in *Capitulating*.

Monfieur ——— had courted a Lady two Years, but was so unfortunate as not to make the least *Progress* in her Affection. All his *Services*, his *Cares*, his *Respects*, his *Complaints*; in short, all his *Tears* and *Protestations*, had proved unsuccessful. One Day happening to be *alone* with her in her Closet, he fairly and plainly told her,

her, that since nothing was capable of touching her, he was *fully resolved to die*, and put an *end* to his *Pains*. This Discourse I must confess, had nothing that was *singular* in it: For a thousand Men have threatned to *dispatch* themselves that never *intended* it; but what follows, you'll *own* to be very *particular*: *And to the end, Madam*, says he, *that you may fully enjoy my Death and have the Satisfaction to see it steal upon me by degrees, I am resolved to die of Hunger here in your Closet*. With that, he flung himself upon the Floor, resolving to put his Design in Execution from that very *Moment*. The young *Lady* only *laughed* at him, and *left* him there, making no question but that he would be gone in less than a Quarter of an Hour. In the mean time the *Evening* approached; yet our trusty *Lover* still continued in the *Closet*. She came to see him, and asked him whether his *Brains* were not grown *addle*, and whether he intended to take up his *Quarters* there? To both which Questions our Gentleman made no manner of *Reply*; so that the *Lady* was obliged to leave him. In short, the *Night* passed, and next *Morning* the *Lady* came very early to *advise* him to lay aside this foolish *Resolution*; but all she could get from him was, *Madam, I have already done my self the Honour to acquaint you with my last Intentions*. Having said this, he look'd *Languishingly* upon her, fetched a deep *Sigh*, and turned his head the other way. On the *Third* Day, our *Lady*, more perplexed than ever, brought him something to eat with her own Hands. 'Tis impossible to tell you with what a *scornful* Look he beheld it: He appeared in this short time to be considerably *weakned*; his *Eyes* look'd *dead* and *heavy*, his *Complexion* *pale*, and there seem'd to be something *wild* and *distracted* in his Looks. The fourth Day no sooner arriv'd, but our *Lady* began seriously and gravely to consider what a cruel Scandal this would be to her, if she did not take Care to *prevent* it. How! a Man die in my *Closet*, kill'd by *Despair*, kill'd by *Hunger*! I am utterly *undone* if I don't hinder it. What *malicious* Stories will the Neighbourhood raise of me, if this should happen? Perhaps by this time too *Love* had gain'd some Ground upon her Heart; and I am apt to believe, for my Part, that *Love* work'd as powerfully

erfully with her as the *Fear* of Scandal. However it was, she resolved to go and argue the Matter with him; and after a long *Exhortation*, which he did not seem to *understand*, because he was in a Manner *dead*, she told him that since all the Arguments she had offer'd to him, could not *get* him out of her *Closet*, she was willing to let him go out upon his own *Conditions*: With this our poor *Lover* cast an amorous Look at her, and ask'd her whether what he heard was *true*, or only an *Illusion* of his Senses. She satisfied him that all was *true*; when immediately Life return'd to him; and not only *Life*, but a surprizing *Vigour*, which enabl'd him to pay off Part of his Debt to Madam, before ever he stirr'd out of the *Closet*. Never did *Lover* make a more honourable *Retreat*, that's certain: In all Probability, our Lady was mightily pleas'd with her own *Charms*, since they had *Efficacy* enough to perform so *miraculous* a Cure; and I don't doubt but in Reality they had a good Share in the *Miracle*: But then 'tis as true, that they ought not wholly to assume it to themselves, but to *divide* the Glory of it with a cold *Neat's Tongue*, a Roll of *Bread*, and a good Bottle of *Wine*, which our *Lover* had dexterously convey'd under a *Couch*, which was in the *Closet*; for you must know, that foreseeing he was to die, he had taken Care, like a good *Christian* as he was, to make some *Preparation* for it before-hand. And now, Madam, methinks I see your Ladyship *striking* your Fan against the *Table*, and crying, was there ever such a horrid Piece of *Treachery* acted? What will this wicked Age come to? And yet, Madam, I must take the *Freedom* to tell you, that I look upon that *Woman* to be happy, *exceeding* happy, who has a *Lover* that can cheat her so ingeniously: For in the first place, she has the Honour of having done all that can be requir'd from a Lady of the most rigid *Virtue*; and, Secondly and Lastly, she has the pleasure of finding her *Apetite* gratify'd without the least Injury to her *Honour*. I dare engage that our young Lady has not been *backward* to testify her Love to Monsieur——and that, to convince him of it, she has sent him Home, an Hundred times since, with as much Satisfaction as then, and less *Hunger*. The Truth on't is, he deserved this kind *Treatment*, if it were only
for

for the Fruitfulness of his *Invention*. Others take Towns by blocking them up till they starve 'em; whereas our Lover carried the Place before him, by only pretending to *starve* himself. Well, this was certainly one of the *prettiest* Stratagems in the World. All the Mischief is, that you Ladies, for the future, will take no Notice of us *Lovers*, when we talk of *dying* for you; though, after all, I am apt to believe, that it will do us no very great *Harm* neither. You may find by this short Story, that our Cavalier had come off but blueely, had the Lady's Rigour continu'd; but to our Comfort be it remembred, her virtuous Resolutions did not hold but so long as a small *French* Roll, and a single Bottle of Wine.

To Madam de P——, upon her refusing to marry her Daughter to a Cousin German.

W Ith all due Submission be it spoken, methinks your Ladyship overstrains the Point a little, in so positively refusing to marry your Daughter to Monsieur *de S——*. You tell us you don't approve of a Marriage betwixt two *Cousin-Germans*, but surely Madam, you can never believe this to be any lawful *Impediment* in *Hy-men's* Spiritual Court.

Would you have Monsieur's —— think Madam *P——* to be less agreeable because he is her Cousin-German? This sort of Reasoning may appear strong to you; but has not *Beauty* much stronger Arguments? Has a Man his *Genealogy* always before his Eyes, and when he sees a charming young Woman, is he oblig'd to call to Mind, that *He* and *She* came from the same Grandfather, when the *Grandaughter* is in the Room, especially if she is beautiful? But after all, what have you to say against Monsieur *de S——*? For my Part, I think he has behaved himself like a very good Relation: For instead of *Friendship*, he has shew'd his *Love* to your Family; and if he finds himself disappointed, the Fault will lye at your Consent. Your Ladyship may be pleas'd to remember, that all the good Folks in the *Old Testament* always married in their own *Tribe*, and that one Thousand seven Hundred Years ago Monsieur *de*

S———had been obliged in Conscience to love your Ladyship's pretty Daughter, and no one else. I own that things have been somewhat *chang'd* since that; but then I beg of you to give your *Consent*, that the young People may send to *Rome*, to see if the old Gentleman will grant 'em a *Dispensation*. I need not inform you, Madam, that such *Marriages* are permitted between Relations, when their *Estates* or *Lands* are so *entangled* one with another, that there is no *dividing* 'em without endless *Law Suits*; I confess that our young People have not *this* Reason to alledge for themselves; but what is every jot as *forcible*, they may say, that the affairs of their *Hearts* are so strangely *embroiled* together, that it is too late now to think of *parting* 'em. If your Daughter were an Heiress, in whom your Name would *expire*, and who would carry all your *Estate* into a *strange* Family, I do not doubt but that out of a just *Concern* for your Estate and Family, you would employ all your Interest to procure her a *Dispensation* to marry a *Kinsman* of the Name. Now what ought to go much *farther* with your Ladyship, your Daughter has *Beauty* and *Charms* that are infinitely more *valuable* than all the dirty *Acres* and *Lands* in the Kingdom, which will assuredly *go out* of your Family, and perhaps never come into it again, if your Ladyship should force her to marry any one else but Monsieur S——. As for me that have the *Honour* to be related to you, tho' at a great *Distance*, I can't forbear to *concern* my self in the *Beauty* of your Family. For which Reason I conjure you not to impoverish it by *bestowing* your pretty Daughter *elsewhere*, and by obliging Monsieur S——to make another Choice. You see how the whole *Family* of the L——'s are *de ormed* and *ugly*, so that it will take up a hundred Years, I warrant you, before they *recover* themselves. Let us take *fair Warning* by this Example; and since we have *Beauty* in our *Possession*, be so wise as to preserve it.

To Madam J——, upon her talking of him in her Sleep.

MADAM,

I Receiv'd an Account the other Day of the great *Favour* you have lately done me. 'Tis in vain for you to disown your *Passion*: 'Tis certain you love me in your Heart, and your *Sleep* has betrayed your deepest Secrets. See, *Madam*, what a *Folly* it is to pretend to conceal ones *Affections*, and hide them from those that occasion them: If you had *frankly* owned all to me, I assure you, I would have given you no Reason to find *Fault* with my *Secrecy*, but you were resolv'd to trust it with no other *Confident* but your self; when as it has happen'd, you have not been so *discreet* as 'twas expected. From hence, *Madam*, you may learn this useful *Doctrine*, not to rely altogether upon your self. You will tell me perhaps that you talk'd in your *Dream* you know not what; but had you not done much better to have freely and honestly told me, what you afterward own'd in your *Sleep*, without knowing it? Had it not been much more *prudent* to acquaint me with your *Passion* in a few Words, than to speak of it thus in the *Night*, like a Person that was beside her self? *Love* loses no Time, and therefore you ought to have communicated this *Secret* to me, which, you see, will escape from you *Women* sooner or later. If your *Reason* enjoins you Silence, yet your *Reason* will take a *Nap*, and then *Love* will not be idle: If your *Virtue* can answer for your *Days*, yet what can answer for your *Nights*? That Interval belongs all to *Love*; and accordingly you see that the *Secret* of so many *Days* was stole from you in one *Night*. But *Madam*, may I make so bold as to ask you under what *Figure* I appear'd to you when you declar'd your self in my *Favour*? For an Opportunity may offer it self when I shall be very glad to re-assume the same Shape. For my part, I am apt to believe that I was very *haughty* and *insolent*; for hitherto I have been able to obtain nothing of you with all my *Submission* and *Respect*. Don't tell me that I ought to draw no *Consequence* from what you said in the *Night*: It was you that spoke then, and you alone; whereas in the
Day

Day 'tis *Constraint*, 'tis *Ceremony*, 'tis *Diffimulation*, that speaks. By this you may find that for the future I shall be *insensible* to all the *Rigours* you shew me in the Day-time; and let your *Treatment* be then what it will, I shall tell you that you will unsay it again at *Night*. In short, I shall take you for one of those cunning *Hypocrites* who never appear as they are, but in the *dark*: But whereas other *Ladies* leave all their *Ornaments* upon their *Toilets* when they go to Bed, you leave that troublesome Load, your *Severity*, upon yours. How happy must the Man be, who can see your Ladyship and the rest of your Sex, such as you are, in your *Primitive State*, without any of those *Arts* that *conceal* you from us at other times?

To the same L A D Y.

S Ince you did me Honour to talk of me in your Dreams, I have not been able to sleep a Minute, so strangely am I distracted between *Joy* and *Sorrow*. It is the greatest Satisfaction in the World to me to find my self so near you Heart; but at the same time I tremble as often as I think that our *Secrets* are in such Danger of being divulg'd. I am not at all *displeas'd* to see you so reserv'd in the Day-time: But this *unaccountable* Affection and Eagerness at *Night* alarms me; for in short, Madam, I am afraid that you'll discover all our Intrigues. What Method then shall we take to manage our Affairs with more *Security*? For my Part, I know but one, which I beg you to take into your Consideration. Be not then, if you please, altogether too *severe* in the Day, and I give you Leave to make it up a-Nights, and dispense with you from thinking of me *then*. 'Tis a plain Case, that *Love* cannot always ride full Speed: There is a certain Time when the *tendrest* things *disgust*, and 'tis impossible to hold out twenty four Hours in the same *Strain* of Passion, and not to find some small *giving back* of the Spring. But by talking of me in your Sleep, you have gain'd that *Ascendant* over my Heart, that for the future it will wholly be devoted to your Service. A *Favour* so undeserv'd and so unexpected makes me *disregard* all the Ladies I see; it effaces all

their Charms, spoils the Lustre of their Eyes, and ruins all their Shapes. What is more, I am not at all moved with the Conversation of the *Wittiest Women*: For what can the happiest of her whole Sex, with all her Pains and Application too, say, that is comparable to what you speak at random in your Dreams, even when you don't think on't? This Kindness of yours has entirely banish'd my *Flemish* Mistress from my Thoughts, and has done her a Prejudice which all her other good Qualities will never be able to retrieve. I am inform'd she sleeps very *profoundly*, and that her Imagination, which is not over-active in the Day, enjoys a more profound *Repose* at Night. Now this is a Fault which I can never pardon the finest Woman upon Earth. I cannot apprehend how 'tis possible for a Man to love a Woman who does not *rave* now and then, and talk of him when the Fit seizes her. May I be hated by the whole Sex, if I would not refuse *Venus* if she had not this *Qualification*. Therefore, Madam, take good Advice from your humble Servant, and continue these affectionate Fits. Love it self is a sort of *Distraction*, but so *pleasing* and *delightful*, that the Wisdom of *Philosophers* is not to be brought in *Competition* with it.



LETTERS to the MEN.

To Monsieur de O—, upon asking his Advice, whether he should marry a young Gentlewoman that was very beautiful, but had no Fortune.

Dear Cousin,

YOU little imagine what a severe Task you impos'd upon me when you desir'd me to advise you in the present *Posture* of your Affairs. On *one* Hand you are up to the Ears in *Love* with a pretty young *Lady*; on the *other*, your Father sends you Word, that he will certainly *disinherit* you if you marry her. To be plain
with

with you, I don't know what Advice to give you. There are but two Ways for you to take, the *Heroick*, which is to prefer your *Passion* to every thing on this Side Heaven: and the *Prudent*, which is, not to lose *fifteen Hundred Pounds* a Year for a *Mistress*, tho' she was as beautiful as an *Angel*: Now you need only consult your self to be able to determine this Point. I make no Question but your *Inclination* leads you to act the *Heroe*; but the *Difficulty* is not what you are at *present*, but what you may be *hereafter*. I would advise you to follow your *Greatness* of Soul, if you could be certain that it would never leave you: But the Mischief on't is, there is no *relying* upon it; for perhaps it may take its Farewell of you, even before the *Honey-Morn* is over. In short, a Man soon grows weary of playing the *Heroe*, but the Devil is in him that grows weary of a good *Estate*. You never yet saw *fifteen Hundred Pounds* a Year make People forget their vows, tho' *Beauty*, to its Mortification, has often seen it. I know full well, that these Arguments will appear very *gross* to you; and that they are decry'd in all the *Metaphysick* Systems of *Love*: Yet it vexes me, that the *Experience* I have of this wicked World, will not permit me to recommend these Ideas to you, which I own to be much more *Noble* and *Delicate* than those that are built upon sordid *Interest*. 'Tis not my Fault, if I don't believe that *Love* is sufficient to make a Man *happy*: I should be glad to believe it with all my Heart: But why has *Love* deceiv'd so many Thousands of his Votaries before my Face, whom he promised to provide so plentifully for, that they should want nothing? If he deceives us when he has his Arms at *Liberty*, I have much stronger Reason to believe he'll do it when he's *manacled* with a Family. You may flatter your self perhaps, that you will find a Thousand *Charms*, and all the *Obsequious* Respect that can be imagin'd, in the Person you are going to marry, because she *owes* all to the Man that *sacrific'd* his Fortune to her. Take Care that this be not the very *Rock* on which your Marriage splits. As the World goes at present, a Woman's Gratitude may easily fall short of the *Obligation* she has receiv'd, and yet it ought not to pass for a *Prodigy*. I should be very loath to marry a Woman

whom I might have as just a pretence to quarrel with, as you will have with yours. In my Opinion, that Man is an unhappy Wretch indeed, who has other Matters of *Complaint*, besides those that *Matrimony* naturally furnishes of it self. A Woman, take her in the best Circumstances you can, has but too many *Obligations* to her Husband, why then should you involve her *deeper* in your Debt? Consider that this will make her much *more* your Wife than any other Woman could have been; and consequently make you less happy with her; Besides, you can't imagine what a cruel Punishment it will be to you, that you dare never open your Lips to complain of her, but must carry on with *Honour* what you began in a foolish *Freak*. Thus you must always seem to be charmed with her Behaviour, even at the very time when you are angry with her in your Soul. For my Part I make no Scruple to own to you, that I would not for all the World *deprive* my self of the *Liberty* of railing a little at my Wife, whenever I should have a Fancy that Way. Bestow a little Consideration upon these Reasons; but before you wholly determine your self, abstain from reading *Romances*, and Books of that Nature, that will rather serve to feed than extinguish the *Flame*. Thus, Sir, I have sent you my Thoughts freely upon this Head, without persecuting you with a long *Sermon*, after the Manner of a Cholerick *Father*, or an ill-natur'd *Uncle*. I am not *wise* or *morose* enough to pretend to speak to you in that Language. However, I fancy I have in a very little Compass told you all that needs to be said to you upon this Occasion by People that are more wise or *morose* than,

S I R,

Your most Humble, &c.

To Monsieur de B ———, How he had brought a Quarrel upon his Hands for standing up for Lean Women, against the Fat.

I Am going to surprize you with an odd Adventure. Although I have liv'd so many Years in the *Army* without a Quarrel upon my Hands, I am now engag'd in a very strange one; and what d'ye think was the Occasi-

Occasion of it? You must know, I dined very *peaceably* at my own Lodgings: And after Dinner was over, I took a Walk with four or five Gentlemen in the Garden. We had *exhausted* all the Publick News at Dinner: We had drain'd the *Gazettes* and the *Mercuries*, talk'd over all the Disorders of *Poland*, and the Troubles of *Hungary*; and what should our Discourse run upon now but Women? You cannot expect that the Conversation of Soldiers should turn upon Matters of *Gallantry* in so fine and delicate a Strain as the Conversations in *Clalix*. Thus we did not amuse our selves about the Difference between *Love* and *Friendship*, or assign the precise Limits between *Esteem* and *Inclination*. The Question in Debate was, who were the handsomest of the two, the *Lean* Woman, or the *Fat*? Since I was obliged to chuse one of these two *Extremes*, I resolv'd to declare my self in Favour of the *Lean*. There happen'd to be a broken Captain in the Company, who began to maintain the opposite Side, but with as much *Fury* and *Eagerness*, as if he had been going to engage an *Enemy*: so that I was forc'd to raise the Pitch of my Voice to keep up with him. He pretended that there was *Grace* and *Majesty* in a fat Woman, which commanded Respect and Adoration from all that saw her: All this I turn'd into *ridicule*, and perform'd my Part so *happily*, that I had all the *Laughs* on my Side. When it came to my *Military* Man's turn to jeer the *Lean*, not a Man of us seconded his Raillery. This went to the very *Heart* and *Soul* of him. As for me, I express'd my self in the Language of a Conqueror; and I must own to you, that my Vanity was not a little puff'd up with having gain'd so important a *Victory* for the *Lean*. My spark enrag'd at his *Defeat*, began at last to be scurrilous, and address'd himself personally to me; but the Company thought it became them in Point of Prudence to put a Stop to the Controversy. They told me, that the Captain was a passionate Admirer of a *fat Lady*, which made him espouse the *Interest* of all that were in her Circumstances; but this they ought to have inform'd me of before, by some Sign or other. And as I was not in Love with any *lean* Woman, I should not have contested the Point with him. 'Tis about fif-

teen *Days* ago since this Dispute happened; since which time, I have made several Advances to my furious Antagonist, to make him forget this Affair, but he does not seem dispos'd to hear of any Terms of Accommodation. I suppose by this means he hopes to ingratiate himself with his Mistress, and that among other Protestations, he has sworn to her by all that is *good* and *sacred*, never to forgive the presumptuous Wretch that should think *irreverently* of a double Chin and a Tun Belly. Yesterday I had engaged to wait upon a pretty young Lady, at a certain Hour, when I knew I should have an Opportunity of finding her all alone. The time was just approaching, and my Chairmen being out of the way, I was forc'd to trudge it on Foot as hard as I could drive. Passing through a narrow Lane, I came full Butt upon my Captain, who cried out in an angry Tone to me, '*Slife, Sir, I have not forgot your late sawcy Language: But not having a Minute then to lose, I answered him with the same Bluntness, and without so much as looking at him, that I was not at leisure to fight, and so on I march'd, having something else to do. He would have been raviht to have had an Opportunity to tilt with me; but to deal plainly with you, I did not think it worth the while at that time to go to Loggerheads with him. The Lord knows what will become of this Matter, but it would be a very pleasant thing, if our merry Dispute about Fat and Lean Ladies should bring us two before those worthy Gentlemen the Marshals of France. I am inform'd that my Adversary goes about from House to House, stirring and prepossessing all Fat People against me; and indeed I have observ'd of late that they look upon me with a very evil Eye. Now what shall I do, dear Friend of mine, in so pressing a Danger? I think I have no other Card left me to play, but to arm all the Lean ones in my own Defence.*

S I R,

Yours, &c.

To

To Monsieur B——, about a nice Fantastical Widow that was very difficult in her Choice of a Husband.

I Have sent you an Account of all that has happen'd here at my Lady L——'s since she has been a Widow. To be plain with you then, she is fully resolv'd to have another Husband; but what sort of a Husband do you think will content her? Why she will have one that is *truly, really, and sincerely* in Love with her, but is afraid the World has *wicked* Designs upon her *Estate* rather than her Person, which is a very nice and reasonable *Distinction*, I must own, but such a one as her Ladyship ought by no Means to remember at this time of Day. She is observed all along in her Discourse to lessen her *Estate* as much as she can, to hinder her humble Servants from loving her for the Sake of her unrighteous *Mammon*, and at the same time she makes her Age less than it is: but 'tis not in her Ladyship's Power to prejudice either her *Estate* or her *Age*, for all the World knows to an Acre and a Month how far each of them does extend. I could wish with all my Heart you were here to see with what Contempt she talks of her Daughter's fine *Complexion*, whenever she has the least Occasion to speak of it. *Child, it is not the Lilies and Roses in your Cheeks that you must trust to, those Trifles are but of a short Continuance; but what will make you longest beloved, is your Air and Shape, Child.* Now, what makes her trump up this *Distinction*? Why, I must inform you, the old *Lady* has still a very noble Air, and a very handsome Shape, but as for her *Complexion*, it has given her the slip many a Year ago. On the other Hand, the Daughter endeavours all she can to hinder her Mother from *marrying* again, because it nearly concerns her in Point of Interest to do so; and this is the Reason why she uses all her Address to prevent it. If any *Pretender* happens to take the right Way to gain the old *Lady's* Heart; the Daughter throws her self in his Way, and to make him leave off the Pursuit of that Game, she employs those never failing Charms that always attend *Youth* and *Beauty*. This makes her Mother wonderfully jealous, and that is *Plague* enough in all Conscience: For when she is once

possess'd with that Devil, she makes as great a Hurricane, and is as difficult to be reconcil'd as a bilk'd Girl of Fifteen. This young *Lady*, after all, might perhaps find herself mistaken in her Politicks, if a Man of good Sense made his Court to her Mother, who without stopping short by the Way, would go and attack her *regularly*, and resolve not to raise the Siege till he carried the Town; but it falls out luckily for her, that the old Lady admits none but young Fellows to make their Addresses to her; and young Fellows, you know, will always be cullied by a young Face. I made her uneasy for some time, for I pretended to be mightily in Love with her Mother, who gave me no unkind Reception; and immediately the Daughter employed all her wheedling Tricks to make a Diversion. As I had no other Design than to alarm her for a while, I took care not to fall into the Trap she had laid for me; but at last I put her out of her Pain a few Days ago by a Letter which I wrote to her. I have sent you a *Copy* of it enclos'd in this, because it may serve to give you some Light into the *History* of the Widowhood of my Lady L—, which you are so desirous to know. I am,

S I R,

Your, &c.

To Monsieur de S—, Upon his being in Love with a Lady, whom he was to marry after her Husband's Decease.

S I R,

ACcording to the last Advices, I find you pretend to succeed Monsieur de R— in his Wife: I mean, you have engag'd to marry Madam de R— so soon as Providence is so kind to her as to make her a Widow. Let me tell you, this is a bold Engagement; not but that her good Man is sixty Years old: But what will you say, if the *Fancy* shou'd take him to live till *Ninety*: Or how do you know, but he may prove such a cross Dog as to make it up a full *Hundred*, when his Hand is in.

'Tis now *ten* Years compleat since Madam de R— married him, by the same Token she was then but *Fifteen*.

teen; and I'm afraid she is resolv'd to give him half a Score Years out of her own Stock, and make her self Amends out of his Estate; which was the only Reason for which she married him. Not that, properly speaking, she is a Miser in her Temper, or cares much to heap up Wealth for her self; she only did it for a certain Gentleman that shall be nameless, for whom, it seems, she had no *Aversion*, and whom she reckon'd to *marry* every Day in the Week: For it was agreed on all Hands, that the old Gentleman would soon take his Leave of this *Transitory* World. But to see how *ineffectual* and *dark-sighted* Human Prudence is! The superannuated Husband still *lives*; he surviv'd the abovemention'd Lover's *Passion* and *Constancy*, who foreseeing there was no good to be done, was e'en forced to *marry* elsewhere in his his own Defence. Another *worthy* Gentleman succeeded him, who after some Years spent in the same *Expectations*, was glad to throw up his Pretensions to a Woman, whose Husband was so *obstinately* resolved to live: And now *worthy* Friend, you are coming into his *Post*; but I'm afraid the old Man will serve you *exact'y* as he has done your Predecessors of unlucky *Memory*, and that you will not be a Farthing the better either for the *Money*, or *Charms* of his Widow. As you have a peculiar Ascendant over her, I don't doubt but this virtuous Lady makes use of all the *Ways* and *Means* which a young Woman may *lawfully* employ to dispatch an old fumbling Fellow; but finding him look as brisk as ever, I am of Opinion he is not to be murdered between a Pair of Sheets; and that he that laughs in his Sleeve, when the Spouse of his Bosom would oblige him by her Careless to do that which would soon make a Man of his Years a *Bankrupt* in Love. I don't question, but that 'tis the best *Cordial* and *Elixir* in the World to him, to see that he enjoys more Health than all his Wife's Humble Servants can boast of *Perseverance*. He has already seen her Court chang'd twice or thrice, and yet he is still in the Land of the Living. He is so far from being jealous at all these obsequious *Services* that are paid his Lady, that he enjoys a perfect *Tranquility* of Mind upon it, which would make me stark mad, if I went upon the same Design as you do; For I am sure

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I should take it for one of the greatest *Affronts* in the World. This one may gather by him, that he looks upon himself sure to live long enough to *weary out* your Expectations, nay, to do the same by your Successor. The *Autumn* now approaches; and I know both you and his Wife flatter your selves more than ever, to do his Business for him. For this reason you never let him sup till *Twelve*, ply him hard with Bumpers, look over the *Weekly Bills* to see what Distemper is *likely* to have the Honour to send him to his long Home, and at last conclude it must be a Defluxion upon his Lungs, or an *Apoplexy*. However, I dare lay you what Wager you please, that he will weather this Season; and that the Fall of the Leaf will bring you no good Tidings. 'Tis an old positive ill-natur'd *Hunk*, that will not die till his Wife's *Beauty* is expir'd, and her Face has gone the Way of all mortal Faces. If he should be so wonderfully complaisant as to kick up his Heels before you, he will take care that his Wife's Charms shan't survive him, and will end his *Days* with *Satisfaction* after so pleasant a Piece of *Revenge*. As for me, were I in your Place, I wou'd not engage in this *Passion*, nor fill my Head with such *Chimera's* as you do, unless a whole *College* of *Physicians* wou'd give it me under their Hands and Seals, that the old Fellow wou'd not live above a Month, or at least, promise me to give him a *Civil Lift* out of the World by a Time appointed. Unless a Man cou'd propose something like this to himself, he might perhaps make some People think well of his Affection, but none of his Judgment.

To Monsieur B—, giving an Account of an old Gentlewoman that was Caned by her Lover, and how vain she grew upon't.

I Am going to send you the most surprizing News you ever heard. Madam D——, whom you are so angry with for talking of *Love* and *Gallantry*, and sprucing up her *decay'd* Person, flourishes and triumphs in spite of her Age, which the malicious say exceeds *Fifty*, and lately had the most *glorious* Adventure befallen her that ever she could have hop'd for. In short, she receiv'd

ceiv'd a few Days ago some hearty Drubs with a good *Oaken Cudgel* from her Lover, for some Suspicion of *Infidelity*, as she pretends; nay, the Spark was so strangely transported, that going out of her Chamber, he thrash'd the Lanthorn on the Stair-case all to Pieces. *Old Puss* is grown so unsupportably proud, upon receiving such *visible* Tokens of her Gallant's Affection, that there's no enduring of her. She maintains in all Companies, that 'tis the Womens *Fault* if they don't make themselves as much belov'd as they please; and that if they had but the Wit to make a right Use of their Advantages, there is ne'er a Man in the World whom they might not easily *manage* with a single Thread. She mightily commends the kind Gentleman, before those Persons whom she honours with any Share of her Confidence. She says he has *Charming* Transports, and *bewitching* Extravagances; and that whoever is concerned with him, ought to know when his different Sallies of *Passion* and Tendernefs come in; and that he is the *Easiest* Man in the World, if but rightly *humour'd*. Imagine you heard this Discourse deliver'd in a *trembling broken* Voice, and coming from a Mouth, where not a Tooth, or the least Remainder of one is to be seen: She thinks that this cudgelling has set the Clock of her Life Twenty Years backward, and mercilessly *insults* the rest of her own Age, that have not Merit enough to deserve a Drubbing; This I find, has made some of them as jealous as Furies. So they take all the Pains in the World to *undervalue* the Merit of the Favours which she has so lately receiv'd. One of her Neighbours, who is her Contemporary, and what is more, one that envies her from the Bottom of her Heart, told me, when her *Gallant* thrash'd her, he was just come from the *Chocolate House*, where he had lost all his Money; and that in the Heat of this ill Humour he had laid his Cane upon this *charming* Person: That as for the Lanthorn, it was not he, but an ill contriv'd Rogue of a *Lacquey* that broke it. Thus you may see, Sir, what strange things Envy will make some *People* talk; and with what Artifice and Subtlety it endeavours to *lessen* every thing that makes for the Honour of its Neighbour: Nay, even the *Men* are angry with our poor Spark for

for *employing* his Cudgel so *unworthily*, as if a Man were not allow'd to use it where and when he saw fit; but was obliged to give the *Publick* an Account of every Woman's Age whom he vouchsafed to chastize. So that according to this Doctrine, if in one of your amorous Transports you should happen to *fall foul* upon some amiable Old Gentleman, the World has a Right to censure those Favours as *ill bestow'd*, and blame you for not making them *light* upon a younger Back. Now, in Truth, this is very hard Dealing; but the People of this Age are so *ill-condition'd*, that there's no *pleasing* them. Farewell, Sir: Make a right Use of this Example; use your Cane *discreetly*, and be sure to remember, that when a Woman has once seen Twenty five, she does not deserve to be saluted with it.

To Monsieur de C—— upon a Friend's resolving to marry an Old Woman.

THis comes to acquaint you, that our Friend S—— notwithstanding all the *Advice* of his Friends to the contrary, is resolv'd to *marry* Madam D**. All the *Reason* that he can give for so doing, is, that he is *poor*, and the *Lady* has a Thousand Pounds a Year. Well then, do you think this a sufficient *Reason*? I presume you don't; for there is ne'er a single *Feature* about her that does not want the abovemention'd Sum to keep it in Repair. If want of *Beauty* implies want of *Fortune*, she is the *poorest* Woman upon the Face of the Earth. I would willingly know what Method he takes to delude her. In the first Place, I take it for granted, that his Design upon her must be wicked: And tho' such a Resolution, in my Opinion, is not easy to take, yet since he has fallen upon it, I long to know what success he has had in his *Pre-tensions*. I have heard this *Venerable Person* often say, That Heaven knew her *Heart*, she had no Design to *marry* again: But that if she was *predestinated* to commit such a *Folly* the second time (and Widows, by the bye, are mighty Sticklers for *Predestination*) she would at least take Care not to chuse that Man for her Husband, who should propose nothing else to himself but
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to make himself Master of her Estate; but one that had a real and sincere *Consideration* for her *Person*. I own this Word *Consideration* was a modest Word; but in the *Lady's Dictionary* it signified *Love*: And since *Satan* has put it into her Ladyship's Head to make a Distinction between her *Estate* and *Person*, I can't imagine what Method a Man can take to satisfy her that he has a *Fancy* to the *Former*, and not at all to the *Latter*. Can so *superannuated* a Piece of *Mortality* believe, that she has any Merit to boast of, exclusive of her Thousand Pounds a Year; or is she so *vain* as to think that the World looks upon her *Acres* to be nothing but an *Appendix* to her other Perfections? What, has she ne'er a *Looking-glass* in her House, to convince her of her *Mistake*? Have her *Gentlewoman* and her *Dressing-Maid*, her *Chaplain*, *Steward*, and her *Butler*, her *Cook-maid*, and her *Gardener*, her *Coachman* and her *Groom*, have they all conspired to *abuse* her and keep her in *Ignorance*; It almost makes me *mad* to think on't. For Heaven's sake what can be the Meaning of so *strange* an Infatuation? But, to return to our Friend; whatever *Sins* he may have to answer for, I am sure he ought not to be taxed with *Cowardice*. Bless me! to have the Impudence to throw himself at an old painted *Dowdy's* Feet, and there to tell her in a scoundrel whining *Tone*, that the Divine Lustre of her *Eyes* forsooth, has burnt his Heart to a Coal: That her Company is Heaven to him, and her *Absence* the greatest Hell; in short, that his Life, his Happiness, his All, depends upon the Sentence of her *Celestial* Lips: To say all these *Sottish* Flat-teries, and do all these *wicked* things, is certainly above any Man's attempting, but one that has the Courage of *Hercules*. For my Part, I could sooner run up to the Mouth of a *Cannon*, leap down a Precipice, or, what is *worse*, tie up my right Leg behind me, and beg upon a Bridge, that reconcile my self to such little Practices. Instead of loading my tender Conscience with so many horrid Lyes, I wou'd *honestly* tell her Ladyship, that I was most wonderfully in love with her *Bags* and her *Acres*; and that if she would be pleas'd to make me *Master* of them, she shou'd find me a com-plaisant, grateful *Drudge* to the end of the Chapter; but
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A DECLAMATION in Defence of W—
and GAMING, against DRUNKEN-
NESS.

Written in Latin by BEROALDUS, made English by
Mr. THOMAS BROWN.

The ARGUMENT.

A Father had three Sons, one a Whoremaster, another a Gamester, and the third a Drunkard. Being Sick he made this Will, That the most wicked of his Sons should be disinherited. He being dead, they go to Law which of 'em was by this Will disinherited: The Cause is heard before the Judges by way of mutual Accusation of each other; the Drunkard having made his Defence, the other two gave the following Answer.



S O P, that admirable Deliverer of fine Morals in pleasing Fables, (*most Reverend Judges*) tells us, That Men are furnish'd with two Wallets, one hanging before, and t'other behind: That we put our neighbour's Follies and Vices in that which hangs before; and hide our own in that which is more out of the way, behind. In which ingenious Apologue he, with a great deal of Wisdom and Knowledge, informs us, that mortal Men have a *Hawk's Eye* in the Discovery of the least *Blister* or *Scar* in their Neighbours, but are as blind as *Moles* in their own *Ulcers* and unseemly *Blotches*; extremely sharp-sighted in other People's *Peccadilloes*, but purblind in their own *greatest Defects*: Thus no body looks back into the Wallet behind, as if of no Concern to 'em. This, tho' of common Experience, yet has never been more visible and evident, than

than in our Brother's pleading before this *Honourable Bench* this Day, who being very short-sighted in his own Affair, has discover'd so sharp an Eye in ours, while *he could see a Mote in our Eyes, but not a Beam in his own*; who has been very copious and eloquent against the *Whoremaster* and *Gamester*, but has endeavour'd to prove *Drunkenness* (his peculiar and beloved Vice) not only pardonable, but very pleasantly defends it, as a Quality extremely worth our acquiring, and meriting the greatest Applause.

But we shall not presume to banter this *Honourable Bench* with such an Absurdity, nor put a Gloss upon our Errors, or cover our Warts; but shall ingeniously confess, that both *Gaming* and *Whoring* are really Evils. But all we contend for is, that *Drunkenness* is yet a greater than these; and this we hope to make good by the most evident Arguments and Demonstration: We only most humbly beg your *Lordships* to shew us the same Favour you have our Brother; and as with a patient and equitable Ear, you have given attention to his *Invectives* against his *Brothers*, you will, with the same Benignity and Consideration, listen to our reply and excusable Recrimination; that if he has gratified himself with any ill-natured Pleasure in his *Raillery*, he may lose that Satisfaction in hearing his own Follies expos'd in their proper Colours; who having taken the Liberty of saying what he pleas'd, may be oblig'd, without any Injustice, to hear what he has no mind to. 'Tis your Business, most reverend Judges, when you have heard both Sides, and compar'd and nicely weigh'd our Follies and Vices, to make such a Decree as shall to your *Wisdoms* seem most equitable and just.

To begin from the Root of the Cause: Man consisting of *Body* and *Soul*, knows nothing more near and dear to him than *himself*; whence it comes to pass, that the chief Object of his Care and Concern is, to preserve the Health of his *Body* and *Mind*, that he may be *Mens sana in corpore sano*, a sound Mind in a sound Body: and to adjust first of all, and make agree those things which the *Greeks* call τὰ πρῶτα φύσεις, and the *Latins*, *Prima Natura*, or *Primogenia*. i. e. the First or Primitive Things of Nature; in which Number are
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plac'd *Health*, the *Integrity of the Senses*, and the *Preservation of all the Parts*, which most Men make the Measure and Rule of the *Summum Bonum*, or *supreme Good*: And since *Prudence* is the proper Act of Life, and which makes the greatest and most valuable Figure among the *Goods* of the Mind, our first and chief Care ought to be the *Preservation* of that, lest we foolishly quit the Method and Means of Living.

Since therefore this Health and Safety of the Body and Mind is the most precious and valuable of all things in Nature, since the *Goods* of the Mind and Body are allow'd to be the greatest of *Sublunary Goods*, is there any Man so wilfully blind, as not to esteem that, by much, the greatest Vice and Folly, which destroys the most valuable of *Human Goods*? But 'tis most plain and evident, all these suffer the greatest Shock by *Drunkenness*, and grow dull and heavy by the perpetual Inundation of *Wine*. *Drunkenness* obscures the Mind in dark Clouds, and suffocating Fogs of unwholesome Vapours; drives away the Health and Robustness of the Body, and is at once the Rock, on which both our Substance and Reputation suffer Shipwreck. 'Tis an old Proverb, That a *Drunken General* is a *bad Commander in the Day of Battle*, since Wine throws a Mist over his Conduct, and enervates the Vigour which is necessary for the Onset. This gives us an Idea of the *Wisdom* of the Ancients in the meaning of their Words, especially such as were compound, for they call'd Wine *Temetum*, *quod teneat Mentem, ac lentet*; from being a Clog and Impedient to the Mind, and bent to Evil: Hence also is *Drunkenness* call'd *Temulentia*.

What, O ye Judges, is there more scoundrel? What more beastly, than a Man depriv'd of his Manhood, robbed of his Senses by an Inundation of *Claret*? He knows not himself, and has no more Understanding than an old Fellow in his Dotage, or a Child of two Months old; the Health of the Mind is wash'd away by the *Flood of good Liquors*, and a total Forgetfulness of all things ensues, and the perfect Death of the Memory. The Mind of a *Drun kard* drown'd in Wine, and vanquish'd in Ebriety, is not in his own Power, which never is the Fate of either the *Whoremaster* or *Gamester*; and as

Seneca

Seneca the most severe Cenſor of the *Drunkards*, ſays, *Drunkenneſs* is only a *voluntary Madneſs*. Is there, can there be any greater and more ſcandalous Shame in Nature, than that a Man ſhould be pleas'd and delighted with a *ſpontaneous* and *voluntary Delirium*, whoſe greateſt good is to be in his true Senſes, and enjoy a perfect Health of Mind?

In *Drunkenneſs* we find a *Vertigo* of the Brain, all things turn round, the Head ſwims, the Houſe whirls about, and the Feet reel: For as *Plautus* wittily remarks, Wine is a cunning Wreſtler, that firſt trips up the Heels; and *Archimedes*, eminent for his Wiſdom, juſtly obſerv'd, that as *Hemlock* is Poyſon to a Man, ſo *Wine* is to *Hemlock*; intimating by this, that *Wine* was even *Poyſon to Poyſon*.

Who is ignorant how many Diſtempers ariſe out of intemperate *Drinking*? For hence comes ruſhing Eyes, weak Nerves, trembling Hands, malignant Fevers, ulcerous and gouty Feet, a ſtinking Breath, and a thouſand more which I might here enumerate, ſo that we may with a great deal of Juſtice, ſay, *Drunkenneſs* is *cloſe follow'd by its Companion Pain*.

'Tis evident that *Wine* is of a very injurious Nature to human Bodies, when the Uſe of it is by the Phyſicians always forbid in our Diſtempers, as if that were the Food and Fuel of the Diſeaſe.

We may add to theſe Evils of *Drinking*, which we have mention'd already, that the Man who is a Devotee to that, is but a very bad Husband of his Affairs, while he ruins his Eſtate in the Purchaſe of Wines from all Parts of the World, and pays the Vintner for odd and whimſical *Names* triple the Value of the Liquor, while he values Wine more than Gold, and is more pleas'd to *look on* a ſparkling Glaſs, than to the Beams of the all-chearing Sun. Every Day furniſhes us with examples (tho' in a manner ſo *notorious*, ſo *known* to all Men, particular Inſtances are not neceſſary) of Men who have brought themſelves to Beggery by *drinking* at ſo expenſive a rate. Its Force and Extortion is ſo great, that it turns the *Head*, and begets *Madneſs*: There is no more obvious Argument of its Infamy, than that it is uſ'd in common Abufe, as the laſt and moſt deſpicable Exprobation that
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can be made to any Man; nor could *Homer's Achilles* find out any more shameful Reproach to throw at *Agamemnon*, than that he was *ὄψοπαγης*, i. e. *one laden with Wine*. The Mother of *St. Austin*, formerly being by her Maid upbraided and called in the Height of her Anger a *Wine-bibber*, was so shock'd at the infamous Raillery, that she left off Wine, and only mix'd Water with it for the future.

Examine, *most equitable Judges*, the Opinions of all Men, make Enquiry of every one, and you will scarce be able to find so much as *One*, who had not rather be call'd a *Whoremaster* or *Gamester*, than a *Drunkard*. Of so general and receiv'd Infamy is a Vice so abominable and senseless.

Let us add to this the Consideration of how many Quarrels, even among the nearest and dearest Friends? How many Murders and abandon'd Wickednesses have Men committed in their *Drink*, which they might well (tho' in vain) wish undone, when the *Bacchanalian Fury* was over, (for *Wine*, as it is in *Esdras*) *seduces the Mind, and the drunken Men take up the Sword*, who coming to themselves and rising as it were from a short sort of Death, remember not any of their Actions? Let us instance in *Alexander the Great*, of whom my good Brother but now made his Boasts, did he not stab his best Friend *Clytus* in the Heat of his Cups? *Persepolis* fell a Sacrifice to the Heat of his Liquor, and many of his most intimate Favourites felt in their Deaths the *Frenzy* of his *Wine*. Nor is this recorded by *Historians* as a Precedent for *Drunkards*, as you vainly and weakly imagine, but to deter all Men from the shameful Vice that had produc'd such fatal Events. Let us see what Slaughters publick Debauches have brought forth in this Kind; 'Tis this has betray'd the most Warlike Nations into the Hands of their Enemies; this has brought under a Foreign Yoke the most obstinate and impatient of Thraldom; this has vanquish'd those that could not be overcome in Battle.

Thus the *Syracusians* fell into the Hands of *Marcellus*, and the Jurisdiction of the *Romans*; thus the *Masagetes*, drown'd in Wine, were routed and made captive by the *Persians*: What Vice therefore, O *Equitable*

ble Judges, can be more infamous, foul and shameful, than *Drunkenness*? It assaults the *Health of the Mind*, destroys the *Vigour of the Body*, wastes the *Estate*, and sinks the *Reputation*, of which the Consequences are Quarrels, Murders, unheard of Wickedness, and even the Extirpation of Nations.

Our Life is a perpetual Refutation of the *Stoick's Paradox*, which shews more of Cunning than Truth, *viz. That all Sins are equal*. This is contrary to *Common Sense*, and our Vices too visibly contradict it, whose Inequality, and greater and lesser Degrees of Mischief is obvious to every one. Thus 'tis apparent, even to the Blind, that *Drunkenness* is by so much the more odious and abominable than *Whoredom* and *Gaming*, by how much more valuable and precious *Goods* are destroy'd by the former than by the latter.

But to comply as much as possible with you, out of *Brotherly Love*, and depart a great deal from those Advantages which we have, let us allow you, that *Drunkenness* in all other things is a less Evil than *Whoring* or *Gaming*; let us grant *Fornication* and *Dice* more abandoned Vices in all other things, yet you must be compelled to allow this whether you will or not, That *Drunkenness* overclouds the Wit and Understanding, that it makes all the Senses languish, and puts a Man out of his own Power and Conduct; by which Concession, which you cannot yet deny, 'tis evident that *Victory* declares on our Side, since nothing is equal to this very Vice alone, and nothing wicked and odious enough to demand the second Place. Suppose you make what Compound you please of our Vices, yet you will not be able to prove, but that we are always *Compos mentis*, Masters of common Sense and Understanding; which *Drunkenness* in you shocks and throws into a perfect *Delirium*; but in this Madness, and the Shipwreck of the Mind and Senses, a Man loses the Name of *Man*, and voluntarily casts away that only Distinction betwixt the *Human* and *Brutal* kind, which must render him the most abandon'd, most shameful, and most infamous of Men, if he yet deserve that Name.

As for the Praise my Brother has been pleas'd to bestow on *Wine*, agreeing with the Opinion of *Asclepiades*,
that

that it almost equals the Power of the Gods, he fights with a *Bulrush*, not a *Sword*; since we are not averse to *Wine*, and drink it with Pleasure: For 'tis not *Wne*, but Excess of it, which we contend against. We are sensible there are two Liquors extreamly grateful to human Bodies, *Wine* within, and *Oil* without; *Wine* for the Stomach, and *Oil* to anoint the Limbs. We allow, that nothing contributes more to the strengthening our Bodies, than *Wine* taken with Moderation; we know very well, that *Wine* refreshes the Stomach, whets the Appetite, abates the Edge of our Cares, expels Cold, and invites Sleep; but all these Advantages are confin'd to a very moderate and extreamly temperate Use of it; that Excursion therefore in the Praise of *Wine* no body denies: But however, what Excuse, what Justification can thence be drawn for *Drunkenness*, or the *Drunkard*, who is the Subject of our present Debate? Does the Excellence of *Wine* justify his perverting it to the most infamous Defect? Can any Authority defend him? What, will you venture to shelter your self under the Shield of *Plato*, whom, as the drunken Advocate of *Drunkenness*, you have falsely quoted? For you must know, my very good Brother, that he is far from praising, or authorizing by a Law, that odious Ebriety which uses to weaken, and make languid Mens Minds and Understandings, the Guilt of which is this Day laid to your Charge; but he would by this Law let us know, that he does not condemn sometimes a little larger, and more pleasant Carouse at Set Banquets, under the Government and Direction of some certain prudent and sober *Symposiarchs*, or Masters of the Feasts. But that you may know how far the *Platonick* Laws are from countenancing or authorizing *Drunkenness*, that it is to the greatest Degree condemn'd by him, give a little Attention to what we shall say.

This Philosopher orders only a little meer *Water* for Boys, and wholly interdicts the Use of *Wine* to them, as adding Fire to Fire. The same Philosopher commands a new-marry'd Pair, both Bride and Bridegroom, to apply themselves wholly to the getting an Offspring, and to be very abstemious, that the Conception be solid and quiet; because *Drunkards*, like *Madmen* and *Fools*,
are

are not proper for Generation; since 'tis very probable, that from a drunken Man's Coition, the Child would proceed, both in *Limbs* and *Motion*, *crooked* and *untoward*.

As for your Boast of imitating *Hercules*, *Alexander*, and *Cato*, telling us, that the first was a good *Drinker*, the second *drank*, and the third apt to *raise up his Spirits with Wine*; give me leave, good Brother, to ask you one civil Question upon this Head: Would you really imitate these great Men or no? Would you place them and their Lives and Actions before you for an Example to follow, and a Copy to write after; If you will, pray let your Imitation be compleat, follow them closely thro' their whole Lives, tread in the Steps of their Virtues and excellent Qualities, as well as in their Frailties. Let us see you, like *Hercules*, Free the Earth of Monsters; equal *Alexander* in the Wonders of his Acquisitions and Actions, and come up to the Sanctity, the Integrity of the Manners of *Cato*, then we shall allow Ebriety as excusable in you as it was in them; then no body will molest you; then our Suit with you for our paternal Inheritance would be at an End; we should of our own accord give way to the *Good*; we should give up the Cause to Merit, and you should, without any Hazard hear the Contest betwixt me and my other Brother, for our Share of the Estate, allowing yours not fit to come into the Controversy. But what a Perverseness, Impiety and Iniquity is this of yours, which makes you like these great *Heroes* in their *Vices*, but most unlike them in their *Virtues*; which makes you desire to follow them in what should be avoided, and shun them in what you ought to follow them; to imitate them in their *evil* Deeds, but have no Regard to their *good*? If you are pleased with *Cato* in his *Cups*, be pleased likewise with him in his *Frugality*, *Gravity*, *Integrity*, *Learning*, *Manners*, and all his other *admirable Virtues*, of which he is proposed as the *Rule*, *Author*, and *Example*.

But you must not think these great Men like you, returning every Day to their Vomit, spending your whole Life, Day after Day, in the mad, thoughtless Revels of *Bacchus*; for Virtues and Vices so opposite in their Nature, could never inhabit the Breasts of those great Men, but they indulg'd a Glass now and then, to rouse them

Day

up from their perpetual Labours and Fatigues, which Day and Night employed either their Body or their Thoughts, whose Peccadilloes are hid in their Virtues; to which, since you have not the least laudable Ambition of aspiring, for shame never pretend to support your Infamy by their Examples, whose Virtues you are so far from attaining, that you don't so much as desire them.

Cease, cease, to boast of those whose Authority you have fondly ventur'd to produce in your Defence, because they only make your Cause worse, more shameful and infamous, than if you had not nam'd them. But we are really surpriz'd to find that you have in your List forgot *Tiberius Caesar*, since the Practice of one of the greatest of the *Roman* Emperors would have brought some seeming Force to your Cause, who from his excessive drinking of *Wine* was call'd *Biberius Claudius Mero*, instead of *Tiberius Claudius Nero*; who made *Piso* Prefect of *Rome*, for sitting out his Hand at the Bottle for two Days and two Nights without Interruption. But Examples, though they are never so illustrious, of vicious Men, are more prejudicial to the Person guilty of the same Crime, than beneficial; for their *Acts* are a perpetual Monument of their Folly, and for ever condemn their Cause.

But *most Equitable Judges*, if in Excuse or Defence of our Vices, we may be allow'd the Authority of Princes in their Practice, we are able to produce not a few Emperors guilty of those we too justly stand accus'd of; for History assures us, that *Augustus Caesar*, who was esteem'd a God even in his Life-time, than whom none was thought greater or better on Earth, was very fond of Dice, and the Emperor *Claudius* made a Book of the Art of Dice, of which he was so great an Admirer, that he would play even as he rode in his Coach or Litter.

But for *Whoremasters*, there have been a thousand Patrons; *Solomon*, who was the wisest of Men, as Holy Writ assures us, had almost innumerable Troops of Concubines; and *Caesar* the Dictator was call'd *Every Woman's Husband*.

But 'tis not our Purpose to pretend to wash out our own Offences by the Examples of great Titles, and of

Men of the first Figure in the World; nor shall we make use of even that Defence, which without doubt carries with it the greatest Force and Power of any, as if we should urge, that there is nothing in Nature so necessary as Venereal Coition, which being banish'd the Earth, all the various kinds of Animals that render the Earth so glorious, would soon come to nothing, and certainly perish. Let Venus (to use the Words of Seneca) leave Mankind's Affairs, and the whole World would be neglected and uncultivated. Take from human Commerce Meretrician Amours, you would find a horrid Confusion of all things, and incestuous Lusts disturb every Family.

'Tis of no Use in this Cause before you, most Reverend Judges, to urge, that *Dice* are the seasoning of a Life of Pleasure, the Delight of the Mind, with which Men deceive the Hours, in their cool Retreats, from the burning Heats of the Clime or Season, which they make use of after Dinner, for the Sake of their Health, when all Agitation of Body and Application of Mind is of no Advantage in the Opinion of the best Physicians. But we pretend to draw no Force to our Cause from any of these things, but we fairly and plainly do acknowledge that we are *criminal*, we are *vicious*, but then, without all doubt we must assert, that our Brother is more *criminal*, and more *vicious*. And this we have, in our Opinion, thus far prov'd by Arguments of the highest Probability: But that this may be more evident to you, that the *Filthiness* of so great a Vice be made yet more apparent, and set in a better Light; in short, that not the least Scruple remain in your Minds, but that a *Drunkard* is far more criminal, and guilty of a Vice far more odious and infamous than a *Whoremaster* or *Gamester*, we shall in this Place endeavour to convince you.

But because our Adversary has attempted to fortify himself by *Examples*, and the *Opinions* and *Sentences* of Authors of the first Forms, we shall therefore in the same manner evince by *Examples*, and the Sayings of *Philosophers*, *Orators* and *Churchmen*, that *Drunkenness* was by the wisest and best of the Ancients esteem'd always detestable, and declaim'd against with the utmost Reproaches, as a Vice of the most pernicious Consequence. And
since

since these things will not be unpleasant to be known, or unuseful to be told, or to be rejected by the Ears of the Learned, we hope, as you have hitherto heard us with Attention, that you will continue so to do in what we have yet to say.

The frugal *Lacedaemonians*, under the happy Laws and Institutions of *Lycurgus*, designing to deter their Youth from Ebriety, as from a most base, mean and servile thing, took this Method on their Festival Days. They caused some of their Slaves, the *Helotes*, to be brought into their Refectories drunk, that seeing the ridiculous Figure, the fantastick Actions, the bestial Ignorance, and all the filthy Effects of *Excessive Drinking*, they should have a perfect Abhorrence of a Vice, which like the Cup of *Circe*, threw off the *Human*, and put on the *Brutal* Form. *Plato*, *Aristotle*, *Eusebius*, and the greatest of Physicians, *Galen*, have given an unanimous Applause to that *Carthaginian* Law, which forbid all Wine during the Campaign, ordering all to abstain from it during all warlike Expeditions, as softening and rendering them unfit for Labour and Fatigue. *Cesar* in his Commentaries informs us, that the *Suevi*, a People of *Germany*, utterly forbid the Importation of *Wine*, believing it would enervate their Bodies, and destroy their Strength. The Stoick *Cheremon* relates, that the ancient *Aegyptian* Priests always abstained from *Wine* and *Flesh* from the time that they address'd themselves to the divine Worship, that the Senses being unclogg'd with Vapours and Fumes, might be more robust and sprightly. Among the *Romans*, and through all the *Latin* Territories, the Women were exemplarily abstemious all their lives; that is, they drank no Wine; nay, if we may believe *Dionysius* in his Book of Antiquities, if they were caught drinking *Wine*, they were put to Death; and some of our celebrated *Latin* Writers have delivered it as a Truth, that the Wife of *Ignatius*, who had drank some Wine out of the Cask, was killed by her Husband, and he acquitted of the Murder by *Romulus*. *Fabius Prator* tells us in his *Annals*, of a Lady that was starved to Death by her Relations, for having the Keys of her Wine Celler in her Pocket. *Cneius Domitius* being Judge, condemn'd a Woman to the Forfeiture of her Dowry, for drinking *Wine* without her

Husband's Knowledge; for this Reason, if we credit *Cato*, and from him *Tertullian* in his *Apologetick*, the Friends and Relations of the Woman kiss her, to find whether she has been drinking *Wine*. And indeed it must be confess'd, that the inordinate Use of *Wine* shuts the Door fast against all Virtue, but sets it wide open to all manner of Vice. *Apolonius Tyanæus*, a Man of the first Character among the Heathens, was a Water-drinking, fearing and shunning *Wine* as the Bane of the Understanding. *St. Hierom* directs his *Christian Virgin* to avoid *Wine* as *Poyson*; he likewise makes almost a total Interdiction of it to the Priesthood (which we hope they observed better in his Days than ours) who writing to *Nepotian*, Never, says he, *suffer your Breath to have the frowzy Hautgoust of Wine, lest you should be liable to that Rebuke of the Philosopher, This is not to offer a Kiss, but a Glass.* One of the chief and most scandalous Objections of *Cicero* to *Piso*, and which he urges as the greatest Reproach, is, that being an eternal Guzzler of *Wine*, his Mouth smelt like a Vintner's Vault. But not to accumulate Examples from profane History, God himself in *Leviticus* says thus to *Aaron* the High-Priest, *Wine, says he, and all that can inebriate, thou shalt not drink, nor thy Sons, when you enter the Tabernacle, lest you die.* Thus likewise the *Follower of God*, the *Vessel of Election*, and the Bulwark and Defence of the *Holy Scriptures*, *St. Paul* the Apostle condemning the Debauches of the Bottle in his Epistle to *Timothy*, declares, *That a Bishop should be sober, and not at all given to Drinking.* And hence that memorable Passage in the Canonical Decrees, that the Apostle condemns, and the old Law forbids a Priest much Drinking. The Priests that minister in the Temple, or Church of God are forbidden *Wine* and *Strong Drink*, lest their Hearts and Spirits be overburthen'd with Surfeits and Ebriety.

Before the Flood Men were sober and abstemious in their Liquors, the Use of the Vine not being found out, nor any Vineyard planted; after the Flood, as we find it in Holy Writ, *Noah* was the first who planted a Vineyard and drinking of the Juice of the Grapes, became drunk; so that *Wine* did not so much as spare the Author of its Being. We find likewise in the *Pentateuch*,

tateuch, that *Wine* was the cause of *Incest*, the Daughters of *Lot* having made him *drunk* with *Wine*, drew him into the abominable Act of *Incest*. From which time the heat of *Wine* has invaded mortal Men with *Fury*, that *Fury* with *Drunkenness*, and in *Ebriety* Modesty is lost, and then Impudence, which ensues, produces *Incest*, and all manner of monstrous Conjunctions. From this time *Wine* began to affect the Minds of Men with various and different Motions. So that some grew quarrelsome and frantick; others pleasant, facetious and talkative; others drowsy and sleepy; others maudlin and full of Tears; for *Wine* has the same Force as *black-Choler*, that is, various and manifold, on which we have an excellent and noble Problem of the most celebrated Philosopher *Aristotle*, from which *Horace* seems to have borrow'd the Beginning of the Twenty-first Ode of his Third Book.

O *Nate mecum consu'e Manlio, &c.*

O charming Cask of sprightly *Wine*,
 Whose Life bears equal Date with mine;
 Born both upon the Latian Shore,
 When Man'ius Rome's great Taxes bore;
 Whether from thee Complaints arise,
 Or Wit around the Table flies,
 Or jarring Quarrels intervene,
 Or sickly Love, or biting Spleen,
 Or from the friendly Vapours creep
 Upon my Temples easy Sleep, &c.

Dionysius, vulgarly call'd *Bacchus*, (whom the Hea-then Writers make the Inventaer of the Grape) is feigned to be horn'd; not so much because he brought Oxen to the Yoke, (as *Didorus* believ'd) as that Men overpossess'd with the Spirit of *Wine*, by its Force are rais'd up to any rashness imaginable, and are made impetuous, and as it were arm'd with Horns to defend or assault. Then is the poor Man's Horn exalted, then forgetting his humble State and Poverty, he admits the Insinuations of Pride, and swells with the empty Imaginations of his own Worth.

As for that vain and insignificant Boast of our Brother's, that *Bacchus* was made a God, a Vineyard-keeper, a Constellation, that does not afford the least Help, nor bring the weakest Buttress to his Cause; but if the Fictions of the Poets may serve for Arguments, and be allow'd a good Defence, let us likewise have the Advantage of the like Instances; let us remember that our *Venus* is the brightest Star in the Firmament, that she exercises her Authority among the very Gods and Goddesses, by whose Nature or Influence all things are born on Earth, whom the most celebrated Authors of Fables call, *The Pleasures of God and Men*.

To these let us add *Anacharsis*, who was born to Wisdom among the barbarous and dull *Scythians*; he tells us, that the Vine bears three sorts of Grapes, the first of *Pleasure*, the second of *Drunkenness*, and the third of *Contumely*. *Æsop*, the Author of the *Fables*, is said to have express'd himself much after the same manner. The Observation of *Anacharsis*, *Æsop*, or any other wise Men (for its real Author is not much to the Import of the Saying) is, that *at Dinner the first Cup is offer'd to Thirst, the second to Mirth, the third to Pleasure, but the fourth to Madness*. But if the fourth Cup makes the Drinkers mad, what will four times four, nay, forty Cups do? Must they not drive them beyond all manner of other Madness, and make them what we call *stark mad*? But 'tis evident by great Drinkers, that the more they drink, the more they thirst; and the more they use themselves to drink, the more they covet it; so that they seem a Generation of Men born on purpose for the Destruction of *Wine*. *Nivellius* of *Milan* drinking off near four Gallons at a Draught, was not ashamed of the Surname he acquired by it, of *Tricongius*, or *Three Gallons*, seeking as it were an awkward sort of Glory from his Vice. And since every Vice is so much the greater, as the Person that commits it is more eminent in his Station and Dignity, what Title of Infamy can we give *Bonofus* the *Roman* Emperor (whom I wonder my Brother should omit in his List of *Royal Drunkards*) who excell'd all mankind in Drinking, of whom *Aurelianus* was wont to say, *That he was not born to live but to drink*; who being vanquish-

ed

ed by *Bobus*, when he had made his Exit in a Halter by his own Hands, gave Rise to this Sarcasm, that not a *Man*, but a *Hog'shead* was hanging up. *Solomon* cries aloud, *Wine is luxurious, and Ebriety tumultuous, and whoever is delighted with these can never be wise.* The same cautions us, *not to be in the Feasts of Drunkards.*

I could not but smile, my Lords, when I heard my Brother but now calling those *incontinent* and *intemperate*, who are Votaries of *Venus*, at the same time confirming it out of *Aristotle's* Problems, as if *Aristotle* had only called Men inclined to Women *incontinent* and *intemperate*. But, my good Brother, pray do us the Favour to repeat the whole Problem of *Aristotle*, and then you will find your self under the same Censure, and incurring the same Denomination. But to make this plain, my Lords, you must recollect, that this most eminent of all the Philosophers says, that since all *Pleasure* accrues to Man by his Senses, all immoderate *Pleasure* by these Organs is criminal and odious; but, says he, those which proceed only from the *Taste* or *Touch*, are the most contemptible of all Pleasures; and they who are most addicted to those two bestial Pleasures, are most generally called *incontinent*, as if those should be thought but a sort of *Brutes* and *Savages*, who participate chiefly of Delight proper to them; while the others, which proceed from the other three Senses, seem peculiar to *Men*. This is the Sum and Substance of what *Aristotle* says; from whence it is apparent, that the Pleasure of *Taste*, in which that of Drinking must certainly be included, falls equally under the Censure, with the Pleasure of the *Touch*, under which the Enjoyment of the Fair is also placed: But every body knows how ridiculous a thing it is to object that to another, which may be immediately retorted against one's self.

But before we quit the Prosecution of this abominable and odious Vice, let us take a View of the *Deeds of Drunkenness*, in the Description of which we shall not make use of our own Words, but those of *Pliny*, which ought to be in every one's Mouth, and in every one's Heart, and are worthy to be mentioned every where as well as in his Book, to correct the inexplicable Avarice of Drink. Let us therefore hear *Pliny* de-

claiming against the Vices of *Drunkenness* in this manner: *Then do the voracious Eyes devour the Nation's Beauty, then are the Secrets of the Soul betrayed; some make their last Wills and Testaments, speak things that are the Occasion of Death, and can't hold their Peace even after the Slaughter of many; so that now Truth is vulgarly attributed to Wine: But the best of the Lot is, they never see the rising Sun, and live a shorter time than otherwise they might. Hence come Paleness, and pendulous and skinny Cheeks, running Eyes, paralytick Hands humbling full Cups; and the present Punishment they are troubled with is, disquiet Nights, and frightful Dreams, the chief Reward of Drunkenness, prodigious Lusts, and pleasing Wickedness. The next Day they breathe from their Mouths contaminating Scents, have an utter Forgetfulness of all things, and a Death of the Memory. They boast, that they anticipate Life as it flies; whereas they not only lose the former, but the coming Day. Is there any so befotted to the Bottle, whom this Discourse of Pliny's (this censorial Correction, so severe, so plain, and so true) cannot reclaim to Sobriety, from the Debauches of *Wine* to the Temperance of *Water*, from the Suppers of *Roarers* to the Dinners of the *Cynicks*? Who is there that can hear this, can read it, and not fly from *Drunkenness* as a Pest, and execrate the *Bottle* with his utmost Detestation, as the most filthy, scandalous, odious and infamous of all Vices whatever? What Judge, endow'd with such Authority and Wisdom as you, my Lords, would not immediately pronounce Sentence against *Drunkards* and *Ebriety*?*

But now I think we ought to found a Retreat, lest while we take the Advantage of the *Lex Talionis*, the *Law of Retaliation*, while we recriminate on the Reproaches and Accusations of our Brother, while we endeavour to give as good as he brought, in tallying Crime, with Crime, Vice with Vice, and Folly with Folly, we should seem too violent, and discover too great a want of Moderation.

We believe, my Lords, that you have observ'd how we have pass'd over in Silence some Objections made to us by our Brother, without any Denial or Refutation.

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We readily confess, my Lords, that we are far from denying so plain a Matter of Fact; for he only who can boast himself free from all manner of *Fault*, can particularly refute and wipe off all manner of *Scandal*. But we, my Lords, do not pretend to deny our Faults as innocent, nor do excuse them as many do, nor boast of them as our Brother. It is confess'd, that 'tis a vile and shameful thing to *Whore* and *Game*; the Name of a *Whoremaster* and *Gamester* we ought to blush at. We do by no Means deny but that both our Faults are infamous and detrimental, and extreamly worthy of Re-proot; but all we contend for is, *That our Brother's Vice and Wickedness exceeds ours*. We have made appear, that *Drunkenness* does not only weaken our Fame and Estates, (which were our Brother's chief Objections against *Us* and our *Follies*) but have with the best Demonstration made it out, that *Ebriety* farther disturbs, shocks, changes and overturns the Senses, Understanding, and all the Faculties of the Mind; than which there can be nothing more vile and criminal. We have shewn what great Slaughters, Destructions and Funerals *Drunkenness* has brought on Mankind; we have likewise given you a List of Examples and Authorities of the most excellent Philosophers and Princes, from whence *Drunkenness* appears to have always been the Object of their Indignation, and in all Ages to have been condemn'd as the worst of Vices.

As for what remains, my Lords, it is now in your Breasts, it lies upon your Prudence and Gravity to weigh with Attention our several Crimes, and put them as it were in a Balance, and which ever of us Three shall appear the most vile and infamous Offender, he must be the Subject of your Sentence.

Nor are we under the least Apprehensions in the World, but that your Judgment will be in our Favour: We can't doubt but that you, my Lords, who are Men of such eminent Wisdom, will have the same Sentiments of Things with so many Writers of the first Rank, and with what Reason it self perswades, Examples fortify, and common Sense confirms. We therefore, my Lords, commit our Cause to your Prudence and Consciences, and if you plainly know (as you most certainly do)

that *Drunkennes* is by much the more infamous Crime, exclude our Brother, and by your Sentence absolve *Us*, that by your Favour and Justice we may enjoy our Paternal Inheritance. *Dixi.*



Diverting Letters and BILLET-DOUX,
(Both Originals and Translations) to
GENTLEMEN and LADIES.

Diverting LETTERS to Gentlemen, in Imitation of
Monsieur de Pays.

To Monsieur de P——— *That Women have sold their Favours in all Ages of the World, confirm'd by the famous Story of Lais and Demosthenes.*

TAke my word for it, Sir, you were exceedingly in the right on't, to refuse *buying* of Pleasure at so dear a Rate. When a Man is so *honest* as to bestow his *Heart* upon *Philis*, he ought to be sent to the Devil for a *mercenary* Strumpet, if not content with that *Present*, she demands the *fingering* of his *Purse*: For, as *Love's Casuists* have long ago regulated the Matter in Case of *Services* render'd, the *Workman* ought to be paid, and not the *Master* that employs him. I always told you, if you remember, that this wheedling young *Gypsy* loved you for the *Inside* of your Pockets, and not for your *outward* Merits. And since you have found it by Experience to be *true*, I hope you'll take my Word for the future. However, don't be dejected at the Matter for you are not the *first* Man by a Million that has suffered this Misfortune. The Generality of the Sex in all Ages of the World, have set a *greater* Value on wicked *Mammon* than Integrity. Half a Crown, a Silver Thimble, a brass Ring double guilt, a Pair of *Jersey* Stockings, and the

the like, will *purchase* you a Chamber-Maid, or one of her Rank at any time: Bribe but *higher*, and you may get at Arm-full of *Quality*, of what Complexion or Age you please: For, after long Obſervation, I find it to hold truer *no Money, no Miſtreſs*, than *no Money, no Swiſs*. 'Tis a moſt wicked Cuſtom, I confeſs, and ought to be baniſh'd out of all civiliz'd Nations; but the *Diſeaſe*, I am afraid, has taken too deep Rooting to be removed. To convince you that this is *true*, as likewise to give you *Conſolation* all under one, I reſolved to ſend you the following Story, which ſeems to be calculated for the Meridian of your Caſe.

You remember, my dear Friend, or at leaſt you ought to remember, that ſilver-tongu'd Orator of *Greece*, who could perform Miracles by his Eloquence, I mean the celebrated *Demosthenes*, who led the Nobility and People of *Athens* juſt as he pleaſed, and who was a greater Thorn in the King of *Macedon's* Foot, by the ſingle Power of his *Rhetorick*, than all the Captains of his Republick by their Bravery. At the ſame time that this notable *Haranguer* flouriſh'd at *Athens*, a certain Lady of Pleaſure, whoſe Name was *Lais*, flouriſh'd at *Corinth*, who was as famous for the *Lilies* and *Roses* in her Cheeks, as our *Athenian* for the Tropes and Metaphors in his Speeches. No mortal Heart whatever could withſtand the irrefiſtible Charms of *Lais*, and no mortal Ears could defend themſelves againſt the bewitching Tongue of *Demosthenes*. In ſhort, they agreed in this particular, that both of them promoted the *Publick Good* with the *Sweat* of their Brows though after a different manner. History now here informs us what Fees *Demosthenes* uſed to demand, but 'tis agreed on all Hands, that *Lais* would be paid exorbitantly for her Attendance: She was not one of thoſe generous Damſels, that think they are ſufficient Gainers by exchanging Love for Love; neither tho' ſhe fought for Pay, did ſhe liſt her ſelf to the next Comer for a ſmall Matter: No, all her Favours were taxed, and at ſo high a Rate too, that ſhe veccaſion'd the famous Proverb you have heard ſo often mention'd, that every one could not afford to go to *Corinth*. *Demosthenes*, who had been inform'd by common Report, of the Beauty and attractive Graces of this

this charming *Corinthian*, flatter'd himself that this *Proverb* did not affect him, and that 'twas impossible for *Lais* to withstand the all-conquering *Harmony* of his Periods. Thus being satisfy'd that he should gain his Point, he took Pen in Hand, and sent a *Cart-load* of Love Letters to *Lais*: She, like a well bred Lady, civilly answered him, in order to *lure* him on, being one that lov'd to bring these Matters from Contemplation to *Practice*. Upon this, our Orator gets ready his Equipage, leaves *Athens*, and sets out for *Corinth*. I cannot positively *affirm* at this distance of Time, whether a *dead* or *living* Vehicle carried him thither, that is to say, whether he went on *Horseback* or in a *Coach*, the old *Philosophers* being wholly *silent* as to this Point; but considering how *deeply* smitten he was, 'twas probable that he rode *Post*, if they had any such *Convenience* in his Age. He was no sooner arrived there, but plucking off his *Boots*, immediately (for I still keep to my Hypothesis, that he took *Post*) he repaired to the next Barber's Shop, where being most nicely powdered and perfum'd by *Tonsor*, he put on his best Linnen, brush'd his Hat, and now imagining himself as great a *Beau* as *Adonis*, prepared to beat up the Quarters of his new Mistress, whom he fancy'd more beautiful than *Venus*. Coming into her Apartment, he found her infinitely more *charming* than he had imagined; he seated himself over against her, he ogled her, he exhausted all his *common* Places, he squandered away the *whole* Stock of his *Eloquence*, he said a Hundred pretty things to her, he made her a *Goddess*, and what not! All this while *Lais* patiently heard our *Athenian* Tongue-pad; still expecting when he would open to the *Purpose*, I mean when he would present her with a Purse of *Gold*. After the usual *Forms* were over, he had *Assurance* enough to ask her the important Question, and she had the Conscience to ask ten Thousand *Drachmae*, that make up in our Money—let me see—as I hope to be saved, I can't tell you *exactly*; but I dare venture to affirm, it was a very *considerable* Sum. This confounded Proposition put poor *Demosthenes* so to the Dumps, that for a Quarter of an Hour he stood like one *Thunderstruck*, without Sense or Motion: At last recovering his *Speech*,

Ma-

Madam, cry'd he, your Humble Servant: I am not in the Humour at present, to buy Repentance at so dear a rate; and so good Night. The Grammarians and Antiquaries have entered into a furious Dispute about the Meaning of this Word Repentance, and the most learned are agreed, that Demosthenes understood that which we call the Neapolitan Disease, and, in his Time, went under the name of the Corinthian Itch. Be it as it will, our Love-sick Orator got Home, ashamed and confounded at the ill Success of this Journey: And from that Time forward he bellow'd very strenuously against the Extortion of the Women, but did not make one single Convert in the whole Sex. And now, Sir, I hope I have somewhat qualify'd your Uneasiness, by laying before you this Adventure of Demosthenes. This scandalous Traffick of Selling Favours is no modern Invention of the Ladies, but as old as the Creation. As for those noisy Coxcombs that pretend to carry the whole Female World before them, by their Rhetorick, and have the Impudence to lay Wagers, that they'll bring the greatest Coquette to their Terms in three Days, only laugh at them for Fops, for they are not worth your answering. Let them pretend what they please, I'll engage that ten Pistoles will go farther than ten Thousand of the finest Stanza's and Letters in the World; for Merit is a Sort of an antiquated Coin, which not one Woman in a Million will take for ready Money. I am

Yours, &c.

To Monsieur de B—In the Beginning of this Letter he rallies his Friend for not writing to him; and afterwards gives him an Account of a merry Intrigue he had with a Huguenot Parson's Wife.

UPON my Word, Sir I am exceedingly obliged to you, for the extraordinary Opinion you seem to have of my Friendship, since you believe it can thrive and prosper like the Fruits of Paradise, without cultivating or looking after. To be plain with you, can you expect I should entertain you from Time to Time with my Letters, while you refuse to put your self to the

the *Expence* of one single Line? But you are the *Pleasantest* Gentleman in Nature, I swear, when you tell me, I have *Wit* enough to *guess* at all you can say in an Answer, and therefore *forbear* to write to me. What! are you so *unreasonable* to expect I should do like Fryar *Martin*, that is, *sing* and make the *Responses* my self? Had you the *least* Regard to my *Reputation*, you would never *serve* me so, for none but *Fools* use to talk to themselves; and for my Part, I begin to be *weary* of it. Besides, to *disarm* you of all Excuses, your *Mistress* can never be so *jealous* of you, but you may venture a few Lines to a *Friend*, without incurring her *Displeasure*. With all due *Submission* to the Lady be it said, *Friendship* does not interfere with the Interest of *Love*, so that I may very well be allow'd to find a *Friend* at the same time that the charming *Urania* finds a Lover in you. Having made mention of *Love*, I have trumped up a new *Mistress* lately; but thou art so *unpardonable* a Wretch, that I hardly think it worth my while to *communicate* this Affair to thee. In short, I am so *concern'd* at thy Negligence, that, by my good Will, I could deny thee this small Satisfaction; but *Friendship* combates furiously within me, and I perceive will get the better of my *Resentment*. Know then, thou *wicked* Reprobate, that, for this last Month I have paid my *Devotion* to a *Calvinist* Parson's Wife, who is wonderful pretty and good-natur'd; which *last* Quality, you know, is seldom to be found in the Females of that *sowre* Perswasion. I *daily* make my Visits to her, and she suffers them, suffers them, I say, without *Reluctance*, and perhaps not without *Pleasure*. When I first made her a Tender of my Affection, the pretty Creature *pelted* me most unmercifully with Texts of *Scripture*: But I soon turned her *Artillery* upon herself, and convinc'd her, that all the *Orthodox* Commentators were on my Side. Perhaps you laugh at this Gallantry, tho' at the same time, you approve my *pious* Resolution to care for none but *Huguenots*: For let the censorious World make the *worst* on't it can, People can *only* charge me with *tempting* a Woman to sin that was above *half-damn'd* to my Hands. But let them talk as they please, 'tis a Design I am resolved to put
in

in Execution this *Lent*, for the *Repose* of my Conscience. I intend, for the future, to *hunt* no where but in the Territories of *Geneva*, where I shall be without the *Jurisdiction* of the Church; so that my Confessor will have nothing to do with any *Game* I spring there; and indeed, if he pretends to forbid me this Sport, I shall appeal from him to some more *competent* Judge. By this time I hope you are satisfy'd, that I have taken the *surest* Method of succeeding, and that a young Fellow cannot better employ his Time, than in making *Love* to Women, that never go to *Confession*. That confounded *Church Stratagem*, call'd *Confession*, is a mortal Enemy to all *Gallantry*; by the same Token a Man shall have an *Apostle's Day* now and then *pop* in unluckily upon him, when he has *almost* brought an Intrigue to *bear*, and so make him *lose* in one *Minute* all the *Ground* he has been *struggling* for so many *Weeks* before. But, the Lord be *praised*, there are no such *Misfortunes* to be fear'd among the *Huguenots*: The good People of that *Perswasion* never trouble their Heads with keeping a *Catalogue* of their Sins, but let them lye at *Sixes* and *Sevens*, whereas we *discreeter* Catholicks pay off our Scores once a *Month* at least, and then begin a *fresh* Tick. The best *Fest* of all is, our *Husband*, according to the common *Fate* of most *Cuckolds*, is the kindest, civillest *Fellow* in the World to me, and imagines the *only* Motive of my coming so *often* to see him, is to be *settled* in some Points of Religion. To countenance this Belief in him, I seem to be wonderfully *surprized* at his Discourse, nay sometimes allow him the *better* of the Argument; and, indeed, 'tis merry enough to consider how *harmoniously* the Businels of sin and Religion goes forward in his House; for while old *Orthodox* thinks to make a *Convert* of me, I'm endeavouring, by way of *Retaliation*, to make a *Whore* of his Wife.

To Monsieur de S— Our Author endeavours to comfort his Friend for having lost his Mistress.

I Commend you for making me the Confident both of your *Love* and *Affliction*; for tho' you had not been

been oblig'd, in Point of *Friendship*, to have done it, yet the *Conformity* of our Misfortunes seems to have *challeng'd* it from you. I am concern'd at your ill Luck, and resent it with as *live'y* a Concern, as if it were my own. Were you to be comforted after the usual Manner of People in Distress, that is, by citing to you the *Examples* of other Persons as *unfortunate* as your self, I cou'd easily produce *my self* as an Instance of human Infelicity, who have all my Life-time been persecuted by *Love*, as well as a constant ill *Fortune*. If the perfidious *Melissa* has *despis'd* you, my cruel *Calista* has bestow'd the *same* Treatment upon me. At the same Time, I must confess that *Calista* is not altogether so unjust as *Melissa*, since she beholds none of those *shining* Qualities in me, which the other shews in you; for which Reason I ought only to *condole* your Hardships without thinking of my self, who am too *worthless* a Wretch to be comforted. But since you have commanded me to administer to you some *Consolation* out of my own Store, I cannot begin *better*, than by reminding you of the Ancient Proverb which says, that *Fortune* and *Love* don't always *favour* the most *deserving*. One wou'd think that a *handsome* young Fellow, like your self, was only made to be *beloved*, and that the Ladies ought to prefer such as come *nearest* to them in Point of Beauty, to those are farthest *remote* from it: However, we find the quite contrary usually happens: Women are the most *Fantastick* Animals in Nature as to their Affections: they love without knowing *why*, or *wherefore*, and *blindly* follow the Direction of their *Passions*, that never advise with *Reason*. What finer Gentleman did *Italy* ever produce, than *Jocundus*, witty, generous, gay, and beautiful; yet does not History inform us, that the dear *Wife* of his Bosom lov'd the Embraces of her *Coachman* much better than his; a *Rascal* that was as ugly as the Devil, and *stunk* worse in his own single Person, than a Convention of *Po'e-Cats*? Who has not heard of *Adolphus*, the famous King of the *Lombards*, whose *Beauty* made him *admir'd* by all the World; yet his *virtuous* Queen left him, to *solace* her self in the Arms of a little diminutive crumpled *Brute*, whose very Sight was enough to put *Messalina* her self

self out of *Conceit* with the whole Sex? And now, Sir, do you think it *strange* that she has *abandon'd* you for that walking Tun of Guts and Garbidge, your *Rival*? Tell me not, that your Misfortune is without *Example*: Were I not afraid to overwhelm you with Variety of *Citations*, I cou'd easily *refresh* your Memory with the ancient, but true Story of the celebrated *Penelope*, whose *Virtue* and *Chastity* have been recommended to all succeeding Women, as *Patterns* to follow. Don't you know, that during the Absence of *Ulysses*, she was *courted* by abundance of young *Lords* and *Noblemen*, who omitted nothing that cou'd contribute to gain her Affection! There was nothing but Musick and Feasting, and Magnificence; yet the Devil of any Progress did these young *Lords* and *Noblemen* make in *Penelope's* Heart with all their Musick, Feasting, and Magnificence. At last, a Crotchet took *Mercury* in the Pate, to *undertake* that which all these fine *Princes* had attempted in vain. He flatter'd himself, that being a *God*, he might easily surmount those Difficulties which frail *Mortals* had found invincible; and that *Penelope* must be a Statue or something worse, if she cou'd maintain her *Heart* against his fine *Shape*, his *Eloquence* and *Address*. But notwithstanding all this, *Mercury* succeeded not a Jot better than the rest of his *Rivals*. Finding that neither his fine *Shape*, or his *Eloquence* made any Impression upon the Lady, he had Recourse to *Address*, having had the Honour, more than once, to serve his Father *Jupiter* in the painful and laborious Character of a *Pimp*. But he display'd all his *Dexterity* to no Purpose; therefore, to bring Matters sooner to an Issue, he metamorphos'd himself into a Goat, and under that agreeable Form, caress'd this irreconcilable Enemy to Love, the chaste and virtuous *Penelope*. Now, what will you be able to reply me, dear Friend of mine, when I shall desire you to *remember*, that a Paultry, stinking Creature, with *Hoofs* and *Horns*, obtain'd those Favours, which so many whining Coxcombs, and even *Mercury* himself had solicited in vain? *Penelope*, who had stood *buff* to all the Charms and Courtship of *Gods* and *Men*, surrenders up her Person to a vile, nasty *Animal*; and what was the Effect of this *unnatural* Commerce,

merce, but a cloven-footed Puppy, I mean *Pan*, the illustrious Prince of *Fauns* and *Satyrs*? Let me desire you, Sir, to chew the *Cud* a little upon this *instructive* Story; and when you have done so, tell me, whether you and I have not shewn our selves a *Brace* of idle Coxcombs, to *languish* and die for two insignificant, ungrateful *Coquetts*? Were we *wise* we should leave off this *Game*, and start a *better*. As for you, 'tis in your Power to chuse a Hundred Mistresses that will think themselves *honour'd* with the Leavings of the insensible *Melissa*, and will be much more capable to comfort you upon the Score of your *Lols*, than I can *pretend* to. Deliver your self therefore from a *Slavery* which will be dishonourable to you, since your Mistress has made so *wile* a Choice. Constancy is often a *Vice* as well as *Virtue*, and all the World will *laugh* at you, to shew it upon this Occasion. For my Part, I advise you nothing but what I am resolved to put in *Practice* my self: Whenever the cruel *Calista*, who has not as yet thought fit to declare her self, shall bestow her Affection upon *any* other than my self, that very Moment I will throw off her *Chains*, and not drag them about me to set off the *Triumph* of my Rival. I will see him *crucify'd* a Hundred times over, before he shall have the *Satisfaction* to see me drop one single Tear for those Favours which he enjoys at Pleasure. No, I will *drown* all my Cares in a Glafs of generous *Red*, put the *ill-natur'd* Jilt in the Front of some *glorious* Lampoon, break her Windows, murder her Lap-dog, and wish her and her Spark at the *Devil*. This is the *Remedy* I would prescribe to you in your present Distemper, and not to let it grow upon you, by humouring it; which would make me as great a *Sufferer* as your self, since I *feel* all your Affliction in as *sensible* a Manner as I do my *own*. Forget a *worthless* Creature, that has forgotten you; nay, remember that *Melissa* has oblig'd you by resigning you up for another, since 'twas impossible for you to have pass'd one *easy* Moment, with a Woman of so *wretched* a Taste. I am

Yours, &c.

A Letter to Monsieur H — Giving an Account how he surprized a famous Miss of the Town, dining at her Lodgings in an Undress, with two of her Female Companions.

WELL, I have the most Comical Adventure in the World to recount to thee, that's certain. Ha, ha, ha! I shall kill my self I think, with laughing at it, 'tis so ridiculous: Give me leave to recover a little out of this Fit, and then, dear Rogue, thou shalt hear all.

Know then — but this wicked Fit again interrupts me — Well then, to be serious — Know that between the Hours of twelve and one to Day, having gone through my whole Circle of Morning-Visits, I bolted unawares into the divine Belinda's Chamber, where I saw a Sight enough to — Pardon me, dear Toney, I am so tickled with the Idea of it, that I must take t'other Dose of Laughter before I can stir a Step farther — to have made the morosest Cynick in the World forfeit all his Gravity.

A Pague on her, you know the divine Belinda well enough, that illnatur'd sawcy Harlot, that comes every Night so spruced up and prim to the Play-house: she that has been the Subject of so many Sonnets, and deify'd by so many confounded Poets; she that is never without a Train of Marquesses, Lords, and Knights, and a numberless Litter of subaltern Puppies to hunt her from the Pit to the side Box, and back again from the side Box to the Pit. Well, and what of her, you'll cry? Why, as I told you before, I bolted unawares into her Chamber, and surpriz'd her with two of the Sisterhood at a small Collation.

The Devil of a Napkin or Table-cloth was to be seen before them. No Pagan Ragoust, nor high flown Kickshaw, but a Platter of humble Sprats, attended by six boil'd Eggs in a crack'd earthen Pipkin, a Dab of Salt Butter stuck upon the Corner of the Table, and a Handful of Salt wrapp'd up in the greasy Fragments of a Sessions-Paper. Their Commodes and Smocks were washing below by the Landlady of the House;
judge

judge then what a *rueful* Figure they made in this *Di'habillee*, with their *Hair* about their Shoulders, and their *Udders* swagging down to their Navels. The *Furniture* of the Room was every Way answerable to the *Entertainment*; for, let me see—there stood that *necessary* Utensil, call'd a *Piss-pot*, brim full in the Chimney; a batter'd *Band-Box* upon a broken-back'd Chair; the Skeleton of a *Fan*, with a *Tooth-brush*, a *Powder-puff*, and a Box of *Pomatum* in the Closet; a Row of Pins, with the *Academy* of Compliments, and one of *Dursey's* Song-Books in the Window, and lastly, two or three *little* Deal-boxes upon the Mantle-Tree, which I hope in the Lord had *Turpentine* Pills in them. The Ladies *b'ush'd*, and so did I; then down Stairs they *flew* without speaking a Word, and I after them, but *lost* them in some of their subterranean *Catacombs*.

No sooner was I got into the Street, but I made abundance of *moral* Reflections upon what I had *seen*: These *impudent* Devils, said I to my self, that look so *charming* by Candle-light, bless me! what *sorry* Dowdies they are in their Undress, and how *scurvily* do they fare at Home, who are so *nice*, forsooth, and so *squeamish* at the Tavern! Well, I am resolv'd to *undecieve* all Mankind, and communicate my *Discoveries* to them. With this *virtuous* Resolution I went to all the Chocolate-Houses I knew, to *find* out my Acquaintance, and *unbosom* my self to them; but meeting not a single *Soul* there, I repair'd to my Lodgings, and cou'd not *rest* till I had imparted this *blessed* News to thee. I can't foretel how this Letter will *edify* with you; tho' if you make a *right* Use on't, it may prove a *better* Antidote against Whoring, than a Month's *Penance* in Love's powdering Tub—. But as for the divine *Be-linda*, the next Time I see her *Ladyship* in the Side-box, if she's not as civil and *humble* as one of her own Calling before a *surly* Justice, take my Word for't, I'll proclaim the *Nakedness* of her Land to all her *Adorers*.

Farewell.

To

To Monsieur de C—— Captain in the Regiment of——
*Upon the Conclusion of the War between France and
 Spain, in the Year 1660, by the Treaty of the Pyrenees.*

THIS comes to tell you, tho' I know you'll *curse* me for my News, that you must now resolve to *live*, whether you will or no. In short, the *Peace* was yesterday *concluded*, and in a few Days, will be *proclaim'd* all over the Kingdom. I'll allow a Gentleman of your *Gallantry* to be angry at it; but 'tis no little *Consolation* to us *worthless* Fellows, that we are going to enjoy the Fruits of *Peace* and *Tranquillity*, which the *confounded* Noise of *Drums* and *Trumpets* has so long *interrupted*. With the rest of his Majesty's good *Subjects*, I have my *Part* in the publick *Joy*; yet at the same Time *feel* one that is *particular* to my self, when I consider that I have nothing more to *fear* from your *Bravery*, and that your Life is no longer of *Ward* to your *Courage*. The Devil take the *Guardian*, say I, that shews so *small* a Concern for the Preservation of his *Ward*. Well, I wou'd not for a *greater* Sum, than I am willing to mention here, have *ventur'd* my Life upon the same *Bottom* with yours, in any of the late Engagements. A Man that had seen how you *expos'd* your self upon every Occasion, wou'd have *sworn* your your Life was a *Burden* to you, and that it *cost* your Father and Mother *no Pains* to beget you. Had the *Musket-balls* been nothing but so many *Pastiles* or *perfum-ed Eggs*, you could not have march'd with more *Alacrity* into the Trenches. 'Twas to no *Purpose* I remonstrated to you, that your *Life* was worth the *preserving*, that there was no great *Leachery* in having one's *Brains* examin'd by a Cannon-ball; and that your Father, as able and experienc'd a *Workman* as he is, might *belabour* the matrimonial *Anvil* a dozen and a dozen times to that, before he cou'd *hammer* out such another *chopping* Youth as your self; for in short, all *Advice* of this Nature was *thrown* away upon you misled by that *Ignis fatuus* call'd *Gallantry*; you believed me to be an Enemy to your *Glory*, and thought a Son of *Mars* ought to despise the *Counsel* that came from so cowardly a Principle
as

as *Discretion*. I own indeed you took the *direct* Road to get a Marechal's *Button*; but alas, where one Man arrives to his Journey's *End*, how many thousand *drop short* by the Way! In my Opinion now, a Man that sets Honour always *before* his Eyes, ought now and then to look *behind* him, and reflect upon the Dangers that attend it. You Gentlemen in *Red*, think a Man is only born to be *knock'd* in the Head; but we, of a more peaceable *Cloath*, are well enough content to be *disappointed* of those Honours. Now, as I humbly take it, this *fantastick* Idol of yours, this *Spoiler* of fine Shapes, this *Lover* of Blood-shed, Valour I mean, is the greatest *Curse* that a Man can *bring* with him into the World; for which Reason I *thank* my Maker duly every Morning, for not bestowing this *fatal Talent* upon me. To deal plainly with you, I was never any great *Admirer*, either of *Alexander's* or *Cesar's* Glory, which was purchas'd by the *Desolation* of so many flourishing Provinces, and the *Slaughter* of so many innocent Wretches. These, and the like *Calamities*, have too long over-run all *France*; but now their Reign is *over*, the Lord be praised, and we shall see *no more* of them; for I must once more tell you, tho' I *displease* you never so much, that the *Peace* is concluded, and that I have no other *War* now to apprehend for you, but that which your *Mistress* is resolv'd to *declare* against you at your Return.

Yesterday I, and four of my Friends, enter'd *Fontarabia*, where the late Prince of *Conde* cou'd not get Entrance at the Head of ten Thousand Men. *Mistake* me not, Sir, as if I told you this, with an Intention to magnify my *Bravery*: No 'tis one of the *blessed* Effects of the *Peace*. And to *convince* you, that 'tis so with us, I must inform you, that we live in the strictest *Amity* imaginable with those worthy Gentlemen the *Spaniards*, who are not such *ill-favoured* Devils, as we us'd to *paint* them, but treat us with *Rosa Solis*, *Wine*, and *Chocolate*, as lovingly as if we had tumbled in the same *Belly* with them, and not a Soldier of their Nation been *killed* in any of the late Actions. They are a *civil*, well-bred People, as I hope to be *sav'd*; and the Duce take me if I don't love them heartily, because they carry no
Gall

Gall or *Rancour* about them: Not but that you may hear them *complain* now and then, one of having lost a *Sen* another a *Brother*, and another a *Relation*, either in *Flanders*, *Catalonia*, or *Italy*. But this is nothing, the *complaining* Fit is soon over with them; and to *repair* the *Losses* they have sustain'd, wou'd be *content* with all their *Hearts*, that a sufficient Number of our *ablest* *Troops* were sent into *Spain* to beget as many *Children* upon their *Women*, as they lost *Soldiers* in the *War*. All our *Politicians* here are of *Opinion*, that this in one of the *principal* *Articles* of the *Treaty*; and that, for this *Purpose*, abundance of the *ablest* *Mathematicians* in *Europe* will be employed to *compute* how many Men the *Spaniards* have lost, to a single *Centinel*, since the *Falling out* of the two *Nations*. As for me, I think it the most *reasonable* *Proposal* in the *World*; and since I have not had the *Honour* to be employ'd by his *Majesty* in his *Wars*, am very willing to serve him upon this *Occasion*, for which *Reason* I will use all my *Interest* at *Court* to procure me a *Company* in one of these *Regiments*.

Well, certainly this is the merriest Country in the *Universe*. The *Children* here can *dance* before they can *speak*, and cry for a *Guitarre* more impatiently than they do for the *sucking Bottle*. Their *Mirth* begins with their *Life*, and never concludes but with it: Nay, their very *Priests* have their *Share* of it, as well as the rest of their *Flock*; and I have observed, that at all their *Weddings* and *Merry-makings*, the *Parson* is the Man who constantly leads up the *Dance*. But of all their *commendable* *Customs*, that which I *most* love them for, and all the *World*, in my *Opinion* ought to imitate, is, that there is a *Probationship* here in chusing a *Wife*, as well as in taking the *Monastick State* upon one. After they have *consummated* for a *Twelvemonth* together, if *Joan* doth not love *John's Abilities*, or *John* is scandaliz'd at *Joan's Capacity*, they are at *Liberty* to *part*; and a young *Wench* that has had half a *Dozen* such *Husbands* one after another, carries her *Head* as high as the *modestest* She in the *Parish*, and no body dare say *black* is her *Eye*. Well! how happy a *Place* would *France* be, were this *righteous Fashion* observed in all its *Provinces*.

Before

Before I conclude this Letter, give me Leave to acquaint you with an odd Accident that has happen'd upon these Coasts, and which perhaps may not be improper to recount to you. Not many Days ago a poor Whale, having heard without Question, that the Peace was concluded between the two crowns, and possess'd with a laudable Curiosity to see two Nations *united*, which had so miserably infested one another in the late War, *imagin'd* he might come into these Seas, without any *Detriment* or *Molestation* to his Princely Person; for which Reason he left his *native* Shores of *Norway* or *Greenland*, to *assist* at so illustrious a *Reconciliation*, and carry the *happy* News throughout *Neptune's* Dominions: But the *unworthy* Tars of this Place, who understand neither *Rhime* nor *Reason*, having no regard to the Articles of *Peace*, nor yet to the Rules of *Hospitality*, that are every where *sacred*, no sooner saw this high and mighty Potentate *appear* upon their Coasts, but like a Parcel of Rascals, without any formal *Declaration* of War, or the least *Affront* from his *Northern* Highness, they attack'd him with all the *Posse* of the River, not considering that *two* to *one* is every where *odds*, as well by Water as Land, *mann'd* out a hundred Boats against him, and brought him in a *triumphant* Manner into the Harbour. You know how *corrupt* the Courts of *Admiralty* are over all *Christendom*, and what little *Respect* is paid to the *Law* of *Nations*, where the *longest* Sword puts in its Pretensions. In short, they declar'd him *good Prize*, and made a *Present* of him to Cardinal *Mazarine*, who either out of good *Husbandry*, because he knew it would require so many *Tuns* of *Butter* to fry him in, or for some other *Reason* best known to himself, wou'd not keep him, but sent him to *Don Louis de Haro*, who out of *Revenge*, sends his Excellence every Week two Mules laden with Ice— But I have *trespass'd* too much upon your *Patience*. Send me Word in your next, when we may *expect* you in these Parts; and be assur'd that none of your *Friends* wishes your coming with more *Impatience*, than

Your most humble, &c.

St. John de Luz:

A Panegyrick upon Cardinal *de Richelieu*.
in a Letter of Monsieur *de Voiture*.

The A R G U M E N T.

Monsr. Perrault, in his Parallele des Modernes, opposes this Letter to Pliny's famous Panegyrick upon Trajan. I must confess 'tis very handsomely written; but I believe that none but so great a Bigot for his Country as Perrault, would have ventur'd to make the Comparison.

 A M not one of those as you would seem to insinuate, that love to improve all my Lord Cardinal's Actions into Miracles, and carry his Praises beyond their due Bounds; and while they would make the World believe well of him, sacrifice all Regard to Credibility. On the other Hand, I am not of that base detracting Temper, as to hate a Man merely because he is above the rest of the World; neither will I suffer my self to be carried away by popular Prepossessions, which, I know, generally speaking, to be unjust. I consider him with the same Eyes, with which Posterity will behold him. And certainly two hundred Years hence, when those who look upon him after us, shall read in our History, that the great *Cardinal de Richelieu* demolish'd *Roche*, confounded the *Hereticks*, and by one single Blow took thirty or forty of their Cities all at once; when they shall come to find, that in the Time of his Ministry, the *English* were beaten and repuls'd, *Pignerol* conquer'd, *Casal* reliev'd, *Lorrain* join'd to our Crown, the greatest Part of *Alsatia* reduc'd under our Subjection, the *Spaniards* defeated at *Vellaine* and *Aven*; I say, when they shall find that while he presid'd over our Affairs, *France* had not one Neighbour, over whom she did not gain some important Victory or Town: If they have the least Drop of *French* Blood in their Veins, and any Love for the Honour of

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their Country, can they read these things without having a great *Affection* for him? Do you think they will *love* or *esteem* him the less, because in his Time the *Payments* of the Town-Hall came in somewhat of the *slowest*? Or because some new *Offices* were erected? *Great* Things cannot be done without a great *Expence*; and to *cramp* 'em for want of *Money*, is to maim their Execution. But if we are to look upon a Kingdom as immortal, and to consider the *Advantages* it will reap in *future* Ages, as if they were *actually present*; let us compute how many *Millions* this Man, whom they pretend to have ruin'd *France*, has sav'd her, by the bare taking of *Rochel*; which Town, two thousand Years hence, in all the *Minorities* of our Kings, upon every Discontent of the Nobility, and upon all Occasions of Revolting, would most certainly have *rebell'd*, and oblig'd us to a perpetual *Expence*. Our Kingdom had only two Enemies to fear, the *Huguenots* and the *Spaniards*. My Lord *Cardinal* no sooner enter'd upon Affairs, but he immediately resolv'd to ruin both. Was it possible for him to form more *Glorious* or more *Advantageous* Designs? He has happily effected the one, but has not compleated the other. However, if he has fail'd in his first Design, those that now *cry out*, that it was a rash, unseasonable *Resolution* to pretend to attack and humble the *Power* of *Spain*, and that *Experience* had sufficiently shewn it; yet would they not have been as forward to *condemn* his Design of ruining the *Huguenots*? Would not they have told us, that he ought not to have *embark'd* in an Enterprize, wherein three * of our *Kings* had successively *miscarry'd*; and which the † late *King* did not so much as think of? And would they not have concluded as *falsely* as they do in this other Affair, that the thing was not *faisable*, merely because it was not already done? But let us consider, I beseech you, whether 'twas his or *Fortune's* Fault, that he has not as yet *accomplish'd* this Design: Let us see what *Method* he took to effect it, and what *Engines* he set on Work: Let us examine whether he has *fail'd* much of *felling* that mighty *Tree*, the House of *Austria*; and has not shaken the very *Root* of that *Trunk*,

* *Francis II. Charles IX. Henry III.* † *Henry IV.*
whose

whose two Branches cover'd the *North* and the *West*, and overshadowed the rest of the *Earth*. He went as far as the *Northern Pole*, to find out that * *Heroe*, who seem'd predestinated to lay the *Ax* to it, and bring it to the *Ground*. It was his *Address*, join'd with this *Thunder*, which fill'd all *Germany* with Fire and Desolation, whose Noise was heard by all the World; but when this *Tempest* was dispers'd, and Fortune had turn'd away the impending Blow, did he stop short in his Course, or cease his *Designs* for this? And did he not bring the *Empire* lower than it had been by the Losses of *Leipsick*, and that of *Lutzen*? His *Dexterity* and good *Conduct* rais'd us all on a sudden, an Army of forty Thousand Men in the Heart of *Germany*, with a *General* at the Head of them, who was Master of all the great *Qualities* that are necessary to bring about a Revolution in any State. If the King of *Sweden* threw himself farther into Danger, than became a *Person* of his Design and Rank; and if the Duke of *Fridlandt*, by over-delaying his *Enterprize*, suffer'd it to take Air, and be discover'd; was it possible for the *Cardinal*, either to charm the Bullet which kill'd the former in the midst of his Victory, or render the latter impenetrable to the Blows of a *Partisan*? And if after this dismal Blow, to compleat the Ruin of our Affairs, the *Generals* who commanded the Armies of our Allies before *Norlingen*, gave Battle at an unseasonable Time, was it possible for the *Cardinal*, who was above two thousand Leagues from the Spot, to change this Resolution, and stop the unadvised *Rashness* of those, who for an *Empire* that would have been the certain Price of a Victory, would not stay three Days longer? Thus, you see it was impossible to save the House of *Austria*, and hinder the Execution of the *Cardinal's* Designs, which some People pretend were so rash, had not Fortune wrought three surprizing Miracles, that is to say, three great Events, which in all Probability would never happen; I mean the Death of the King of *Sweden*, that of the Duke of *Fridlandt*, and the Loss of the Battle of *Norlingen*. You will tell me he has no Reason to complain of Fortune for crossing him in this, since she had

* He means Gustavus Adolphus.

serv'd him so faithfully in all his other Designs; since she put Places into his Hands, without so much as laying Siege to them; since by her Favour he commanded Armies successfully, without the least Experience to direct him; since she conducted him always as it were by the Hand, brought him safe out of the greatest Precipices, upon which he had thrown himself, and made him frequently appear bold, wise, and foreseeing, without any Merit on his Side: Let us therefore behold him in his evil *Fortune*, and examine if even then he shewed less Boldness, Wisdom, and Foresight. Our Affairs were in no very good Posture in *Italy*; and as it is the Destiny of *France* to gain Battles and lose their Armies, ours was exceedingly diminished ever since the last Victory we had gained over the *Spaniards*. We had not much better Luck before *Dole*, where the Length of the Siege made us apprehend its ill Success, when we received Advice that the Enemy had enter'd *Picardy*; that they had, at the first Onset, taken *Capille*, *Castelet*, and *Corbie*: and that these three Places, which ought to have stopp'd them so many Months, scarce held them eight Days. All was in Fire and Ashes to the Banks of the River *Oise*: We might behold from our Suburbs the Smoke of the Villages which the Enemy had burnt. All the World was alarm'd at this sudden Progress; and the *Capital City* of our Kingdom was in the highest Consternation. In the midst of these Calamities, Advice came from *Burgundy*, that the Siege of *Dole* was raised, and from *Xantoigne*, that Fifty Thousand *Peasants* were up in Arms, and that 'twas feared the *Infection* would soon spread it self in *Poitou* and *Guienne*. Ill News came pouring upon us from all Parts; the whole Face of Heaven was overcast; the *Tempest* invaded us on every Side; and we had not the least Prospect of good Fortune to support us in these *Extremities*; we could not see through the least Hole. But in all this Darkness did the *Cardinal* see less clear than at other times? Did he lose either his *Judgment* or *Resolution*? And during this *Tempest*, did he not always keep his *Rudder* in one Hand, and his *Compass* in the other? Did he call out for the *Long-boat* to save himself? And if the great Vessel which he steer'd was destin'd to be cast

cast away, did he not shew that he was the first Man that resolved to perish? Was it Fortune that deliver'd him out of this *Labyrinth*, or his own *Prudence* and *Magnanimity*? Our Enemies were within fifteen Leagues of *Paris*, and his were in the Town: He receiv'd daily Advice, that Cabals were held, and Designs form'd to ruine him. *France* and *Spain* were, if I may so express my self, join'd in a *Conspiracy* against him alone. Now amidst all these threatening Concurrences, in so dreadful and black a Conjunction, how did this Man look, who they pretended would be cast down upon the least ill Success? And who as they gave out, had fortify'd *Havre de Grace* on purpose to make it a Place of Retreat in Case of any Disaster? He does not go one Step backward for all this: He is taken up with the Dangers of the State, and not his own: And all the Alteration we could observe in him at this time, was, that whereas he never us'd to go abroad without two hundred Guards before, he now walk'd out every Day only attended by five or six Gentlemen. All the World must own, that an *Adversity* supported by so good a *Grace*, and with so much *Bravery*, is much to be prefer'd even to *Victory* and *Prosperity* it self. He did not appear to me so great and victorious, even when he made his Entry into *Rochel*, as then; and the daily Visits he made to the *Arsenal* were, in my Opinion, more glorious to him than his famous *Expedition* on the other Side the Mountains, when he took *Pignerol* and *Susa*. Therefore let me conjure you to open your Eyes, and to prepare you for beholding so bright an Object, lay aside your *Aversion* to the Man, who is so happy in revenging himself on his *Enemies*; and cease to wish ill to him, who knows how to turn it to his Glory, by behaving himself so undauntedly under it. Leave your Party, before they leave you, as a great Part of his *Enemies* have done, that were converted by the last Miracle they saw him perform. If the *War* comes to be concluded, as there is Reason to hope it will, he'll soon find a Way to gain the rest over to his Side. Being so wise as he is, he must certainly know, after so much Experience, what is best for us, and will turn all his Designs to make us the most flourishing People in the

World, after he has made us the most *formidable*. He will content himself with an Ambition, which is to be preferr'd before all others, and is practis'd but by few; I mean, to make himself the best and most belov'd Man in the Kingdom, and not the greatest and most fear'd. He knows that the most noble and most lasting Conquests are those of *Hearts* and *Affections*; that *Laurels* are barren *Plants*, that afford nothing more than *Shades*, and are not to be compar'd with the *Harvest* and *Fruits* with which *Peace* is crown'd. He *considers*, that it is nothing near so *meritorious* to *enlarge* the Limits of a Kingdom a *hundred* Leagues and better, as to *lessen* our Taxes Twelve-pence in the Pound; and that there is less *Grandeur* and real *Glory* in defeating an Hundred Thousand Men, than leaving twenty Millions in their Ease and Security.

Thus this *mighty* Genius, which has hitherto been solely *employ'd* in contriving and raising Funds for the Support of the War, in raising Recruits, taking Cities, and gaining Battles, will for the future wholly busy himself in establishing *Peace*, *Wealth*, and *Plenty*. The same Head which was delivered of a *Pallas* in Armour, will shew us the Goddess with her *Olive Tree*, peaceable, gentle, and learned, accompanied with all those Arts which generally march along with her. He will publish no more new *Edicts*, but such as may serve to restrain *Luxury*, and promote *Trade*. Those great *Vessels* that were built to carry our *Arms* beyond the *Streights*, shall for the future only conduct our Merchant-men, and keep the Sea open: And we shall have no more War but with the *Algerines*. Then the Enemies of my Lord *Cardinal* shall not be able to speak, as hitherto they have not been able to act against him: Then the Citizens of *Paris* shall be his Guards, and he will be convinc'd how much more *pleasing* and *satisfactory* it is to hear his *Praises* in the Mouth of the People, than in that of the *Poets*. But I beseech you not to keep out till this happens, and stay not to be his Friend till you are forc'd to be so: But if you are resolved to persist in your Opinion, I shall not pretend to use any Violence to make you leave it. However, be not so unjust as to take it ill that I have defended my own, and
I free-

I freely promise you to read over whatever you think fit to write to me by way of Answer, when the *Spaniards* have retaken *Corbie*. I am,

Your most Obedient Servant,

VOITURE.



Diverting Billets to LADIES.

A Billet from a Lady to the Author, wherein she desires him to carry her to see the Lion and Tiger.

 F what you have swore to me a Hundred Times, be true. that is to say, if you are so much my *Humble* Servant, as you pretend, so soon as you have dined, you'll come to our House, and carry me and my Sister to see the *Lion* and the *Tiger*, and some other odd *Curiosities* that are lately come to Town. How great your Stock of *Courage* is, I can't tell; but if you are not a rank *Coward* indeed, you'll be glad of the Opportunity to be Master of the *Ceremonies* to us, and conduct us into the Presence of the aforesaid outlandish Gentlemen. Thus I have given you a fair Occasion of *diverting* me, without putting you to any great Expence. Judge then, whether I am not the kindest Woman upon Earth, since I am willing to be *oblig'd* to you for so *small* a Trifle.

The ANSWER.

TIS but reasonable, Madam, you should go and pay a Visit to two such near Relations as those you mentioned in your Billet; and God forbid that I should hinder you from discharging your Conscience in so *necessary* a Point. Yes, Madam, I will certainly wait on you after Dinner, and not lose the *Satisfaction* of attending you to an *Interview*, where, no doubt on't, there will be a World *Caresses* and *tender* things on both Sides. If *Sympathy* is the Mother of *Friendship*, I am

confident the *Tiger* and your *Ladyship* will be Hand and Glove, and strike up the strictest *Alliance* that ever was known. I fancy 'twill be a most *pleasant* Sight to see those two savage Creatures *humble* themselves before you, *lick* your Hands and Feet, give you a gentle *Squeeze* by the Arm, and tell you in their *Language*, that since you are a Hundred times more a *Lioness* and *Tiger* than they, 'tis but reasonable they should own you for their lawful and rightful *Queen*: So that Madam, tho' both these Animals are let *loose* about the Room, I shall have nothing to fear from them while you are there: Or if they have never so much a Mind to make a *Meal* of my Carcase, yet you may easily conjure them by the *Friendship* that is between you; or, to express my self more properly, you may command them by the *Authority* you have over them, not to deprive you of the *Glory* of my Death: For in short, Madam, it will be a most horrid *Shame*, if their *Teeth* and *Paws* pretend to invade the Office of your Eyes. Therefore, be assured my *Cowardice* will not hinder me from seeing this Shew, since I will have your Company thither.

A Billet from the same Lady. *She desires him to write a few Lines in Answer to a Copy of Verses she had received from a Lover.*

I Here *unsay* all the angry things I said to you last Evening. You are good for something, I must own; nay, now and then I cannot be without so *necessary* a Gentleman as your self. If I *lose* you for good and all, I shall *lose* the better Part of my *Diversions*; and as *cheerful* as I am in my Temper, I believe *sincerely* in my Conscience, that I should at least *lament* you three Hours by the Clock. I dare lay any *Wager* with you, that you are not Conjuror enough to *divine* why I sweeten and colloque with you so *furiously* this Morning. Know therefore, that I want your Assistance to answer four of the finest, prettiest Stanza's I ever saw, sent me this Morning by a worthy Gentleman, who swears and vows he loves me *better* than his Eyes. Let me *die* if any thing can be *tenderer*. Therefore invoke me the Aid of that *Familiar* your *Muse*, and employ all your Wit to answer them, so that

that both the Gentleman and I may be satisfied: Otherwise I revoke all the *obliging* things I bestowed upon you in the Beginning of this *Epistle*.

The ANSWER.

M A D A M,

YOU fancy, I perceive, that you have said abundance of *complaisant* things to me in your Letters; but the Duce take me if either I do or will *believe* a Syllable of the Matter. Set your Hand now to your Heart, and tell me in sober *Sadness*, whether you made me a *mighty* Compliment in treating me like your *Confident*, when you ought to have treated me like your *Lover*. A wonderful *Favour* indeed, to desire me to write a Copy of Verses, and all to please a *Rival*, whom I wish at the *Devil*. Well, for this once, Madam, I am resolv'd to *disobey* your Orders. My Muse is too young at present to set up for a *Goer-between*; and without Vanity, deserves a better Employment than what you would recommend to her. I keep her in my Service only to assist me in my *Amours*; and should I ask her to do any thing else, I am sure she would deny me. Therefore, Madam, you must e'en answer your Gallant your self; and the next time you want a *Confident*, pray employ any one else but,

Yours, &c.

A Billet from the same Lady. She *ra'llies* him for playing the *whining Lover* and sends him his Heart again.

I Begin to be Dog-weary of hearing you *complain* of your ill *Destiny* so often. Your Letters as well as your Conversation run eternally upon this nauseous strain, though I have told you a hundred times, that this is not the way to *win* me. However, you chuse rather to *displease* me, than leave off this unfashionable way of Courtship. If you are resolv'd to play the *Milk-sop* still, let me intreat you to shew it elsewhere, and not before me. In short, if restoring the *insignificant* Trifle your Heart to you, will secure me from all farther Persecutions of this

Nature, take it again a God's Name, for I no longer pretend to it, since 'tis not fit for my Purpose.

The ANSWER.

MADAM,

YOU shew your good Nature with a Witness, to send me my Heart back, after you have us'd it so scurvily above six Weeks. Is this then your way of *requiting* those that *serve* you? Who do you think will receive it in the blessed Condition you have brought it to? No, Madam, e'en keep it to your self, 'tis your own proper *Chattel*, and no body but you has a Title to it. Once more let me tell you, 'twas not *handsomely* done of you to send it home in so wretched a Pickle. *Mangled* as it is, *burnt* to Tinder, what Woman alive will *entertain* it in her Service? If you did not like it, you ought in Conscience, Madam, to have *sent* it me back long ago. At the Time when it was *whole* and *cheerful*, (and such a one it was when I first made you a *Present* of it) I could have found *Mistresses enough* that would have been glad to *receive* it: But since you have so *disfigur'd* it, that I my self hardly know it, you are bound in Honour to look after it, and suffer its *Infirmities*, since you have been the *Occasion* of them. Let it complain and *bemoan* it self never so much, you ought to bear with its *Lamentations*. But if they *offend* you, and break your *Repose*, is it not in your Power to make them *cease* when you please? And have I not told you a Thousand times which way you may *silence* them? Come, Madam, put my *Recipe* in Practice, and I give you *free Leave* to send my Heart back again, if after you have try'd that Experiment upon it, you don't find it as full of *Joy* and *Gayety*, as at present 'tis of *Grief* and *Affliction*.

TO CALISTA. *To acquaint her that he's troubled with an Ague.*

I Am up to the Ears in *Love*, Madam, as you know but too well. I have a confounded *Quarrel* upon my Hands, which I suppose is no News to you neither.
Thirdly

Thirdly and lastly, I have a damn'd *Law Suit* to manage, which you cannot be ignorant of, since I have told you of it so often. To compleat my Misfortunes, I wanted nothing but a *Tertian Ague*, or some such Blessing to visit me, which, Thanks to my ill *Destiny*, is come at last to increase the Number of my other *Persecuters*. Considering with what Formality and Circumspection it began to *attack* me, one may lay a *Hundred Pounds* to a *Penny* that it will keep me Company till next Spring. My *Hand* still trembles with the Extremity of my last *cold Fit*, and my *Heart* is almost burnt up with the Violence of my Passion; and what more proper Secretary can there be, than a *freezing Hand* to a *flaming Heart*? As I am naturally of a *gay, merry Temper*, and according to the common Opinion, an Ague always proceeds from *Melancholy*, I can't imagine how it came to single me out of the Herd: For hitherto, whether 'twas owing to my *Insensibility* or *Courage*, I have not been much disturb'd either about my *Law-Suit* or my *Quarrel*. 'Tis a plain Case then, that my *Love* has betray'd me to this *troublesome Companion*. For this Reason, to *deal* plainly with you, I begin to *suspect* you, and fancy that there is a secret *Intelligence* between you and my Disease, and that the Flames you kindled in my *Heart* prepar'd the way for those that now scorch up my *Body*. And will the Queen of my Heart then, to whose Laws it so chearfully submits, lose the Conquests she has made: Interest, one would think, would dictate better Advice to her, and perswade her not to let a barbarous Enemy burn up and *destroy* a Place that belongs to her Empire. Revenge your self, then, Madam, and when your *Hand* is in, revenge me, and turn this Impudent Aggressor out of your *Dominions*. I need not inform you, that this cursed Aggressor I complain of is my *Ague*, that ill-look'd, ill-natur'd, ill-contriv'd *Devil*, that loves to make every one he *possesses* look as villainously as himself, that profess'd *Foe* to Cherry-cheeks, that *Demolisher* of jolly Constitutions, that *Leveller* of Faces, and *Destroyer* of all Mirth. Judge then what will become of my poor *Fortress* in a few Days, if this malicious *Engineer* batters it with his great *Artillery* from above,

above, and at the same time *undermines* it from below. 'Tis true, he lies *idle* every other Day; but a Curse light on him, he does me more Mischief in *three* Hours, than I am able to repair in *threescore*. In short, I expect to have this wicked *Siege* rais'd by none but you; and this 'tis so easy for you to perform, and unless my *Relief* comes immediately, I shall conclude you don't think the *Town* worth *saving*.

To the same Lady. He tells her after what Manner he will receive her when she comes to visit him.

Y O U send me Word, that you intend me a *Visit* this Afternoon; but does your Ladyship well consider what may be the *Effect* on't? Do you think 'tis possible to see so doleful an Object as I am, without paying some little *Tribute* to Pity? Or suppose your *Heart* is *insensible* to all my Sufferings, do you know after what Manner I shall *receive* you, and whether you'll be *pleas'd* with your Entertainment? Well, Madam, that you may not be surpriz'd, I will acquaint you before-hand what sort of a Reception you are to expect from me.

In the first Place, Madam, when you come into the Room, I can't *advance* one Step to meet you, that's positive; but keep my Chair, like the great *Mogul*, or the Great *Turk*, which you please; and the same Ceremony I shall observe at your going away. Then when you have seated your self, instead of *Complimenting* you upon your *Beauty* and *Wit*, those two beloved *Topicks*, which you Women are so pleas'd to hear your *Adorers* expatiate upon, I shall only entertain you with the cruel *Usage* of my Distemper; and tho' you look'd ten times *prettier* than ever I knew you, yet I shall fancy you as *pale* and *yellow* as my self. Perhaps I shall not *speak* a Syllable to you in an Hour, or if I *open* my Mouth, 'twill be only to ask your Ladyship what's good for a Man in my Condition, to complain of my *want* of Appetite, to tell how many Hatfuls of *Jesuits* Powder I have taken to no Purpose, or relate to you what *odd Whimsies* come into my Head when I am in the
Height

Height of my Pain. I shall think I entertain you with a very *notable* Discourse indeed, when I acquaint you that my Disease, by a strange unaccountable *Magick*, carries me, in the Compass of twelve Hours, from the *extreamest* Parts of *Lapland* to *Guienne*; that for the six first Hours I am so *cold*, that a *cloy'd* Lover's Appetite cannot be more, and the six next that follow, I am so *hot*, that all the Water in the *Volga* would not cool me: that I am the Embleme of *Mount-Gibel*, as they say, that is of *Hell*, carrying two *contrary* Extreams about me: That when I *tremble* I make all the *Glass Windows* for two Miles about me clatter; and when I *burn*, one had better cross the *Line* than touch the *least* Part of me. Thus you see, Madam, what a *diverting* Scene you are like to find in my Quarters. As for my *Looks*, you never saw any thing so *ghastly* and *terrible*. My very *Sight* is enough to make a Sexton *tremble*, that has made it his constant Trade to rife the Graves of the *Dead*; nay, fright an *unbelieving* Priest into an *Ague-fit* of *Devotion*. My Physician, that was as rank an *Atheist* as *Vanninus* t'other Day, believes the Existence of *Spirits* already, by the same Token he owes his *Conversion* to me. You may count all the *Teeth* in my Head through my *Cheeks*, and the *Chirurgeons* of the Town bespoke me this Morning, to do them the Honour to represent a *Skeleton* at their Theatre, and suffer one of their Fraternity to read an *Anatomical Lecture* upon me. So you must not be *surpriz'd*, Madam, if I make you a few *scurvy* Faces at your coming in; 'tis no *more* than what I do to all the World; nay, even to my dear beloved *self*, when I behold my *Phys* in the Look-glass. All the *Good* you are like to find by me, is, that my *Hands*, of which you have so often *complain'd*, are grown the *civillest*, quietest Hands in the Universe, and will not give you the least Occasion to *complain* of them. Before *George*, in the *Humour* I am at present, I would *hardly* draw them from under my morning Gown, to play with *Helen's* delicious Bubbies, which undoubtedly were very *commendable* Bubbies; since, in Conjunction with her Face, they made the *Greeks* and *Trojans* deal their handy Blows so *liberal'y* to one another. So now, Madam, I leave you to guess, whether

whether you have any thing to apprehend from me, and whether you will not part *peaceably* from me, without calling me *sawcy rude* Fellow, as you us'd to do. This I must tell you too for your Comfort, that I shall be highly *offended* with you, if you presume to *laugh*, according to your laudable Custom; therefore resolve to disguise the *Gayety* of your Humour for a few Moments, or at least pretend a little *Compassion* for me. Thus I have not only inform'd you what you must expect from me, but how you are to regulate your *Behaviour*, so that if you have any Desire, after all this ghostly Counsel, to visit your *dying* Wretch, you are fully instructed how to manage your self. After all, if you continue your Resolution, I would *advise* you to come to Morrow, for 'tis one of my Days of *Reprieve*.

To Madam the Abbess of——*He gives her an Account of his Indisposition, and how uneasily he passes his Nights.*

TH E Clock has struck *Twelve*, and 'tis now just *six* Hours, *seven* Minutes, and a *Quarter* precisely, since I have been *rowing* and tossing in my Bed, like a poor *Vessel* in the Bay of *Biscay*. All the Family is fast *asleep*, and that young Rascal my Footman *Snores* as heartily as a *Drunkard* after a Debauch. But all this while, that *Epitome* of human *Misery*, your humble Servant is *awake*, and has nothing else to accompany him, but his *Pains* and his *Despair*. 'Tis to no Purpose that I make Vows to *Morpheus*, promise him Sacrifice, and invoke his *Relief*: The *ill natur'd* God is either too fast *asleep* to hear my *Invocations*, or too *tardy* to answer them. Not knowing how to entertain my self better, I built a thousand Castles in * *Spain*; but then again when I soberly consider'd that this was building Castles in a *Prince's* Country, that perhaps won't *thank* me for my Pains, I immediately got up, quitted my *Chimera's* and *Castles*, to write you this Letter, and

* A French Proverb equivalent to ours of building Castles in the Air.

assure you, that I value you more than all the *Princes* and *Emperors* in the World. But under the Rose, Madam, what Emperour deserves to be mention'd the same Month with you? *Augustus*, who was the *honestest* of the whole Pack, had *only* one Daughter, yet was not able to keep her in *good Order*; for several *grave* Historians affirm, that she wou'd *carry* a Stone in her Ear, whether her Father wou'd or no: But Madam, you have at least *forty* Daughters to look after, yet you keep them all in due *Decorum*; and as for your own Conduct, *Envy* it self cannot find the least Flaw in it. Now tell me fairly and squarely, whether ever you cou'd have foreseen that you shou'd be compar'd and preferr'd to *Augustus*, and of all the *Panegyrists* you have known in your Time, whether any of them ever made you so topping a *Compliment*; but Madam, these *extravagant* Thoughts and *high* Flights are *excusable* enough in a sick Man, whose Brains are *addled* by the *vilest* of Distempers. This *curst* Ague has thrown me into a Thousand other *Follies*, that wou'd make you burst your Sides with *laughing*, shou'd I undertake to send you the *compleat* History of them. What will you say then, when I assure you, that I am grown a wonderful *Admirer* of that *venerable* Piece of Antiquity, your *Aunt*? Cou'd you ever have imagin'd, that a sick Man wou'd have long'd for so *dainty* a Morfel? And won't you now agree with me, that an *Ague* gives a Man a very *strange* Appetite? However, what I tell you, is as *true* as that I am now *writing* to you. I have had the Honour to *receiv*e only two Visits from her; but in that short Time have discover'd a thousand *Charms* in her, found her more *witty* than your self, and more *beautiful* than *Calista*. In short, I have felt a certain *Emotion*, which I should christen by the Name of *Love*, were I in Health. You wou'd hardly believe how many *fine*, *tender* Things I promise my self to say to her, and how *assiduous* I design to be about her *ancient* Person, so soon as I am *recover'd*. And yet, perhaps, *Thirsis* when he is *well*, will not follow the Inclinations of *Thirsis* the *sick*, but forgive *Calista* all the *cruel* Raileries she has made both upon his Crutches, and other Misfortunes. Since I have *mention'd* her Name, I may venture to tell you, that

that you are *bound* in Honour to possess that *inhuman* Creature with a *little* of your own good Nature. The *Compassion* you have been pleas'd to express for me, gives me *infinite* Satisfaction: But alas! What a *refreshing* Cordial wou'd it be to me, if my and your *Calista* (for so I must call her, since you bestow'd her upon me) wou'd shew me a little of that obliging *Pity*, which you vouchsafe me daily? At the very Moment when I am writing this, I dare *engage* she sleeps as *profoundly*, as if she had nothing to *answer* for; and that if she *dreams*, her Imagination is making *merry* at my Expence, either *playing* with my Crutches, or *drolling* upon my Paleness. What is *more*, I dare engage that she'll be ready to dye with *laughing*, when she knows I write this Letter at *Midnight*, and that too, when I had so *little* Temptation to write. But let her make her self as *merry* with it, as she pleases, I am *content*, if you will but *take* this Occasion to let her know how *uneasily* I pass my Nights. Above all, lay your *Commands* upon her not to *speak* a Word of it, since it highly *Concerns* you in Point of Reputation to have it kept *private*. 'Tis a *Censorious* World, you know, and who can tell what *strange* Stories malicious People may *raise* of us, when they come to understand, that a Man of my *amorous* Complexion got up at *Midnight*, with no other Design, but to give himself the Pleasure of *entertaining* you? Adieu!

To Madam de H——— Occasion'd by sending a Bed to her in the Country.

I Am not *Prophet* enough, Madam, to foretel whether I have executed my Commission to your *Satisfaction*, though no Care has been *wanting* on my Side, I can assure you: For I employ'd an experienc'd *Woman* of my Acquaintance, to direct me in this Affair, knowing that we *Batchelors* are not so proper Judges of all the good *Qualities* requir'd in a *Bed*, as those that have learnt them by long *Practice*. All our Neighbours that have seen it, like it exceedingly. One said, it was the prettiest *Altar* in the World for a young Maiden-head to be *sacrific'd* upon; Another that it was one of Love's little *Cabarets*,
where

where a Brace of *hungry* Lovers might refresh themselves with a *Bit* from the *Spit*, when they could not tarry till the whole Joint was *matrimonially* served up to them. Although I very well know, that it is not designed for any such *wicked* Purposes, yet I cannot forbear to *envy* the Pleasures it will be *conscious* to, and reflect what a delicious Scene of *Happiness* you and I might act upon it if you would but give your *Consent*. But these are Thoughts you are never *troubled* with, all your *Concern*, at present, being to know how much it *cost*. If I took as much *Pleasure* to make others *uneasy* as you do, I should leave you in *Suspense* a Month or two longer, and not clear it to you till I came down into the Country: But as I am not *revengeful* in my Temper, be pleas'd to know, that for all it appears so *magnificent* and *stately*, I bought it with the *Money* you gave me; and as for the *overplus*, I fairly laid it out upon a very *fine* Counterpane, for which I pretend that you are very much *oblig'd* to me. Consider then, Madam, that if I have been so trusty a Manager of your *Purse*, how much *better* Manager should I be of a more precious *Cabinet*, if you thought fit to trust me with it? Besides, I must take the Freedom to tell you, that I am in some sort a *Benefactor* to your Repose; and I may without Vanity affirm, that by my *Means*, a certain Person *sleeps* at her Ease, that disturbs the Quiet of so many People. But I am afraid that this *Vanity*, and a small *Compliment* from you, will be all the *Reward* I shall receive for the *Pains* I have taken. Not but that if you were inclin'd to do me *Justice*, this Bed might easily *enable* you to *pay* the Debt you *owe* in this Affair. Could I have found ever a *Conjurer* in this Part of the World, before I had sent down the Bed to you, I would have brib'd him to *inchant* it in so strange a manner, that I might have *revell'd* in your Arms, yet your Husband have known nothing of the Business, and you not slept a Wink in it, 'till I came to prescribe Love's *Opiate* to you. How glad would I have been to have purchas'd so *valuable* a Charm as this, at any *Rate*! And how would I have hugg'd the *honest* Magician, that could have help'd me to it! But no such *Conjurer* was I *able* to find, after all my *Enquiry*, so that I was forc'd to send
you

you the Bed in its true *primitive* State, without any other *Charms*, than what all other Beds in the World may as well *pretend* to. I mean the *Faculty* of making People sleep *comfortably*, when Nature calls upon them. Take your Belly-full of it there, Madam; you have my free leave for it; but when the *Domestick* Animal, that lies by your Side, *wakes* you to perform Love's *Mattins*, in that *critical* Moment, *think* ('tis the *smallest* Favour you can grant me) oh! *think* upon

The Languishing THIRSI.

To four Ladies, with whom the Author was in Love at the same Time.

I Think I have given you a *plain Proof*, that I am as much in Love with you, as 'tis *possible* for a Man to be, since I can *afford* to write to you at a Time, when I *suffer* as much as ever poor Fellow suffer'd. Upon mentioning my *Pain*, I fancy you'll at first suspect it to be *another* sort of a Distemper than really it is: In the next Place I am *afraid* you'll think my Letter *contagious*, and for that Reason refuse to read it; but, Ladies, as I hope to be happy in the Embraces of you all four, there's no Danger in't. My Distemper, in short, is nothing but the *Tooth-ach*; and for that slight Indisposition, which you charged me to have gotten in *Spain*, and I so often *deny'd*, suppose it were true, it wou'd have been so effectually *cur'd* by this Time, that it ought not to hinder you from *keeping* a Correspondence, with me upon that Score. No, Ladies, you need not fear any *Infection*, by reading my Letter. If 'twere possible for you to catch my *Disease* that Way, since *Love* and the *Tooth-ach* generally go together, you might, perhaps catch Part of my *Love*; mind me, Ladies, I say, *Part* of my Love; for should you catch it all, 'twould *scorch* you to Death; for I swear to you, I have the most *ardent* Affection for you all four, which I ever felt. And now methinks, I hear you *cry* out, that a *divided* Heart is not worth a Farthing; and that a Man that loves *more* Women than *one*, loves *none* at all. This, perhaps, may be *justly* enough said of your
puny

puny Gallants, that have not *Heart room* enough to lodge more than one *Phillis* at a Time: But, Ladies, my *Heart* is of a prodigious *Capacity*, and will contain you all four with the greatest *Ease* in the World, and that so *commodiously*, that you need not jostle or elbow one another. In short, without being guilty of *Infidelity* to any one of you, I will love you all four both in *general* and in *particular*. Did you but know what strange *Emotions* and *Wambling* of *Bowels* I feel within me, as often as I think on the *Tears*, feigned or real, which you were pleased to *shed* at my Departure you'd be satisfy'd that I interpret them to my *Advantage*. As often as I reflect upon that *melancholly* Farewell, so full of *Tenderness* and Concern, I am Coxcomb enough to flatter my self, that I am seriously and heartily beloved by you all four: And while I am possess'd with this Contemplation, I am ready to run *mad*, that I was so unhappy a Dog as not to know this *good Fortune* of mine before I parted from you, that I might have made my *Advantage* of it while I was at—But since I have receiv'd no *Pleasure* by it as yet, I am resolv'd to make my self some Amends by *boasting* of it; for you may swear I'll not be *silent* of the Honour I had of seeing four Pair of the finest Eyes in Christendom weep, when I took my leave of them. In short, I relate this History to all I meet, Men, Women, and Children, that will give me the hearing; in which Number you may safely include a World of *pretty* Ladies, who already begin to *lend* me their Ear. If hereafter they shall think fit to lend me any thing else, I will make all you four my *Confidants*, and send you a *punctual* Account of it. At the same time, Ladies, I must intreat you to send me the *News* of your Parts, as likewise to love me a little, or, at least, to make me *believe* you do. For a *Proof* of this, I expect you should all four *kiss* the Bottom of this Letter where my *Name* is writ. Tho' I am so many Miles distant from you, yet I see as plain as my Hand, Mrs. *Mary* and Mrs *Betty* going to do it; but as for Mrs. *Letitia* and Mrs *Honour*, they scruple at the Business, and make wry Faces; however, I know they'll come to't at last to oblige a Friend ——— So, so, now *all* of you have done it. But, Ladies, a *Word* before

before parting; For God's sake, not a Syllable of this to your Husbands, or any one else; for we must expect a terrible Noise indeed, should it be known that you *kiss'd*,

Ladies,

Your most Humble and
Obedient Servant.

To the Fair———*A Letter of Gallantry.*

ALtho' my Love parted from you last Night in a great Passion, yet as for my self, Madam, I swear to you I went away very well *satisfy'd*. 'Tis a peevish, froward Child that's certain, and has strong Humours with him. When you have *granted* him one Favour, the young Son of a Whore *demand*s another, and another after that, and so on to the *End* of the Chapter, that is to say, till you have granted him the last Favour of all. But I preached all Night to the squalling Puppy, that he had Reason enough to be satisfied, representing to him how that languishing Softness he saw in your Eyes, those tender Words interrupted by so many Sighs, that feeble Resistance attended with so much Transport and Emotion, were sufficient Proofs you were not angry with him, but wou'd *content* his Longing one of these Days. Then, to refresh the young Rascal's Memory I reminded him what an agreeable *Disorder* you were in all the while, by the same Token you hardly *knew* what you did, or what was done to you. Lastly, I gave him Reasons to hope, that at our next favourable Meeting, he should have no Occasion to complain. In short, to appease the Child, I pass'd my Word for you, so he *quietly* took a Nap, and still continues very *orderly*. Therefore, Madam, I must conjure you to be assisting to me, that I may keep my Promise to him; for this little *God*, in Case he's disappointed, will lay about him like a *Devil*, and prove a greater *Thorn* in your Side, than

Your most importunate Lover.

To

To Madam de B — The Author excuses himself for not writing a Love-Letter for her, as she desired him.

THE last Time I had the Honour of your Company, you were pleased to enjoin me two different things. The former I now acquit my self of, in sending you the Gloves you desired me to buy for you; but as for the Love-Letter you commanded me to write, let me die, Madam, if it's in my Power to obey you. Not but that I have used all imaginable Endeavours to bring it about. Upon my Word now I have harass'd and teaz'd my poor Head beyond Expression, and all to dictate me a few fine Compliments, in order to give you this small Satisfaction; but this Head of mine is the most perverse, fantastical Head in Nature; and when I have most need of his Assistance, is then sure to play me the scurviest Tricks. In short, 'tis a giddy, hair-brained Rambler, and so great an Enemy to all Constraint whatever, that when my Heart honestly advis'd him t'other Morning to obey your Orders, I must, replies he, be as implicit a Slave as thou art, to do every thing that is order'd me; but Thanks to Heaven, and my own good Conduct, I am free, and will obey no body but my self. Hark you me Friend, cries my Heart to him, you are Blockhead for calling me Slave, I will maintain it before all the World, that it is an Honour to obey Calista, and little less than Rebellion to dispute the meanest of her Orders. What! an Honour to be a Slave, says my Heart in a Fury; you may preach up the Merit of Passive Obedience as long as you please, but 'tis a Doctrine I shall never swallow; for know I am a Republican in my Nature, and declare against all Tyranny whatever. And how! darest thou call Calista a Tyrant, says my Heart, she whose Goodness is equal to her Beauty, and who, if she delighted in making Conquests, might drag all Mankind after her triumphant Chariot? If she tramples upon the Liberties of a freeborn People, replies my Head, if she sees her Subjects suffer without endeavouring to save them, if she keeps up a standing Army of little Cupids in her Eyes contrary to Nature's Magna Charta, all which is undeniably true, why then I positively affirm, that

that *she's a Tyrant, and ought not to be obey'd in her arbitrary Injunctions.*

You'll be surpriz'd, Madam, without Question, to hear that I am plagu'd with such *intestine* War within me; and perhaps, having never heard 'till now, that the *Head* and *Heart* can be of two different Factions, you may question the *Sincerity* of this Relation. But, Madam, I once more assure you 'tis *true*; and what will more *amaze* you, this *Heart* of mine became your *Slave* chiefly through the wicked *Insinuations* and Counsels of my *Head*, which was eternally telling it how gentle and good condition'd a *Mistress* you were, and by that Means engag'd it to part with its *Liberty*. But after it had once prevail'd with my *poor Heart* to surrender up its *Freedom* to you, like a malicious *Traytor* as it is, it *refus'd* to follow its Directions, pretending that it wou'd always continue *free*; lest it might believe it ow'd you any manner of *Service*, and to give you a Proof of it, positively refus'd to write the Love-Letter you demanded of me. Pardon me therefore Madam, if I cannot obey you upon this Occasion; and be assured that my *Heart* utterly disproves this *Obstinacy* of my *Head*, condemns its *Rebellion*, and will dispute the *Glo-ry* of being entirely yours, with the *proudest Heart* in the Universe.

And now, Madam, may I be so bold as to ask you your Opinion of this Letter? Is it not a *nonparelle* in its Kind? And is it possible to write any thing more *extravagant*? I dare not pretend to determine beforehand how you will relish it; but if 'tis so happy as to contribute to your *Diversion*, I shall be infinitely pleased with my Performance, since to *satisfy* you is the greatest Satisfaction that can be to,

Your most Faithful
and Obedient Servant.

To Madam de L——— *A Billet written one Morning when the Author had taken Physick.*

I Know you are in Town, and am impatient to see you; and yet, as ill Stars will have it, cannot *satisfy* this Impatience. What vexes me most, is, that I am asham'd

Calista bathing her Self



to acquaint you with the Reason. All I dare tell you at present, is, that 'tis an absolute incontrollable *Reason*, which I am forced to submit to in spite of my Teeth; and if I went about to *contradict* it, I should find my self in the wickedest *Disorders* imaginable. Thus I am constrained to obey this *haughty* Tyrant, who, to be free with you, so *imperiously* summons me to dance *Attendance* after him, that he has made me lay down my *Pen* half a Score Times at least while I have been writing this short Epistle. But I hope his Reign will not last above two Hours longer, that so soon as I have din'd I may do my self the Honour to wait upon you, and tell you in Person with what Zeal I am

Yours, &c.

TO CALISTA. *Upon seeing her bathe her self in a River.*

WELL, Madam, all your Tricks and Artifices are to no Purpose. Last Night my good Fortune led me to the happy Place where you were bathing your self; and though I saw a Sight infinitely *finer* than that of *Diana* naked as she was born, yet *Actæon's* cruel Destiny did not attend me. But Madam, if I might ask you a civil Question, why should you take so much Pains to conceal your Beauties? Upon my Word now, I saw nothing like a shameful Part about you; or if I did, 'twas only the Thighs, and *something* else of your Sister and Cousin, which ought to be ashamed to appear in your Presence. The first Doctrine I rais'd from my Text was, that those very Members you give your self so much Trouble to *hide*, are not a jot inferiour to what you expose to common Sight, from whence I drew this Inference, that there are a Thousand pretty Women in the World that have more Reason to hide their Faces, than you have to hide your——Had you lived in that happy Time, when the good Folks of *Syracuse* dedicated a Temple to the fair-buttock'd *Venus*, your Ladyship had certainly been *Goddess* of the Place, every one would have brought his Offering to you, and saluted your plump *Posteriors*, according to the Ceremony there observ'd. Pardon me, Madam, this Quotation is too just and natural
to

to deserve your Censure. As I never beheld any thing in all my Life so *charming* as I beheld you last Evening, I want Expressions to tell you how much I am enslaved by your Beauty. If I were now in my Poetick Vein, I should proclaim to all the World, that the *red-hair'd Charioteer* of the Day, meaning the *Sun*, quitted the Ocean last Evening, where he uses to *solace* himself in the Arms of his beloved *Thetis*, to sport away the Night in that fortunate River where *Calista* was bathing her self. Heavens! how often was it in my Thoughts to plunge Head foremost into the Water after you, and try the Adventure of the Nymph *Salmaci*. But, Madam, as these were the first Motions of my Passion, so they are excusable, because the wisest Philosopher upon Earth is not *Master* of them. The next Moment I made some sober Reflections upon this Design, and must own, I was terribly afraid of you, although you were naked and disarm'd, and carried not that unmerciful Fly-flap about you, with which you use to correct the Insolences of my Hand, when it presumes to touch your Bubbles, or examine the Fringe of your Petticoat. After all, Madam, 'tis more for your Advantage than you are aware of, that I saw you last Evening; for whenever you act the *reserved*, I must own you carry Treasures about you that deserve to be well look'd after, and not exposed to unsanctified Eyes. Having seen the Beauties of your Body, I cannot but approve the Severity of your Soul; therefore you need not quarrel with me for presuming to see you, since it turns so much to your Advantage.

A Billet from CALISTA to the Author. *She is angry with him for not knowing her at a Masquerade.*

YOU are a Man of the least Gallantry that ever was known. I am inform'd, that a Lady in a *Masque*, and who, notwithstanding her Disguise, seem'd to be well shap'd enough, took you aside yesterday from your Company, and said a Hundred obliging things to you, to all which you reply'd so coldly and dully, that she went away very *ill-satisfied* with you. This Lady had an indifferent good *Opinion* of your *Wit* before, and had the Charity to think you might act your Part tolerably well
in

in a Frolick of this Nature; but you have most effectually undeceiv'd her. As this Lady's Sentiments are always the same with mine, don't come to tell me any more Stories of your *Prowess*, for I shall certainly send you back to the Lady in the Masque.

The Author's ANSWER.

BEfore I received your Billet, I was told that you were at the fine Masquerade last Night; nay, that you were the very Person with whom I *discours'd* so long. But why should you think it *strange* that I did not *know* you, you that never spoke four *kind* Words to me in all your Life, and then entertained me with so much seeming *Tenderness*? In short, your *Soul* was infinitely more *disguis'd* than your *Face*, so that had your Masque been off, I should never have been able to know you through so much *Fondness* and good Nature. I should have sworn that my very Eyes *deceiv'd* me, and that it was not *Calista* that talk'd with me. Since I was taken up with these Thoughts, judge you whether all the soft Expressions and Caresses of a Stranger were like to operate with me, and whether I was in a Humour to begin an *Amour* with a Person who seemed to have some wicked Designs upon your Property. Thus you could not but observe with what *Indifference* I entertained you, so that, my dear *Calista*, instead of complaining of me, I think you ought to commend my Fidelity, and from thence conclude, that you have no *Rival* to apprehend.





*Æneas Sylvius's Letters: and his Satire on
the W O M E N of the T O W N.*

A Letter of ÆNEAS SYLVIUS, who was afterwards Pope Pius II. to his Father, about a Bastard Son whom he sent to him.

Æn. Sylv. Oper. p. 513. Edit. Basil.

Y O U sent me word in your last, that you could not tell whether you were to rejoice or grieve at the late *Present* that Providence made me of a Son. For my Part, I see Reason enough for the former, but not the least Pretence for the latter: For tell me, what prettier Sport is there, than for a Man to beget his own Likeness? Or what more refreshing Sight can there be on this Side of Heaven, than to see one's Table well stock'd with Olive-branches? As for my self, without Blushing I own to you, that 'tis an unspeakable Pleasure to me, to find that I have not bestowed my Pains in a barren Soil, and I daily return my Thanks to Heaven for sending me no *cloven Present*, no whimpering filly Girl, but a fine chopping lusty Boy, who will help to divert you and my Mother with his innocent Prattle. Now, Sir, if you took any Satisfaction at my Birth, why should not the Cockles of your Heart dance upon this Occasion? Or why should you not be as well pleased to behold my Picture in a Grandson? But perhaps you'll tell me, that your Conscience is somewhat uneasy, because the poor Child was begotten of Sin, and out of the Pale Matrimony. If the Shoe pinches you there, I must ask you a few civil Questions before we part. Pray, Sir, what Materials was I composed of? As I take it, I am not made of Stone or Iron, or any such unrelent-

unrelenting Ingredients. You begot me true Flesh and Blood; and if I have committed any Crime in making use of my Parts, I'll e'en place it to your Score; for I'll swear I had all the peccant Utensils from you. In the next Place, do but consider how it was with your self at my Years. You know well enough, without my refreshing your Memory for you, that you never lay under the Scandal of a Fumbler. I am your own lawful Son; no Blot to your Family I hope: No *Eunuch*, or any thing like it. Neither am I Hypocrite enough to pretend to more Sanctity than the rest of my Neighbours. I frankly own I have been a Trespasser, a vile abominable Trespasser in my Time; but to my great Comfort *David* and *Solomon* went the same Road before me: And as I am modest in my own Nature, a Curse light on me if ever I desire to be thought holier than King *David*, or wiser than his Son. If 'tis a Sin, it can say Abundance of shrewd things for it self: It can plead Antiquity and Universality, and quote the Lord knows how many Texts out of the new and Old Testament; and to deal plainly with you, I don't believe there's one Man between the two Poles, unless he has a very scurvy confounded Body indeed, that has not at one time or other been guilty of it in Thought or Deed. This Corruption, if it may be call'd a Corruption of a Man to employ his Natural Talent, is of all Countries and Regions: But under the Rose, Sir, why should *Copulation* be treated with such ill Language as generally 'tis? Or why should our *Casuists* so furiously condemn it, since Nature, that never does any thing in vain, has interwoven this Appetite with our very Constitutions, and inspired the whole Creation with an eternal Desire to continue their own Species? But I suppose you'll reply, that there are certain Limits within which 'tis lawful, and that this Action ought never to be done without the Church's Consent. Well, for once, let us take it for granted that a Man ought never to get up and ride without the Priest's Benediction: But how does this mend the Matter? Was there ever any Sin, do you think, committed within the Matrimonial Sheets? I hope, old Gentleman, you'll not advance such false Doctrine as that is. There are

fix'd Rules too for our Eating and Drinking; but what Man in a Thousand is such a slavish Coxcomb as to be confin'd to them? Some whining grave Rascals may tell you they were never guilty of Sin, and demurely wipe their Mouths after they have said it, but I hate all Liars; and since I carry human Infirmities about me, scorn to conceal or deny them: So much for this Point. But because you seem to distrust that other People have had a Finger in the Pye, and would fain be satisfied whether the Child really belongs to me or no; Pray Sir, be pleased to take this short History of the whole Affair. I had been Envoy at *Strasburg* some two Years, and, as it happened, had no great Business upon my Hands, when a Woman, newly arrived from *England*, who had Youth and Beauty enough to please a nicer Palate than mine, chanced to come to the same Inn where I lodged: She spoke the *Italian* Tongue perfectly well, and I had a long Conversation with her in that Language, which was so much the more entertaining to me, because I so little expected to meet one that understood *Italian* in those Parts of the World. In short, what with her Wit and Beauty, she gain'd an absolute Ascendant over my Heart; so that as often as I beheld her, I could not help thinking on the famous *Cleopatra*, who, chiefly with the Gaiety and Charms of her Discourse, made such a Pair of Asses of *Julius Cesar* and *Mark Anthony*. Thought I to my self, who can blame such an inconsiderable diminutive Fellow as I am for doing what the most illustrious Heroes of Antiquity have justified by their own Examples? Sometimes I supported my self by the Precedent of *Moses*, sometimes of *Aristotle*, and sometimes by famous Instances in the Christian Church. To make Short of my Story, I was passionately in Love with this *Belle Tramontane*, and attempted her with all the *Rhetorick* I was Master of. But she, deaf to my Vows and Passion, slighted Protestations; so that for three live long Days (an Age in the Chronicles of *Love*) I found I had made little or no Progress in her Affections. Whether this was the Effect of her *Virtue*, her *Fear*, or *Discretion*, I won't be positive, but am inclin'd to the latter: For as it appeared, she stood in some Awe of the
the

the House, from whom she expected certain Kindnesses.

The fatal Night now approached, and next Morning early she was to pursue her Journey. What *Fears*, what *Apprehensions* reached my Soul, lest the *Quarry* should escape me? I threw my self down at her Feet, embrac'd her Knees, and conjur'd her not to bolt her Door; adding, that in the Silence of the Night I would steal to her Chamber, and give her the last Convictions that I was her most devoted Vassal. She refused to comply with my Desires, stood much upon her *Virtue*, and gave me not the least Hopes of succeeding. I still importun'd her upon the same Chapter, but she still made me the same Answer, and insisted upon her *Virtue*. Well, when all the Family was gone to Bed, said I to my self, shall I see whether the Lady has done as I desir'd her, or no? All Women are Riddles; perhaps she has since thought better of the Matter; and after all, 'tis no great Trouble to try the Experiment. Finding all was hush'd, I grop'd my Way to her Chamber in the dark: The Door was shut, but not bolted; so in I came, rush'd into Bed, and after a little foolish struggling, got Possession of her Body, the Fruit of which Night's Work was this hopeful Boy. This merry Scene befel me about the Beginning of *February*; and nine Months after my dear lovely Bed-fellow, whose Name was *Betty*, dropped in two, and was delivered of the above-mention'd Babe. This Account I had from her own Mouth at *Basil*, where it was my good Fortune to meet with her again. At first I thought she had invented this Story on Purpose to wheedle a Sum of Money out of me, and gave no great Heed to it: But then considering that the Enjoyment of her at *Strasburg* had not cost me a Farthing, but only put me to the Expence of a few foolish Oaths, and so forth, which are easily coin'd in a Lover's Mint, I began to alter my Opinion. She acted before upon a generous Principle of Love, and no indirect or mercenary Ends; therefore, why should I now suspect her Integrity? Besides, the Time and all other Circumstances agreed so well, that I could no longer doubt of what she told me, especially it being a Juncture when she could expect no great Matters from me.

These Reasons induc'd me to believe that the Child was begot by the Sweat of my Brows: Therefore, pray, Sir, take him into your Family, bestow some little *Greek* and *Latin* upon the Rogue, breed him up in the fear of his Maker, and afford him Shelter in a Garret, till he's big enough to find the Way to his Daddy. *Farewell.*



A Satire on the W O M E N of the T O W N.

In a Letter from Æneas Sylvius, afterwards Pope Pius the Second, to Nicolaus of Waterburgh.

I Remember the other Night you were complaining to me, that you were engaged in the pursuit of an Amour, and that your Mind was so taken up, and bound with those amorous Bands, that it was no longer in your Power to set it at Liberty. You owned to me, that the Object of your Passion was neither Maid, Wife, nor Widow, but a Woman; who, as she must be confest extremely beautiful, was yet a mercenary Whore, that for her Price would expose her self to every Chapman. This you told me was that which troubled you, assuring me, that you would willingly cast off this fatal Engagement, but that you were ignorant what Measures to take to regain your Liberty, and dethrone so infamous a Passion. You told me, that though you had applied your self to several Priests upon this Head, yet none of them had discover'd such Remedies for the Evil, as promised you any Hopes of Success. For this Reason you sought of me, and with the most earnest Sollicitations press'd me to furnish some Medicine for your Disease; and that I would point you out the Path by which you might surely make your Escape from so terrible a Conflagration.

I will

I will now comply with your Desires, and will offer you such wholesome Remedies as must effect the Cure, if you will but observe my Prescriptions. Nor shall I be under any Apprehension of the Physician's Foible, provided you will act the obedient Patient with Sincerity; although I am apt to believe that the Medicines which were prescribed by the Priests, did by no means want their Efficacy, if you could but have observed their Directions; but the Course perhaps seemed to you too violent and severe. For when they bid you fly her, exchange not a Word with her, nor suffer your Ears to hear a Word spoken of her, you imagined these new Precepts too hard for mortal Man to obey. With the same Reluctance, a Wretch in a Fever hears his cool Draughts forbid; yet if he designs to recover, he must keep his Physician's Direction. Thus, my dear *Nicolaus*, if you will make your Escape from Love, and regain your wish'd-for Freedom, prepare your self to listen to, and know the Precepts I shall give you.

Know then, that you are now infected with a most dangerous Distemper, and there is no Way of recovering your Health, but by undergoing many *Fevers* and *difficult Operations*. For, my dear Friend, every Man who is in Love is sick; nay, not only sick, but in *Slavery*, and *possess'd* with a perfect *Madness*. I speak of *unlawful Love*; for it is a Virtue, not a Vice, to love God, our Parents, Country, Wife and Children: This is the full State of Health, not that of Sicknefs. Your Case is very different; for you are in the Pursuit of unlawful Love. But tell me, what do you believe this unlawful Love of which we speak, is? The Ancients held him to be a little naked, blind Boy, born of *Venus* and *Vulcan*, with Wings at his Back, and Arrows in his Hands, with which pricking and wounding the Bosoms and Hearts of Men and Women, he infus'd into the Wounds the Ardour of Love. Thus *Virgil*:

Now do I know what 'tis that LOVE we name,
Born among Rocks, from Rhodope he came,
Or Thracian Ismarus, or Garamant extream;
Not from our Race has sprung the fatal Boy,
Who only does our Happiness destroy, &c.

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But this was but the vain Day-Dream of mortal Wights, who walking in the Mist of Ignorance could not arrive at the Truth. Love, as *Seneca* has it in his Tragedies, is *nothing else but a certain Force and great Energy of Mind; a kindly Heat of Youth, beget by Luxury and Idleness, and is nursed and foster'd up by the Ease and Plenty of a flowing Fortune.* This robs a Man of his Understanding, perverts his whole Judgment, stupifies the Senses, and extinguishes the Soul. For when you love a Woman, your Life, your Soul dwells in her, and not in your self. What therefore can be a more wretched State, than not to live while you are alive; or to have the mere Functions of Life, without the Benefit? Than to have the Senses without Sensibility? Than to have Eyes and see not? And Ears, and yet not be able to hear? A Lover is transformed by an unhappy Metamorphosis into another Man; he neither speaks nor acts as he was wont to do. From hence that of *Parmeno* in *Terence* ——— *Ye Gods! says he, what sort of Distemper is this I have got? Are Men used to be changed by Love, that no one can know them to be the same Persons?* The Comick Poet, you find, thinks Love a Disease; nor is his Sentiment without Reason: For *Hippocrates* in *Macrobius* calls *Luxury* (either the Mother or Daughter of Love) a Part of the most desperate Malady. This *Distemper* is generally the Companion of Youth; but it likewise vexes Men of *Middle* and *Old Age*. And by so much is the Disease both the more virulent, dangerous and ridiculous, by how much the Party affected is the more eminent in Knowledge or Years.

Since therefore you are taken Captive by *Love*, and are his Vassal confess'd, know that you are *sick*. But if you are sick, make it your Endeavour to get a Cure: For where is there any Man who is afflicted with a Disease, who would not be cured? Certainly the greater, more virulent and dangerous the Disease is, by so much the more earnest is the Care and Desire of the Patient for a Remedy. Your *Sickness* is great, let your Care of your Recovery be as great. Think, my dear Friend, think in what a Condition you are. You value not your self at all; you are not at all concerned about what-

whatever may befall you; your whole Mind is fixed on your Mistress; her it is you love; she is the Object of your nightly Slumbers: Of her is your Discourse; and she it is that swells up all your languishing Sighs; and every thing you do serves only to renew your Memory of her. Behold the most pestiferous Folly, Madness and Dispute in the World! Do you yet think that there is no need of seeking after a Cure? Who, in such a *Distemper* as this, would not desire the Return of his Health?

But, my dear Friend, these are the Medicines necessary for your Health; which if you make use of, you shall again be a sound Man, but if you neglect them, your Disease will accompany you to your Grave, nor is there any one that can help you. The first and most necessary Ingredient is the Reflection, how far you have receded from the Precepts of God, whom, when you ought to love with your whole Heart, and your whole Strength, you have diverted your Passion to a Creature, and in her have you plac'd all your Delight; and thus you are fallen into the Worship of Idols; for he that prefers a Creature to the Creator, is an Idolater. You will, perhaps, deny your being an Idolater, as not preferring the Created to the Creator; but if you could be brought to speak the Truth, you would fairly confess, that you *love* your Mistress more than God himself; as indeed the Effect will demonstrate: For you are negligent of what God commands, that you postpone and contemn; but you take Care to execute the Commands of your Mistress with the utmost Diligence; and this very thing is to prefer a *Woman* to *God*. Alas! How great an Evil is it, how dangerous, how detestable, to love a *Creature* to that Excess, that in the Balance with her you value not the *God* that made you, at all! God, when you were *Nothing* gave you a Being, made you capable of knowing the divine Sacraments, and the Path to Heaven; but your Mistress has perverted you from that noble rational Animal that God had made you, to the Brute; and leads you through the Mysteries of Iniquity to the ready Path to Hell. This same good God, when you and the rest of Mankind had, by the Transgression of your first Parents, lost

Paradise, vouchsafed to be born for you, to be made Man, to be taken into Custody, to be scourg'd, and at last crucified, and died to redeem you with his precious Blood: Consider what a monstrous Ingratitude it is, what Iniquity, what Inhumanity, what Barbarity, to relinquish and desert him who has done all this for you, for a *vile, worthless* Woman! This is, or ought to be sufficient to move you and all other Christians, to quit *unlawful Loves*, and to serve God alone.

But, my Friend, let me intreat you to consider farther what it is you do. You say your Mistress is beautiful, is charming in your Eye, nay, in Reality: Do you believe she will always be thus beautiful and charming? *Beauty*, as the Tragick Poet says, *is a fleeting Good*; and the Women that to Day is so enchanting, to Morrow may fright you; her Charms in a Moment are chang'd into Deformity; and she passes insensibly from an Angel to a Devil. Why are you so very ill a Husband? Why of so weak and foolish a Conduct, to barter your lasting, your permanent perpetual Goods, for such perishable Commodities?

But let us grant what you say, and allow, that her Form, her Beauty, is admirable and surprizing; that is but a trifling Advantage, a Good of no Value, a mere tinsel Bauble, and glares, and is without any infinite Worth. A Woman's Beauty, unless adorn'd with Chastity, is of no Price; for that is the true Praise of a Woman, not her Form or Beauty. But you pursue her not for her *Chastity*; you are not enamour'd of her *Virtue*, but her *Looks*. And those, alas! have but a fading short-liv'd Glory, a Flower, that like a Rose, blushes like Crimson in the Morning, and languishes, and dies with the Evening Sun. There is nothing more beautiful, or has greater Charms, than *Virtue* and *Honour*; if you could with a serious View look wisely on them with the Eye of your Mind, you would confess them infinitely more transporting than your *Mistress*. Not *Lucifer*, in his Morning Beams, nor *Hesperus*, in his Evening Glory, has half the Beauty that is in *Virtue* or *Honour*; which whoever forsakes for a *Woman*, I beg you reflect, how mad and distracted he must be.

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But, my dear Friend, that I may not multiply Words with you, the Woman you doat on is not yours alone, but several more are admitted into her Arms: Nor can her Love be so confin'd to you, but that she has some still to bestow in the Caresses of her other Admirers. What can *you* do in the Crowd of her Customers? Remember you are now in the Evening of your Age; that you are old, nay, on the Verge of Life, and almost within the harder Embraces of Death it self. Consider, are you qualify'd for the *Combats of the Fair*? Can you enter the Lists of the strong and robust? What seek you in that Fight, where the Victor falls to the Ground? You will find it a difficult Matter for an old Man to carry off the Lady from the young. But suppose you are of Strength sufficient to bear off the Prize, when it is the very Nature of the Fight, that he that conquers is only last slain. For what is a *Woman*, but the *Spoiler of the Young*, the *Pillager of the Middle-ag'd*, and the *Death of the Old*? The *Devourer of our Estates*, the *Destruction of our Honour*, the *Fodder of the Devil*, the *Gate of Death*, and the *Supplement of Hell*! Recollect my dear Friend, what numerous Evils have from Women sprung! Since *Solomon*, *Holofernes*, *Sampson*, were deceiv'd by Women, do you think your self so well fortify'd, as not to be abused by her? But by how much more weak, incautious, and imprudent you are than those Men, with so much the more Care remove your self from a State of being subject to their Deceit, against which they could not defend themselves. A Woman's sinful *Love* is of no Value. In such a Woman there's no Stability, no Constancy: She who seems fond of you to Day, to Morrow will be so of another; perhaps laugh the Moment you have left her, with her young Gallant, at your Dotage. What Esteem can you have for that *Love*, which is divided into so many Shares? There never was yet a Woman found whose Love was so sincere, but would change for the Addresses, Gifts, and Prayers of a new *Lover*.

A Woman is an imperfect Animal, various, fallacious, subject to a Thousand Diseases, and a Thousand turbulent Passions; without Faith, without Fear, without Constancy, without Piety. I speak of those Women,

who admit of criminal Passions. These are never fixed and stable; for when once they have deviated from the Paths of *Right*, they think themselves free to ramble as they please, and stand no longer in Fear either of their Husband, or their Friend. I cannot imagine, that the filthy Pleasure of *Coition*, can now be delightful to you, who are almost exhausted with old Age. For what Advantage can that foolish, nasty Pleasure bring to you, who are old and dry? Or even to Youth, tho' not moist and dry, since Repentance treads on the Heels of the Fact? Is not that Admonition, Citation, or certain Change, which troubles and vexes the Mind immediately after the Commission of the Fact, of some Weight in your Consideration? How wicked is the Man, that on so many Admonitions does not yet give over his Folly? Who mends not on Punishment, nor grows better by Correction? What does that carnal Act produce, but the Ruine of the Flesh? I wish indeed nothing perished by it but the *Flesh*, and that it did not likewise kill the Soul! But when the Man and Woman are in this Conjunction, they seem to me to be like two earthen Vessels, which are rubb'd against one another, till they break, and are crumbled into nothing.

But, perhaps, you are not taken up with the Enjoyment of your *Mistress's* Person, but only are pleas'd to look upon her, and hear her talk. But pray tell me, what do her Looks carry in them so very transporting, but that you may elsewhere find something as beautiful? The Beauty that we ought to seek and admire is in Heaven, with which nothing in this World can compare; in those is all Perfection, in these perpetual Defects; those are perpetual, these frail and short-liv'd; those are fix'd, these fleeting. This *Form*, which you so much admire, a Fever will steal away; but if it be spar'd by the Disease, *old Age* will be sure to make an End of it; which will render that Face so juicy, so plump, and blooming now, in a little time ploughed up with Furrows, and drain'd up of all its Moisture, whither'd and dry'd. And those fine Limbs, which so take your Eyes, and infatuate your Heart, Time will dry up, blacken, and defile with Sores and putrid Ulcers, and quite transform into another Figure. Those
Sprightly

sprightly Eyes, which now shoot such killing Glances, will not always do so; the time will come, when they will be mere beamless Fires, weak and dead, all dim and faded, unmoving and unminded. That Mouth, which now breathes all the fragrant Odours of the spicy East, will dart a poisonous Stench, like stinking Vaults or Carrion: That Neck, that bares it self up with such a stately Pride, will bend beneath the Weight of Years, and veil the Honours of the Head it bears now so lofty, in a weak, trembling, and crooked Bow, down to the very Breast: And all that lovely Body sequacious to the Touch, so finely turn'd, so plump, so warm, so juicy, will become a cold, shrivell'd, dry'd, sapless Trunk, if her Vices attend the *lazy* Punishment of *old Age* for her Follies, and other Diseases carry her not off in a more loathsome Condition in her Youth.

Let these things seriously sink into your Mind, and cut off the fallacious Promises of *Hope*. Fly from her before she flies from you; for it is much better to condemn a thing than lose it. But I am wonderfully surpriz'd to hear you talk of being strangely pleas'd with her melting, sweet, charming, and mellifluous Tongue, when she speaks. For what can a Woman's Discourse in it self, have sweet or alluring? What does your Mistress say to you? Either she complains, grieves, threatens, flatters, or tells you idle Tales; repeats what some neighbouring Female did, or what her Dream was; how many Eggs her Hen has laid, and of what Flowers her Nosegay is compos'd; the Colour of her Knots, Furbeloes, Flounces, and all the silly Whimsies of Mode and Fashion. All the Discourse of a Woman is of some slight, vain, foolish thing or other; which to be pleas'd with, a Man must be guilty of as much Levity as *she*. Sometimes she tells you her Affairs with some other *Lover*; as how they lay, the Manner they embrac'd, what Gifts he gave her, what Supper he treated with, and what Joys and Transports she found in his Arms; but this, methinks, shou'd rather give you Pain than Pleasure. Or, perhaps she tells you how much she loves you, how agreeable your silver Hairs and Beard are; that your Arms tremble with Eagerness, not Age; that the Freeness and Weakness of your amorous Efforts is the Effect

fect of *Desire*, not *Impotence*; that your hollow Cheeks and Eyes are the Beds for *Cupid* and *Graces*; your toothless Gums agreeable as the Coral and Ivory of Youth; that your cadaverous Smell is a Perfume of *Arabia*; that she hates *Youth*, is fond of *Age*, and *only* admires *you*; and yields only to the Necessity of her Fortune, when she admits any other into your Place. But this, my Friend, is imposing on your Understanding, and is a Wheedle so nauseous, that Folly it self can't sure take a Pleasure in it; being a Banter on common Sense, the Cant of her Profession, and an Abuse to your Face.

But let the Pleasure you take in her Discourse be what it will, can you be so mad, and so far out of your Senses; as not to take more Delight in the Discourse of some ingenious and learned Man? Reflect, take a View of all that is pleasing and *comfortable* in *Love*, and then all that is *troublesome* and *grievous*, you'll find the former few, the latter so many, that you will agree in his Opinion, who said, *Love* was a little Drop of Honey mix'd with Abundance of Gall. Since therefore, my Friend, all *Love* (of which we talk) is *vain*, *short*, *bitter*, and *damnable*, and sinks a Man into most deplorable Diseases, you must take Care to be deliver'd from it.

But the Cure is this, that you perswade your self, and convince your Mind, that *Love* is an *Evil*: After which, avoid your Mistress's *Syren* Tongue; fly Idleness; be always doing something; associate with good Men, by whom you may profit; frequent no Play or Sport, nor any Feast or Entertainment. If you have any Presents of your Mistress, throw 'em from you; have nothing in your Power, that ever belong'd to her; believe her to be the *Devil's* Messenger, that wou'd destroy your Person and Happiness. Keep in your Memory the Benefits you have received from Christ; reflect on the Celestial Rewards of those who do well, and the infernal Punishments of those who do ill. Remember, that your Days are every Day fewer in Number, and that your last Day is just thrusting into your Company. Reflect how ridiculous a Thing it is to be in *Love*, especially a Man of mature Years, and past the inconsiderate Heats of Youth. Think of the fickle
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Temper of Women; think of the Loss of your Time than which nothing is more precious; think of the Waste of your Fortune, which is not easily repair'd; think that the Life, that we live in this World, is but extreamly short, tho' spent in Pleasure it self, and that in the other World, which we seek, has no End.

If you carefully, and seriously think of these Things, and make them thoroughly enter into your Mind and retain those Precepts I have given, you will soon banish that *Love*, which now torments you, and will prove your self a Man grateful to God, and worthy of Heaven.

Farewell.

Letter XLV. *Ed. Basil. Æneas Sylvius, Poet Laureat, and Imperial Secretary, to Petrus Noxetanus Health.*

A Perswasive to marry the Woman he had lain with: The Praise of Union, and Conduct of a Foreigner in any Prince's Court.

I Own my Obligation to my good Friend *Compisius*, for his engaging you to write to me; but then Pray be not you less grateful, who owe him ten Times as much. After a tedious Silence, he got me your Letter: But stray'd and wander'd from your Nature, he pick'd you up, and restor'd you to *your self*. Who so agreeable, communicative, and complaisant as you in your own Temper? But some strange Chagrin or other had stol'n you away, and lost you in a Forgetfulness of your Friends, and an odd, sullen, ill natur'd Silence: No more like the honest *Peter* I always knew you, than a *Carthusian* is like a Cavalier. But well fare the Heart of honest *Campisius*, who, by restoring your former good Temper, has given me new Life. I was on my last Legs, gasping and giving up the Ghost, for want of the Cordial of your Correspondence; but this Letter has set me up again, given me new Life, and made me a sound Man again. 'Tis true, ev'n this Comfort is not without Pain, the Remedy is not without its Bitter; but it is like the disagreeable Relish of a Potion, it cures my Mind while it disgusts my Taste; for what dis-

quiets

quiets you, must make me uneasy. But I have my Refuge still, by giving more Credit to others in your Affairs, than to your self. *Despondence* or *Assurance* always mingles in our Account of our selves, according to our Temper. But I suppose you do like a true Man of Courage, not magnify your self, and are averse to Thrafonical *Rhodomontado's*. Thus you tell me, you are poor, while *Compisius* assures me you are rich, and *Castellanus* confirms his Report. But you may be both in the Right, you may be rich in Fact, and poor in Spirit, or you may be poor in Opinion; or you may disguise your real Wealth under the Pretence of Poverty, as not avaricious of vain Glory, or not valuing your self on Riches. Perhaps in Affluence, you fix not your Mind on your Possessions; or you may not be content with what you have, or do not make Use of it, but this is indeed to be poor with a Vengeance; but this you are Master of too good Sense to be guilty of: It is the Vice of Fools, and cannot therefore be your Case. But be it as it will, 'tis nothing to me, to whom you are equally valuable in Poverty, and Wealth. I lov'd you for your Virtue, not Bags; and therefore while you retain that, Affluence and Necessity are the same thing to me, my Love and Value are the same; whatever belongs to Fortune, has no Influence on the Endowments of the Mind. As for your Father and Childrens being on your Hands, Nature and Gratitude oblige your Care. And tho' there are, and have been Monsters in the World, who have broke through the eternal Bands that tie Parents and Children together, and run to that Excess, to destroy the very Source of their Being; yet nothing so black and infamous can affect you, or render the Duties of Nature uneasy. But letting these things pass, I come to a Part of your Letter, which I confess made me do more than smile; for I could not forbear laughing at what you writ about your *Philocrinum*, or if you had rather have her call'd your *Antiphila*. And your two Letters made me fancy my self conversing with my old Friend and Acquaintance, honest *Terence*, of *Poetical*, tho' *Pagan* Memory; for sometimes you seem'd to me to be *Pamphilus*, sometimes *Eschinas*, and sometimes *Clinias*. But yet I comfort my self, that your
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Luck has not been so damnably bad in this amorous Affair, since you have met with a Girl to your Heart's Content, of a good Education, tolerable Qualities, agreeable Humour, complaisant to your Temper, obsequious to your will and Commands, and not a termagant damn'd Virago, that wou'd fight for the Breeches, and follow the wicked Devices of her own Inclinations, lead you a Life that is worse than the Gallies; that wou'd ring you a Peel from Morning till Night, and can then allow you no Rest, what betwixt importunate Duns for conjugal Duty, and new Cloaths. I prithee then leave off this Cant of Poverty, and no Dower, since I hope my dear Friend, your Design is not to take her Bags for better and for worse, but her Person; since you propose to wed soft Flesh and Blood, and not the glittering Metal. As for my own Part all that I should desire in a Wife, is, that she shou'd be handsom, young, and good-humour'd, fruitful and confin'd to me alone; free from wandring Desires, at least free from rambling in Action; tho' I am afraid, it wou'd puzzle a Logician to separate the Desire and the Action in a *Woman*. For when once a *Woman* has got it in her Head, Opportunity is only wanting to have it somewhere else; and that is a Defect her Industry for her Pleasure will easily supply. But as I was saying, all I should demand in a Wife is Beauty, Chastity, good Humour and Fertility. For, believe me, my good Friend *Peter*, *Experto fide Roberto*, gives Credit to my Observations, a great Fortune in a Wife brings a great many Inconveniences. A Woman that brings a large Portion, thinks she may do what she pleases; she'll be drunk, proud, haughty, imperious, impertinent, saucy; she'll think she may make bold with your Bed, when she supports your Grandeur; she'll think she may say any Thing, when she furnishes your Equipage; she'll scold when she pleases; and that is as often as her Inclinations shall lead her, by your Disquiet, to make room for her Gallant; she will have a Tongue with such an everlasting Twang, that a Husband may find as much Ease in a Crowd, and Quiet in a Paper-mill. Others are deform'd, sickly, barren, and have a Thousand other Defects, from which you know your design'd Wife is free. What an odd fan-

fantastick Whim is it therefore for you to hanker after the frothy Trifle at a Feast, when you may fill your Belly with good substantial Food? You like her Person, but find fault with her Poverty; that is, you are pleas'd with what she has, and are vex'd at what she has not. I prithee, Friend *Peter*, remember you have a comfortable *Modicum*, enough to make the Pot boil; and blessed be Providence you have a good Place, which with the tolerable Management of the Age, may turn to a pretty Account. If Reason will not satisfy you, let Example direct you: The Marquess of *Sa'nces* pick'd up a Nut-brown Lass from tending her Hogs, whom he found in a wood where he was hunting, and presently marry'd her, to escape the haughty Pride of a Wife of Quality. And yet this poor Country-Girl, advanc'd to the Marquess's Bed, by the Conduct, Humility, and Resignation of her Humour to her Lord's, left an Example to all the Ladies of her Time. What then have you now to scruple in your Amour, since you find Princes themselves leading you the Way, and shewing what you shou'd do for your own Happiness? I must tell you, dear Friend of mine, if what you write be true, if the Girl be so sequacious of your Humours, agreeable to your Inclination, and pleasing to your Relish, I wou'd not have you defer the Matter. Delays are dangerous; and the Liquor often palls, while you preach o'er your Can; or your Neighbour, that is more thirsty, may drink off your Glass. Besides, I wou'd have you consider, that you have better Luck than most People meet with, who design a Voyage to the Island of Matrimony; you have had a *Sample* of the Commodity you design to buy, before you part with your Money. You have try'd how and how, before you venture on Matrimony: Nay, you can scarce say, *For better, or for worse*, when you know already how Matters stand; and buy not a *Pig in a Poke*, like your Neighbours. Most Men are cheated in the *Barter*: For they, good credulous Souls, marry their Wives, before they know whether they are *Fish, Flesh, or good red Herring*. 'Tis true, they meet, perhaps, with a sparkling Eye, a pretty pouting Mouth, an artificial Complexion, and the like: But the Devil on't is, that a fine

Face

Face to a Woman, is often like a fair carv'd Sign to a Tavern, it serves to draw you in; but then you find nothing but stumm'd Claret, and other diabolical Mixtures. 'Tis like the Gilding to a Pill, the Gold makes the nauseous Dose go down, which without it you wou'd keck at. Thus a gaudy Out-side often sets off secret Defects: The silk emboss'd Manteau, and lac'd Petticoat frequently cover crook'd or gouty Legs, and boulder'd Shoulders, besides nameless Evils, more disagreeable. *Paint* and fine *Washes* sham a Complexion, which is none of their own; and those Bubbies, which seem full and swelling in Stays, fall down flabby and lank, when the Lady's undrest: The Disguise thrown off, the Monster appears: And when you hope to press a Goddess, you find an *Incubus* in your Arms. But these are Evils you cannot dread in *Antiphila*; you know the snowy white of her Body is of a Piece with her Face and Bosom; you know the Symmetry and Proportion of her Parts, the round Hardness of her Breasts, the Fulness of her Thighs, the easy Swelling of her Belly, and all those hidden Beauties of her Person, that are invisible to all besides, you know to be wonderfully and really transporting. You have experienc'd the Vigour of her Embraces, endearing, active, sprightly, acted by Nature, not Art, nor yet insipid, languid, and dull. Yes, yes, dear Friend of mine, Women commonly hide such Defects in an agreeable Appearance, that after the first Hymeneal Rites are over, come to Light, and give such a Disgust, that instead of a Heaven, they are perpetual Hell to their Husbands all their Life after. I tell you truly, I form my Judgment of others by my self, who have seen, and known, and lov'd many a *Bona Roba*, whom after Enjoyment I cou'd heartily have kick'd: And the Pleasure of the Chase has been destroy'd, by the Disagreeableness of the Quarry: Nor were I ever so desperate as to think of Committing Matrimony, wou'd I like a Wife, whom I had not been so very familiar with, as to know her *intus & in cute*, that is, perfectly well in all her Paces before hand. I am a true *Plain-dealer*, I hate to mince the Matter, with a Friend. These are my Sentiments of the Point, and these were wont to be yours. You us'd to declare,
that

that you wou'd not sacrifice your Liberty to any Woman, but she who shou'd have Cause to own, that she was infinitely oblig'd to your Generosity. Well, you have now found just such a Woman, according to your Heart's Desire: Why the Devil an't you happy while you may? What makes you stumble at the Gates of Bliss? Stand to your Principle, keep to your Resolutions, or confess your self weaker than a Woman, and know not what you wou'd have. But perhaps you'll say, what will the People say of me to marry my Mistress? (to give it the softest Word.) I shall be the Subject of all the Lampoons of the Town, every diminutive Wit will have a fling at me. Terrible Bull-beggars indeed! as formidable as *Bevis* and *Garugantua*, Fogh, Fogh! meer Scare-Crows to fright Children and Jack-Daws. He that is afraid of what People will say, he that dreads the Bounce of the Paper-pellets, will never be easy or happy; he can't eat, nor drink, nor sleep, nor wear his Hat; nay, he can't so much as walk to please himself, but if these Scandalmongers take a Whim, flap-dash he's down in black and white. I tell thee, dear Friend of mine, he that will govern himself by other Folks Humours, can never be happy, nor easy, nor constant, nor wise, nor honest. Every Man is fond of his own Doings, his own Thoughts, his own Humours, and every Man has a right to follow his own Thoughts and his own Humour; yet if he do, another over weaning Coxcomb will find Fault; and if he be curs'd with the Itch of Rhiming, will fall upon him. Nay, should you yield to his Temper, and marry any one else, 'tis a thousand to one but you are lampoon'd for marrying at all; the Age is so abandon'd, that Virtue is grown a Scandal, and at this rate you must turn Knave not to be taken notice of. Follow therefore your own Inclinations, chuse your own Pleasures, make use of your Natural Right, as the rest of Men do; and then if *Antiphila* really has your Heart, you will soon give her your Body. If ever I have the good Fortune to see my own delicious Country again, to revisit the beauteous and delightful Field of *Italy* once more (which is all in the Hands of Fate to determine)

I shall

I shall never think my Joys compleat 'till I see you, your dear *Antiphila*, your Children, Servants, Horses, Dogs, and the rest of your Domestick Furniture, and pass a delicious Evening or two over a Bottle with you. But be not, dear Friend of mine, frightn'd at a Visit from me, as if I should eat you up with a damned long hungry Equipage; for, Faith, I am none of those lucky Privadoes of Fortune, to have such a long Train of lazy Followers at my Heels, or to hope to return to my Country in such a pompous Magnificence: and indeed I shall be very well satisfied if I can keep the Wolf from the Door, as the Saying is. If I can get but Money enough to defray the Expence of my Journey, I shall think my self as great as the King of *Persia*. I thank my Stars, I am not troubled with that damn'd jilting Harlot *Hope*, my Desires are bounded with my present Fortune; and if any thing else happen to fall into my Mouth, it may be welcome, but not wish'd for. You desire me to be serviceable to your Father, and that for your Sake, if I want other Motives; but that Motive is sufficient, not only to perswade my Endeavours, but to compel them. But you know the Prince whom I serve declares himself of no Party; all his Care and Study is for Union; nor is it fit for a Servant to desire or urge what may be displeasing to his Master. And indeed, the Emperor's Desires seem to me so reasonable and so sacred, that it would be a sort of Sacrilege to oppose them; and I have Reason to hope that they will be no Enemy to your Affairs. If your good Fortune depends on him, I am confident they'll be so far from being the worse, that they will be infinitely the better: For then Courtiers and Officers grow rich and thrive, when *Union* is establish'd; which, when it will be, I know not. In the mean time, I shall insinuate my self into the Emperor's Favour, be obsequious to his Commands, and follow him closely; his Will shall direct mine, nor will I oppose him in any thing, or meddle with what does not immediately relate to, and particularly regard my own Interest; because 'tis a thing of dangerous Consequence for a Stranger to be too busy with the Affairs of a Foreign Court. I am here a Foreigner, and therefore I comply with
the

the Natives in whatever they do; I assert what they say, and deny what they disallow; so that if they have any Wisdom in their Conduct, I suffer them to reap the Benefit of it; if they are Fools, I let them fall from their own Folly; I am not envious of any Man's Glory, nor would I have the Infamy of any Man's Disgrace. Whatever I am commanded, I write without adding or diminishing; nor would I by Contradiction seem wiser or more foolish than they, but shall always be silent, secret and obedient. If this were not my Conduct, I could do my self no Service here, and I am confident you are too much my Friend to desire me to do any thing against my Interest, lest being now but very inconsiderable, I should then be nothing at all. I shall add no more, but my desire that you would write to me about your Nuptials.

Farewell.

Letter LXXXII. *Ed. Basil. Æneas Sylvius to Mr. Fund, Secretary of Cologne.*

To comfort him for the Loss of his Mistress, who had run away from him.

TH E Secretary of Nuremburgh called on me the other Day, who is a Man of Probity and good Letters, and very much your Friend. He told me he had left you in a great deal of Grief; that you had some cruel Loss; that something, I know not what, had slipped through your Fingers, which gave you abundance of Disquiet; nay, he tells me you are so extremely concern'd for this Loss, that it quite mopes you, you utter not one Word, but with more than *Pythagorick* Silence you pass your melancholy Hours. Though I could not make him explain himself but by broken Sentences, when I press'd to know the Cause of so extravagant a Sadness; yet from what he said, I believe I can easily imagine the Ground of your Discontent, which now will admit of no Comfort. For what could ever make so strange a *Metamorphosis* in a Man, but a *Woman*? You us'd always to be a Man, and to meet the Emergencies

gencies

gencies of Fortune as a Man should; that is, as one who had expected the Event, and was therefore prepared against it, for the Dart foreseen is easily avoided. When you have lost a Friend, you have heal'd up that Wound with a Moral, *That he was born to die.* When your good old Father left this wicked World, you pacify'd the Rage of your Grief with—*My Father has shew'd me an Example that I was begot by a Mortal, and that I must also die.* Nay, I remember when your good Lady was pleas'd to take her eternal Leave of you, you bore it with as much Resignation as a young Girl the Force of the Man she loves; or a Clergyman a good Benefice; or a Courtier a fresh Grant. 'Tis true, you put on Mourning and a rueful Countenance, with Hat over the Eyes, and Looks fix'd on the Ground, and all the *Pompa Rogi* in wonderful Decency and Order. But dear Friend of mine, when you were come Home, the Relations remov'd, and all Friends departed but my self; did you not stop me, and in a Glass of good *Rhenish* wash away your Tears, and urge the Example of *David*, who wash'd and eat Meat as soon as his Child was past Recal? I speak not this to upbraid you, but to shew that you are a good Christian, for *St. Paul* tells us, *We should not grieve for the Dead like those who have no Hope.* 'Tis true, some might be apt to say, the Devil's in a Man that grieves for the Loss of a *Wife*; that a dead Wife is the best Piece of Household Goods a Man can have; that it would be as preposterous to shed Tears at the interring our *Left Rib*, as to go into Mourning for getting out of Prison, or escaping a Shore from a Shipwreck, or from being ransom'd from *Algiers*, and a thousand such good *Morrows.* But my dear Friend *John*, I took your Moderation as the Effect of your Philosophy, not to grieve for a Loss that could not be retriev'd, and punish your self for what you could not help. But then I am damnably puzzled to reconcile your present Conduct to your past. What has made this strange *Transformation* in you? What has thus alienated you from your own dear self? In short, what the Devil is the Matter with you? Have you had an ill run at Play? Lost all your *Ready*? Have you been disappointed in some good Place, which

which you thought you were sure of? Has any scoundrel Poet lan'poon'd your Understanding, or any Informer accus'd you of Bribery or Treachery? Or have you betray'd a Trust without a Reward sufficient to quash the Law, and baffle your Adversary? If none of these things have been your Lot, what could you lose dearer than a *Wife*, who had brought you so many brave chopping Boys? Yes, a *Mistress*, young, charming, beautiful, witty, gay, wanton, a *Mistress* of every thing that could give you Satisfaction and Joy.——— This is it.

——— I have hit the Nail on the Head! You are sick of Dame *Eve*; *Woman* is your Distemper. *The sickle Cælia has given you the slip, is run from your Embraces, perhaps to the Arms of another. Why, so let it be, well fare his Heurt who has got her! The Devil and Nine Pence go with her, that's Money and Company, according to the laudable Adage of the sage Mobility!* But what in all this can give you the Spleen? What make you so outrageous in your Grief, as to admit of no Comfort? Was ever Man troubled in a Tertian to find his Ague had left him? *But you plac'd your Happiness in her! She was your Soul's Delight!* The Devil she was? What, could my grave considering Friend *John* at past five and forty, place his Happiness in a Woman? And in a young, brisk, buxom Harlot of fifteen? Is the Inconstancy of the Sex, after all, so little known to him, whose Mind veers every Moment, runs round the Compass as soon as the Sun round the Earth? You might as easily fix the Longitude, as a Woman's Mind; to Day she's pleas'd with the Gay to morrow with the Grave: One Hour she loves the Tall, the next middle siz'd, and a Moment after, a very Pigmy: Now the Fair, then the Black, and now the Brown: Constant to nothing long, nor pleas'd with any thing above half an Hour. *Woman is the Whirly Gig of Nature; she changes so often and swiftly, that she seldom knows her own Mind, it's soon alter'd from what it was. Woman is a vain, idle, fallacious, various, cruel, deceitful, thoughtless, giddy, ignorant Animal, and can afford no solid Joy to a Man of common Sense. Fools themselves, Fools only can please them; and yet 'tis more than a young Fool can do to fix them to one; what can an Old one do then*

No

No, no, dear Friend of mine as fickle and unconstant as Woman is, though she whisks round the whole Compass to every new Pleasure, yet she never makes a Stop at an *Old Man*; *Wit* and *Age*, *Learning* and *Understanding*, are Points they never turn to; I mean their *Minds*, their *Souls* (that is, if the *Turks* Article of Faith be not true, that they have no Souls) their Love never turns towards *Age*, their Bodies do indeed pretty often; but not for *Love*, but *Money*; they like an *Old Man* for a *Bubble* well enough; but it is because his Dotage furnishes their *Vanity* and their *Lust*. My dear Friend, we only raise a Devil we can't lay, some young Fellow must do that; and they will have a young Fellow, as long as they have Youth, Beauty, and Dress, and an old Man's Purse at Command. You and I, dear Friend of mine, are plaguily turn'd of the Noon of Life, we are hastening towards its Evening, our Sun is posting to its West again; and Women are Motes that love to play and gambol in its Meridian Beams. You and I have nothing to engage a giddy Girl, full of Juice and strong Appetites, which we have nothing to appease. You know the wise *Marcus Aurelius* had a damned salacious Empress, that sought other things than Philosophy; and while the Good Emperor busied himself, and spent his Time in writing Morals, she employ'd hers more agreeably with lusty brawny-back'd Fellows, in *Physicks*, or *Natural Experiments*. And when a Woman has once given up her *Virtue*, 'tis in vain to set Bounds to her *Pleasures*. We are but a Jest to them and their Gallants, and all our impotent Defects are their diversion and Laughter. So that I can't for my Life find out the Damage the young Jilt has done you, by running away from you. No, you have reason to bless your Stars for the Deliverance; and the Coxcomb that has her has Reason to envy your good Luck, and will soon wish she may take the same Frolick again. She is gone to plague and ruin somebody else, and left you to enjoy your Quiet and your Fortune, which the silly Jade had not Sense enough to value. Rejoice, rejoice at the happy Chance, in sending the worst of the accursed Race far from you, that would else exhaust your Estate, and kill your Reputation. You will be no longer the

Talk of the Town, the Jest and Chit-Chat of the Tea-Table, and Scandal must seek some other Food to feed upon. The Fascination is removed; be your self again, be a Man, and tye not your Happiness to so frail a Thread as a *Woman's Inclinations*; corrupt, as fickle in their Tastes, and only Toys for the Leisure and looser Hours of Youth. Let your Friend and the Bottle perfect the Cure, and not long for so infamous a Slavery, that your friendly Stars have removed. Know your own Happiness; and know your self, that there will be an End of your Grief. I have ventured on this Way of Comfort, because I gathered from my Friend *Nuremburgh's* Discourse, that this was your Distemper. If I am mistaken, I shall be glad of the Error. And if there be any Cause of your Sorrow, cure your self. All Grief is alleviated by Time; consult your own Ease and Quiet, it is the chief Business of this Life to make it agreeable. Don't you go against Nature, and vex your self, and disquiet your Days for what you cannot help. Grief may punish your Mind, but can never retrieve your Loss; for as the the Country Proverb has it, *An Hundred Pounds of Sorrow pays not one Ounce of your Debts.* Farewel.





The Death of *Lucretia*.

By ÆNEAS SYLVIUS, *Epist.* 4. 11.



Lucretia the Daughter of *Spurius Lucretius*, and Wife of *Collatinus Latinus*, being ravish'd by *Sextus Tarquinius*, Son of *Tarquin the Proud*, by Force, and his Threats of killing a Slave, and laying him by her dead Body, as taken in the Fact of Adultery with her; she sends for her Husband and Father, and some other Relations, and tells them the whole Affair; and having made them promise Revenge, declares her Resolution of killing her self; from which her Father and Husband endeavour to dissuade her in the following Words.

The SPEECH of *Lucretius* and *Collatinus*,
to dissuade *Lucretia* from killing her
self after her Rape.

Indulge not a Grief, *Lucretia*, for a Crime so involuntary; you have given abundant Proofs already, that your Assent to the Adulterer was only the Effect of his Force, and in which your Mind had no Share. The Revenge that you demand, and the Acc sation you make, are undeniable Evidence of the Compulsion you was under, since the whole might still have remain'd a Secret. The Conduct of your past Life is a sufficient Confirmation of your Innocence; through all which you have ever appeared a faithful and constant Devotee to Frugality and Chastity, both abroad and at Home; in Publick, and in the Eye of the World, and in Private, in the most secret Recesses of your own House and Family. Do you not, my dear *Lucretia*, remember that the other Day, when the cursed Adulterer and I came on thee Unawares, when you expected neither Husband nor Visiter, how did we find thee? Good God! at thy Work among thy Maids unfashionably
K 2 busy?

busy? That Day, that Surprize gave my Lucretia the Victory, the Palm of Chastity from all the Roman Dames. For the Daughters of the King, and the Ladies of his Family, in the Absence of their Husbands, were not found more gladly employed in Feasting and Balls, in Mirth and Diversion; such a different Conduct made Lucretia shine out in a Glory incorruptible, while the universal Consent gave her the singular Lawrel of Modesty. Be not then so uneasy at your Fate, or bend beneath the Weight of your Disgrace, comforted with this Thought, that we will amply revenge so outrageous an Injury, and he shall pay dear for a Pleasure as imperfect as unwilling, constrain'd from thy Arms by the Embraces of the boisterous young Villain. You shall joyfully behold this impious Heir to his Father's Impieties sink under a Punishment equal, if possible, to the Injury. Having, though unwillingly, feasted his lawless Appetite with the Sweets of thy lovely Body, wilt thou voluntarily add to his Pleasure, by satiating his horrid Thirst of Blood with the Sight of that precious crimson Flood that runs through thy Veins? Alas! my Lucretia, is not the Father's Cruelty, and the Son's Inhumanity sufficiently known? What Slaughters among the Gabii did this Spoiler of thy Honour perform? And how many Innocents fell there Victims to his Revenge and Ambition? If you hate this Monster indeed, if this Aversion to him is from your Soul, and if you are sincere in your Desires of his Punishment in Perfection, live—— Take Care to preserve your Life, that in his expiring Pangs he may behold the Triumph and rejoice; and while he finds himself perishing with Infamy and Detestation, let him have the Pain to behold that Body he had endeavoured to defile and Disgrace, surviving his Assaults, with a Fame entire and unfully'd. Ah! my Lucretia, precipitate not thy Husband, who loves thee above his Life, into a Widowhood as terrible as detested. Deprive not thy weeping old Father of his Daughter, nor by so violent a Fate, bring his grey reverend Head to the Grave in a Sorrow beyond Comfort, nor rob thy poor Infants, thy tender little Offspring of a Guardian, of so dear and careful a Mother. Oh! rather wish for Life, prolong thy Days, to be a Witness of the Revenge we will take. Reflect but just'y on things, and you have no Cause to de-

sire

fire to die. 'Tis true, the Royal Villain has polluted the Mansion of thy Body by his odious Enjoyment; but then the Lady of this beautiful Mansion is free and incorrupt. your Mind is innocent and clear of a Guilt your Body could not avoid; and there can be no Crime, where there is no Consent. Who is there so senseless not to acquit thee of Guilt, when they consider the Circumstances? The Time, the Person, the Place, betray'd thee to the Misery; naked in thy Bed, lull'd asleep by the Cares of the Day, when all things but Lust and Revenge were at Repose, unguarded, unsuspecting so black a Treachery from a Friend from a Kinsman, and from a King. Thus defenceless, unwarned, undress'd, asleep and unarm'd, what Resistance couldst thou make to a young Prince, robust in his Limbs, as strong in his Lust, and impetuous in his Desires, and violently bent on Murder or Adultery? That Youth, that blooming Beauty in his Face, and Symmetry in his Person, that must have melted down the Virtue of all other Women, had no effect on a Bosom so rigid as thine. The Violence he offered, the welcome Excuse of the Fair, touch'd not thy Mind: And while your Body suffered the cursed Transports of the youthful Adulterer, your Soul was as insensible of Pleasure as he was of Compassion or Justice. And while the Weakness of your Body submitted to the Force of his strength, your Mind was unmoved in the midst of all his Caresses. If your Soul is ambitious of a Glory most peculiar, this Triumph of Chastity is so great that nothing can be added to its Perfection. When in spite of all the Allurements and Frailty of weak Flesh and Blood, you made your self a mere Statue of Marble, cold and insensible of all the Efforts of a vigorous, handsome, young Prince, full of Love, and with the utmost Eagerness and Avarice satiating his Lust. Add to this, my dear Lucretia, that you yielded not to his Threats for the Fear of Death, but of an Infamy far more terrible than Death can be to the Virtuous. The Terror that vanquish'd you was the Ruin of your good Name, when he swore not your Death only, but that of a Slave, to be left by your breathless Body, as stabb'd in the very Act of Adultery. Your Father, nay your Husband, absolves you from all Guilt; ah! be not you only a Judge so inexorable, as to condemn your self for a Misfortune which

your frightened Imagination pronounces as a Crime. 'Tis allow'd, that we may fly Infamy by Death; but by yours you corrupt your Fame, while with the Wound you give your Bosom, you kill both Father and Husband. By your Death you pervert the Joy of Revenge which can be but half compleat when it wants you for a Beholder; and by this Self-Murder you corrupt that Innocence, and proclaim that Shame which our Hands would expiate and secure. If Reason won't prevail, have Regard to Authority; your Husband, Father, Brutus, and all your Relations, fairly and fully acquit you of all Guilt, and with one Desire forbid your Hand the fatal Office it has assumed. Why by this Deed will you condemn all their Judgments; Besides, by your Death you incur the Guilt you would avoid; for it will be hard to perswade, that she was innocent, who thought fit to punish her self as criminal.

LUCRETIA's Speech before she stabb'd her self.

“ O My dear Father! and thou my Husband Collatin!
 “ once more dear to me than the Light to these
 “ Eyes? Do not hinder me from putting an End to
 “ my Life and my Miseries at once! If I kill not
 “ my self, it will never be believed that I was over-
 “ come not by the Fear of Death, but by the Fear of
 “ Infamy? Who, if I live, can be so weak to believe
 “ that the Apprehension of the odious Imputation of
 “ Adultery with a Slave, to be fix'd on my Memory
 “ for ever, with which he threatned me, was more
 “ prevalent than Death, a Fear of which my Life would
 “ discover, but one bold Stroke with my Hand would
 “ remove? What a Blemish, what a Spot would it be
 “ to my Fame, to chuse rather to live the ADULTE-
 “ RESS *Lucretia*, than die the CHAST *Lucretia*?
 “ Ah! let not your Fondness of my Person prove in-
 “ jurious to my good Name! For do not you perceive,
 “ that you preserve me not to Life, but Infamy; my
 “ Reputation dying in the Life of my Person. By a
 “ Con-

“ Conduct so fond, you consider not what you in-
 “ dulse to Injuries of this Nature; the Matrimonial
 “ Bed should be made with Holiness: and by the Se-
 “ verity of my Fate, the Slumbers of others should not
 “ be broke by Suspicions and Jealousies. But if by my
 “ impunity you open the Sluices to unlawful Desires,
 “ unbounded Lust will bear down all before it in a
 “ Torrent so wild, that Women will not be satisfy’d
 “ to defile the Beds of their Husbands in their Absence,
 “ but impudently, in their Arms, suffer the Adulterers
 “ Embraces. For what Woman is secure, when *Lu-*
 “ *cretia* is corrupted? And you, my dear Husband, how
 “ can your Soul fall so low to take me to your Arms,
 “ when you shall remember, that they hold not your
 “ Wife, but the Whore of vile *Tarquin*? And you,
 “ my dear Father, how can you vouchsafe to call *Lu-*
 “ *cretia* your Daughter, who has unhappily lost, and
 “ impiously corrupted that Chastity, which was instil-
 “ led into me by the admirable Discipline of your House
 “ from my Childhood? And oh! vile and miserable
 “ Wretch that I am, can I bear to see my Children
 “ look with their innocent Eyes upon me, when the
 “ chaste Womb that bore them has been infamously pol-
 “ luted by an Adulterer? Shou’d my passive Body be
 “ pregnant by the purple Villain, wou’d you have me
 “ live to bring forth the Fruit of Adultery? Place not
 “ before my Eyes the Splendor of my past Life, in
 “ which if any thing just and honourable appear, one
 “ Night, one fatal Night has sully’d all, when I admit-
 “ ted a mortal Foe, in the Disguise of a Friend to my
 “ House. My Life is no longer pleasing to me, ’tis
 “ odious, ’tis a Burthen, an insufferable Weight, which
 “ I cannot bear, when I find that my Zeal for Chasti-
 “ ty alone was the Cause of my Ruin: Yes, yes, the
 “ accursed Adulterer was not so fond of trampling on
 “ my Beauty, as my *Chastity*; that was the Trophy he
 “ long’d for. If this has been the reward, this the Fruit
 “ of my Conscience, what must I expect of my Rape
 “ and Adultery, but scandalous Prostitution in the pub-
 “ lick Brothels? Alas! alas! my Mind pure and uncor-
 “ rupted, cannot endure the Company of my Body
 “ foul and corrupted! Whether the Laws of the Body are

“ subject to the Mind, or not, I can’t tell; but I am
 “ afraid the Soul has not Power enough to stop
 “ the Motions of Nature, and render the Body in-
 “ sensible as the Mind. If this corporeal Frailty have,
 “ in spite of all the Aversion of my Mind, been com-
 “ pell’d to a Sensibility of any such odious and detes-
 “ table Pleasure, oh! Father! oh! Husband, forgive me,
 “ and suffer that Part which has been any way crimi-
 “ nal, to expiate the Guilt by this Dagger. Had you
 “ the true *Roman* Spirit in you, you’d be so far from
 “ hindring my Execution, as to punish the Offender
 “ your selves. No, no, I will not have the Image of
 “ these Evils perpetually before your Eyes, and be a con-
 “ stant *Memento* of my Disgrace and my Guilt. Woman is
 “ accus’d of Inconstancy of Temper; and Time, that may
 “ assuage this Anguish and Passion, may raise others
 “ more dangerous and criminal. Shou’d I defer the
 “ Punishment, perhaps the Crime might please. Let
 “ me go, let me go: Give me leave to pierce this Bo-
 “ som with my Dagger, where that violent Spoiler of
 “ my Honour gave me the first Alarm to Lust, by pres-
 “ sing with his trembling Fingers those Breasts that pan-
 “ ted with Rage and Despair. Move me not to Pity;
 “ for if I spare my Life, I spare an *Adultress*; if I spare
 “ an *Adultress*, I spare *Adultery* it self; and if I cou’d
 “ once be brought to spare *Adultery*, *Adultery* would
 “ then be agreeable; and if so, then the *Adulterer* him-
 “ self. Wickedness once begun, never stops when it
 “ does begin, but goes on in a fatal Progression, till it
 “ arrive at its *Stygian* Perfection. I have no way of
 “ Ease; and being without Witnesses of the Fact, I have
 “ no way to gain Credit to my Assertions, by by sea-
 “ ling their Truth with my Blood. That, my Soul,
 “ shall be my Evidence at the dreadful Tribunal of *Mi-*
 “ *nos* and *Acheron*: That shall accuse the Royal Ravi-
 “ sher of the Violation of my Honour, and the Pollu-
 “ tion of my Body. And you, my earthly Body, be-
 “ cause you have brought forth the Cause of Adultery,
 “ betray’d thy self by thy Charms to the Embraces of
 “ the Tyrant, discharge my struggling Soul; pour out
 “ thy Blood in Expiation! That it may be a happy
 “ Omen to the speedy Destruction of the cruel proud
 “ Fa-

“ *Father, and ill-fated Son.* And you my Husband,
 “ once most dear to me, and you my reverend Fa-
 “ ther! whose tender Eye and once chearing Prefence,
 “ my Shame and my Misfortune make me willingly
 “ fly and all you my Friends, farewell! *Lucretia* shall
 “ never be brought as an infamous Example to any
 “ *Roman* Lady, that Infamy and Life, cou’d in her
 “ subsist together.

With that she plunged the Dagger into her snowy
 Bosom, and only had Life to say, *Revenge the injur’d*
Lucretia; which was done by the Expulsion of *Tarquin*
 and all his Race.

The End of Æneas Sylvius’s Letters.



Letters to GENTLEMEN and LADIES.

To Mrs. Elizabeth Handy, my Lady ———’s Gentlewo-
 man.



SINCE you have promised me to *consider* me
 for drawing your Picture, and to be juster
 than your Mistress, who has not as yet
 paid me a Farthing for drawing hers, and
 a Thousand other Services I have done her
 in my Time; I am willing to *gratify* your Desire, and
 paint you with all the little *Art* I am Master of. At
 the same time I may without Vanity affirm, that your
 Picture will be a *truer* and more *finished* Piece than hers,
 since you don’t expect I should flatter you; for which
 Reason you must not take it ill of me, if I tell you
 without farther *Ceremony*, that you are not handsome.
 Shou’d I use this Freedom with your Mistress, tho’ I
 have the Truth never so much on my Side, she wou’d
 call me all the vile Names under the Sun; but I know

K S

I am

I am talking to you, whom I fear *less* than her, by the same Token I love you a great deal *better*.

Once more then I must tell thee, my dearest *Betty*, that thou art not *handsom*; but then, I defy the Devil himself to say, thou art *deform'd*. No, no, my dear Child, thou hast a smiling, roguish Air, and a certain *Je ne sçay quoy*, which our finest Ladies are often without, and sets all the *Springs* of Nature in *Motion* as often as I think on't. Thy *Complexion* is brown, and none of the clearest. Thy *Eye-Brows* are as black as Coal, and by the Assistance of *Art*, wonderfully becoming. Thy *Nose* is a little turned up, which is an infallible *Sign*, dear Rogue, that thou art a Lover of the *Mathematicks*. Thy *Mouth* is somewhat of the largest; but then, to make thee *Amends*, 'tis so much more proper for a Man's Tongue to wanton in. Thy *Teeth* are as regular as the Palisade before thy Ladies Parlour, and as white as Ivory. Thou hast the daintiest smacking *Lips* in the Universe, thou wouldst invite a Hermite to sign and seal upon them. Thy *Hair*, which reaches down to thy *Waste*, and is of a lovely Black, gives no little Addition to thy other Charms. As for thy Bubbies, dear Child, they are none of the whitest, but they are plump and fleshy, and rise and fall so prettily, that I am *stark mad* to have the Pressing of them. Were Bubbies to be bought and sold for ungodly *Pelf*, thou mightest safely boast, that thou art *richer* than thy Lady. As for thy *Shape*, I may venture to say without Flattery, 'tis fine and delicate. Thy *Legs* are so straight and well proportion'd, and thy *Feet* *steal* in and out so prettily under thy Petticoats, that I long to be better *acquainted* with them. If thou hadst design'd I should have painted thy other Parts, thou oughtest to have *shewn* them me; for between Friends, thou shouldst *conceal* nothing from us Painters; and I don't question but that thy Picture would have been ten times more compleat, had I drawn thee *stark naked*. However, I have seen enough to convince me, that thou art a most *delicious* Morfel of Iniquity; and unless the Planets *deceive* me, I dare swear thy Inclinations are not averse to the *Flesh*. Thus, my dear Child, I have *drawn* part of thy Picture, by which a Man, that has
bug

but *once* had a Sight of thee, may easily *know* thee again: But now I am preparing to shew thee some of my Master-strokes, to satisfy thee I am no *Bungler* at my Trade, but can tell how to *draw* People after the *Life*. Not to make thee *vain*, Nature has been wonderful *indulgent* to thee; thou can'st *set off* thy Person with a little *Expence*, and appear in an ordinary Stuff more *advantageously*, than any of our *stiff rump'd* Countesses in their *Silks* and *Sattins*. In the Point of *Dressing*, thy Fancy is the most *Orthodox* in the World: *Envy* it self cou'd never *charge* thee with putting one *Pin* out of its due Place; nay, even thy very *Negligence* has Charms, and *becomes* thee. As for thy pretty little *Fingers*, nothing in Nature comes *amiss* to them, they are perfectly skill'd in all the Mysteries of *Embroidery*, they can *stitch* and *sow*, cut *Birds*, and *Beasts*, and the whole History of the *Creation* in Paper, *raise* Fortifications in *Paste*, and a Thousand other *Curiosities*. Thou hast more *Wit*, than wou'd set up a dozen Waiting-Gentlewomen, and canst see as far into a *Mill-stone*, as the *oldest* Match-maker in Town: Thou can'st *discover* a hundred Things, which no Body else wou'd have taken any Notice of; nay, I have *observ'd* more than once, that thou *knowest* the Intention of People, let them take never so much Care to *conceal* it. I'll defy all the Waiting Woman in the Universe to shew so much *Meekness* of Spirit, as thou do'st, or so *virtuous* a Disposition to bring an *Intrigue* to a happy Conclusion. 'Tis true indeed, that in Relation to thy *wicked* Lady, this Talent of thine has hitherto been *unsuccessful*; but if thou continuest much longer about her Person, I don't doubt but some of thy *Stratagems* will take Effect. Thou hast an *amorous* Inclination as I hinted to thee above; and I am damnably *mistaken*, if thou can'st *live* a Day, without *engaging* in some new *Amour*: But, then, Child, thy Love is *noble*, 'tis built upon no *sordid* Principles of *Lucre*; it proposes nothing to its self, but the *Ease* and *Relief* of Mankind, and always *soars* above thy Condition. But let the Lovers be of what *Quality* they will, thou know'st how to make them observe their due *Distance*, and govern 'em like a true *Mistress*. Thou hast *Dexterity* enough to manage a *laudable* Commerce with *five* or *six* Gallants at once;

once; for, to thy *eternal* Praise be it said, ne'er a Woman in the World is deeper read in all the *Refinements* of Gallantry than thy self. Thou knowest how to bestow thy Favours with *Discretion*, to employ sometimes *Compassion*, and sometimes *Disdain*; to act the *Fond* and the *Indifferent*, according as the *various* Disposition of the *Scene* requires it; in short, to make a *proper* Use of thy *Looks* and *Sighs*. Thou can'st dart a favourable *Glance* at one, whilst thou *squeezest* the other by the Hand; and *talk* tenderly to a third, while thou *tread'st* upon the Toes of the fourth; and manage Affairs so *discreetly*, as to make none of them *despair*: Not that thou art so *willing* a *Tit* neither, as to let every Block-head get up and *ride* for asking: Faith, Child, I'll say that for thee, thou wast always a *Respecter* of Merit, and would'st vouchsafe thy *Friendship* to none but those that *deserv'd* it. If any young Fellow falls *roughly* upon thee, in one of his *amorous* Fits thou know'st how to *humble* his Insolence, without *tearing* his Ruffles, or playing the *Fury* with his Hair. Should thy Mistress *surprize* thee conferring Notes with a Friend in a *Corner*, or in a *Posture*, that wou'd give *Offence* in another, thou art not a Jot *discomposed* for the Matter; but know'st so *well* how to personate the *Innocent*, that 'tis impossible to find the least Cause of *quarrelling* with thee. Upon all such *Occasions*, thou hast a thousand *Excuses* ready *cut* and *dry'd* for the Purpose; and thy Wit never *displays* it self so signally, as in these *Rencontres*, which wou'd utterly *dumfound* a Person of less *Assurance*. Besides, *Betty*, to give thee thy *Due*, thy Soul is neither infected with *Jealousie* nor *Envy*; thou art no *Enemy* to the Divertisements of *others*, but takest as much Delight to *procure* as to *receive* them thy self, and art never in thy *Kingdom*, but when thou art holding the Door. When thou see'st two *Lovers* under any *unhappy* Circumstances, thou know'st how to *insinuate* thy self into their Confidence with *Address*, and art *ravished* to find any Opportunity to contribute to their *Pleasures*. After all, thou art *generous* to a *Miracle*, and not at all influenc'd by *Interest*; thou preferr'st an honest Fellow's hearty *Affection*, to the *Purse* of a *wealthy Coxcomb*; and did'st never in all thy Life *stoop*
so

so low, as to *value* that glittering *Trash*, call'd Money. Nay, Child, I dare *engage* for thee, that did thy *Abilities* come up to thy *Will*, thou woud'st *give* instead of *taking* the Pence, and *allow* those that had a Share in thy *affections*, a noble Share of thy *Fortune*, And, *Betty*, 'tis this virtuous *Principle*, that makes thy Lovers stick so *close* to thee: As thou art infinitely more *generous* and *witty*, than all the *Servant-maids* in *Christendom* put together, so one may justly conclude, that thou hast none of their *Vices* or Imperfections. Thou do'st not *trouble* thy Head to *find out*, and afterwards *proclaim* the Faults of thy Mistress; thou raisest no idle *Squabbles* about the Wages or Gettings of thy Fellow Servants; and as 'tis thy chief *Desire* to *converse* with People *Face to Face*, thou *can'st* not endure to speak *ill* of them behind their *Backs*: So much for thy *Morals*. Now to give some Specimen of thy *Intellectual* Parts, thou can'st *nicely* distinguish between *fulsome Love*, and Love dress'd up in *clean* Metaphors, and hast *inform'd* thy Judgment, by reading *Romances* and other good Books, that talk *feelingly* and *judiciously* of these Affairs: 'Tis true, that so many *shining* Qualities make thee as much *envy'd* by the Maids and Footmen, as thou art *admir'd* by the Masters and Mistresses. In short, my dear Child, thou art the *Heroine* of Waiting-Women, and *Glory* of thy Function; and I make not the *least* Question, but that *one* of these Days we shall *all* of us see some *notable* Adventure befall thee, that will *convince* the World, that thou wast descended of *illustrious* Parentage.

Thus, my charming *Betty*, I have endeavour'd to *draw* your Picture, which, I hope, will give you such *Satisfaction*, that you won't grudge to *pay* me for't in the same *Coin* that you *promis'd* me, who am,

Your most Humble Admirer.

Upon a Harlot in St. James's, that hanged her self for an Irish Captain, and was unluckily cut down by her Maid.

AN old acquaintance of mine came to my Lodgings this Morning, and accosted me after this Manner.
Harry,

Harry, cries he, there's the strangest Accident has happened yonder, near *Covent Garden*, that ever you heard, and prithee, try if you can guess it. Why, says I to him, I have no extraordinary Hand at this Sport; but if 'tis so very strange, and the Scene near *Covent Garden*, as you say, let me see: Has the talking Parrot in *Russel-street* foretold the Down-fall of the *French King*? Now I talk of a Parrot; when Doctor *Burgefs* preach'd last, did he make no Body laugh? No. A Whore profer'd a retaining Fee at *Rouse's*, and deny'd it? No. A City-reformer surpriz'd between a Pair of red-hair'd Strumpets, at the *Horse-shoe*? No. A new Play talk'd of at *Will's*, and no *Exception* made to it? No Sir. Thus No was the Word still. At last, says my Friend, in his old leering Way, to put you out of your Pain, a certain *Harlot* in *St. James* ——— has run away from her Lodgings, carry'd off all her Effects in her Pocket-Handkerchief, I suppose, and ——— Why, is that so strange? No, no, but hear me with Reverence and Attention, ——— decently suspended her self yesterday Morning between the Hours of Twelve and One, precisely, ——— the true *Canonical* Hour for hanging, says I to him, as I hope to be sav'd, but, prithee *Jack* for what ——— Why, what shou'd she hang her self for but *Love*, said he very gravely ——— The Devil she did, says I again: Thou may'st as well tell me, a Foot-Soldier wou'd die a Martyr for small-beer, a true Statesman for his Country's Interest, or a City-Apprentice for *Suffolk Cheese* ——— Why, truly, Sir, you may make merry as long as you please, says he, but 'tis even so as I tell you, and her Name ——— Why, that is what I long to know ——— Don't interrupt me then, 'tis the famous Mrs. ——— Well, Peace light on her Soul, 'twas gloriously done ——— But you have not heard all, says he, she had not hung a full Minute, when alas, to see the great Uncertainty of human Affairs! Her Maid, the Duce take me, if my very heart did not leap up to my very Mouth at the bare mention of her Name, hearing a Noise above, run up Stairs, and unluckily cut her down: And a Chirurgeon, with a *Pox* to him, made a Shift to bring her to her self, and recover'd her. And thus, continu'd he, shaking his Head

in

in a *sorrowful* Manner, they have between 'em spoil'd one of the best Jests in *Christendom*.

This is the *exact* Relation my Friend gave me of this *Affair*. Now to do thee *Justice*, thou art the *only* Harlot since the Creation, I believe, that ever had it put into her Head by the *Devil*, to fall a Sacrifice to *Love*. Who cou'd have imagin'd that a Woman of thy free *communicative* Spirit, shou'd fix her Affection, which was distributed before to all Mankind in *common*, to *Jews* as well as *Gentiles*, upon one transitory Mortal? nay, love him to that Degree, as to *venture* Fire and Brimstone for his Sake. This is so *monstrous* and surprizing, that I much doubt me, my dear Child, it portends some *unlucky* Revolution to *Europe*, the Down-fal of the *Protestant* Religion in the *Palatinate*, the Universal Monarchy of *France*, the unkinging of his *Po-pish* Majesty, or the beating of Prince *Eugene* out of *I-taly*. Had'st thou administred a little *Neapolitan* Conso-lation to thy *Hibernian* for his Infidelity, thou had'st *reveng'd* thy self upon him in thy own Way and *Pro-fession*; but to *hang* thy self for a *faithless* Wretch, was so wrong a Step in *Politicks*, that I can't imagine how thou cou'd'st fall upon it! Alas, thy *Business* is living, and not dying; or, if thou must needs *resolve* upon the latter, thou oughtest to die in thy own *Element*, I mean, of Love's active Distemper, and even of that, no where *under* a Garret. *Money* is a Whore's Religion, *Love* is downright Superstition: Now, why should one of thy Function, in this *Atheistical* Age too, die for an *Error*, when our very Parsons won't do it for the *Truth*.

But, my Dear, I only say this by Way of Raillery; for, between Friends, I so heartily approve of thy virtuous Resolution, that I am almost ready to hang my self for its Miscarriage.

Bless me! what wou'd I have *given* to have been in thy Chamber, when this glorious Scene was transac-ting there; but, Heaven be prais'd, I have a tolerable good Fancy of my own, with whose Assistance I can make a Shift to *guess* pretty well how it was. I ima-gine then, I see thee taking some half a Score melan-choly *Turns* about thy Room, with a *noble* Distraction, and *heroick* Wildness in thy Looks, like Queen *Dido*
a little

a little before she ascended the Funeral Pile. Methinks I hear thee pouring out a Volly of hearty *Ejaculations* against thy false Gallant, — then down with thy Looking-glass, — then out with the Cords, — then fasten them to the Staple, — then mount the fatal *Joint-Stool*, — then take the fatal Leap, ha, ha, ha, it makes me ready to dye with the Conceit, — and then swing,

*With an Air and a Face,
And a Shape, and a Grace,*

As the Song has it, like a School-boy in a Bell-rope, but so prettily and decently, that I must needs say for thee, with the Knot so *nicely* plac'd under thy right Ear, thy Mouth so *merrily* distorted, and the Humidity of thy Nature so *plentifully* streaming down upon the Floor, that, for my Part, I wou'd rather have beheld this Sight, than any of the *Roman* Triumphs, and sooner seen thee dangling under the Rope, than a Thousand *Lady Mary's* shewing their Agility upon it.

Faith, my dear Child, to be *serious* with thee, I wou'd not have had thee cut down for a *Million*, and a *Million*, thou knowest, is a *round* Sum, as times go. In the first Place, had thy noble Design taken Effect, thou wou'dst have been immortaliz'd in all the *News-Papers* about Town, and thy *Phiz* most curiously engrav'd in Wood, by honest *John Overton*, to adorn the Walls of every Coffee-house in *Drury-lane*. The poor Sister-hood of *Wild-street* wou'd have quoted thy Name with as much Veneration, as the Boys in *Cheap-side* talk of the *London* Apprentice, that kill'd his Brace of *Lions*, and kept the Anniversary of thy *Suspension* more *religiously* than the good People of *White Friars* do that of their *Matyr*, Captain *Winter*. Then there wou'd have been half a Score mournful Odes made upon thee, that's certain, sung most harmoniously at *Holbourn-bars* and *Fleet-ditch*: The Ballad-Woman wou'd have cry'd, *Here's a new and true Ballad of a Miss of the Town, that hang-ed her se'f in great Queen-street*. Then some of the Standers by wou'd have ask'd, *For what? For what?* Why because she had, perhaps, cries one them, been *overwork'd* in *Bridewell*; or because she had fall'n into the

the Hands of Justice *Perry*, cries another; or was stript of her only Petticoat, by an *unmerciful* Drawer, says a third; or an unkind Spark gave her a small Token of his Affection, cries a fourth, and left her not a Farthing to get rid on't. Thus the Mob would have bandied their Opinions about thee, and at last, the Ballad-Woman clear'd all, by telling them, *In Truth, you are Mistaken, she hang'd her self for Love.* Upon this, there wou'd have been such *shouting* and clapping of Hands, such *hollowing* and huzzaing, that the whole Town wou'd have rung with the Noise. Nay, who knows, but the City-Poet, in a few Years, wou'd have brought thee into *Smithfield*, where thou wouldest soon have overtopped *Jephtha's* Daughter and *Bateman's* Ghost? Or lastly, who can tell, but thou mightest have been preferred to the Almanack, and a new *Æra* commenced from thy glorious *Suspension*? Well, it makes me stark mad, my dear Creature, to think that thou hast *lost* all these Advantages and Honours, these Trophies and Epitaphs, through the over officious *Folly* of thy Maid. Prithee, let me conjure thee to turn her away for my Sake, or rather for thy own; for why shouldst thou keep a silly Slut in thy Service, that has robbed thee of *Immortality*?

To Mr. *Briscoe* in *Covent-Garden*.

An Account of a Journey to Exon.

April 8. 1700.

AS we have one good *Quality* in our Sex beyond what yours can boast of, that is, seldom to make a Promise, but with a Design to keep it; I have therefore been careful to let you see I cannot easily forget any thing, which so great an Obligation as my *Word* hath engaged me to remember: And as there was nothing needful but a bare Remembrance of my promise to induce me to preserve it; so I hope on your Part there would be nothing more required to render what I have sent you acceptable, than a Willingness to receive it.

it. I confess I have given you but a rude Account of my Journey, every Part just scribbled over with as much Freedom as 'twas acted, wanting Leisure to put it in any other than a *loose Morning-dress*; not questioning but it may please you as well without the Formalities of Stile, as a *pretty Woman* without Stays may some of your *Acquaintance*.

In the first Place, I shall give you a *rough Draught* of those *discording Mortals* our Company was compos'd of in the *Stage-coach*, viz. A *Barrister at Law*, an *Attorney's Clerk*, a *Cornish Justice*, a *Taylor*, and a *Valet* to a *Parliament-Man* that *would be*; but some Dispute arising in the Election, prevents me fixing his Title: That had I been travelling in a *Dutch-Scout*, or a *Grave-send Tilt-boat*, I could not have been treated with less Manners, or teaz'd with more Impertinence.

The *Justice*, notwithstanding the Government's Care for the *Reformation of Vice*, was as drunk as a *Dutch Captain* before he engaged, and for the first Day talked of nothing but *Fox-hounds*, *March Beer*, *Warrants*, *Whipping-Posts* and *Vagabonds*, hollowing as laudably in every Interval of his *Nonsense*, as if he had been riding three-quarter-speed at the very Heels of *Beagles*, larding his other *Qualifications* now and then with a Scrap of an old *Hunting-Song*, with a *Hey down, ho down, &c.* which gave good Reason to suspect he had been much more conversant with *Robin Hood's Ballads*, than with *Keeble's Statutes*, understanding the latter, I believe, as much as a *German Jugler* does *Necromancy*, or a *Lord Mayor State Policy*.

The *Limbs* of the *Law* were much disturb'd at his *Bawling*, for I conceive they love no *Body's Noise* but their own. They desir'd him to sleep; but he cry'd, *Zounds, I win't sleep, I din't care a F—t for your Anger, I'm a Justice of Peace, and worth thirty thousand Pounds, and am the Head Man where I live; and, by G——d, if you come to Lancthon, I'll give you a Glass of the best March Beer you ever drank in your Life: But I wil make a Noise if I please.* I was in hopes of seeing *Law* and *Justice* fall together by the Ears; but at last *Justice* slept, and the *Law* got the better by surviving it.

The

The *Taylor*, had you seen him, you would have sworn he had been broke by the *Jubilee Beaux*, for he had the Lines of Faith in his Face, and his Clothes bore the Marks of Poverty; he complained very much of his *Trusting*: I find 'tis a common Calamity, and ruins more Families than the *Royal Oke Lottery*.

The *Valet* personated his Master to a Tittle, and was as arrogant and noisy as e'er a *Country Squire* in *England*.

Now, if I were to be hang'd, I can't tell who had most Manners of all these: The *Lawyer* slept Dogs Sleep most part of the way, I suppose the better to ruminate on the Causes he had in Hand. The *Clerk* was as impertinent as a *Midwife at a Gossipping*, and I as dull as an *Old Woman at a Funeral*. They fail'd not to eat and drink heartily upon the Road, nor to make me club to the Reckoning; *Justice* and *Law* were both of a side in that Particular; and the *Court of Equity* being very chargeable, I chose to submit upon any Terms rather than seek for Remedy.

After the Fatigue of four Days, which might serve for a reasonable Penance for all the Sins I ever committed in my Life, I arriv'd at *Exon*, where we met the *Judges* entering the Town in as much Triumph as ever *Cesar* did *Rome* after a Victory; the *High Sheriff* rode in as much State as a *Collonel* of the *City Train'd Bands*, and much in the same Order, only the *Sheriff* march'd in the Rear of his Army, and the other in the Front. The next Day being *Sunday*, call'd by the Natives of this Country *Maze Sunday*, (and indeed not without some Reason, for the People look'd as if they were gallied) I was wak'd by the tremendous Sound of a *Horse-Trumpet*; I imagin'd some *Monster* was to be seen, and looking out at my Window, I saw several forts; the first were Mrs. *Sheriff* and her *Husband*, (for Women rule in this Climate, and therefore I give her the Preheminance) in a triumphant Chariot (erected on purpose for that Occasion) with *Dick* and *Doll* crowding to see their *Worships*, as if it had been his *Czarish Majesty*. The Custom, it seems, is to conduct them in this Manner to the most magnificent Church

Church of the Place, where we will leave them to their several Ejaculations. I am,

Your Oblig'd Servant

You know Who.

The Answer. By Mr. Brown.

Madam,

April. 12, 1700.

I Received your Letter, and am glad to find by it, that you have got that by making a small *Journey* to *Exeter*, for which other People are forc'd to cross the *Alps*, and beat the *Hoof* to *Rome*, I mean the *Remission* of your *Sins*, which you think you have made a reasonable *Attonement* for, by suffering so much from the *Impertinence* of the *Cornish Justice*, and the two *Limbs* of the *Law*.

But, *Madam*, don't flatter your self, or think that your *Chalk* will be so easily wiped out. You have been a great *Sinner* in your *Time*, and *four Days Penance* in a *Stage Coach* will hardly atone for the *Sins* you have committed: And because we are too apt to be over-favourable to our selves, give me leave, *Madam*, to awaken your *Conscience* out of this *dangerous State* of *Security*, by laying before you some of the many *Sins* you are accountable for.

Imprimis, Here are *People* in the *Town* that charge you with *Murders* numberless; and unless you heartily repent of them, and promise to commit no more, I find but little *Hopes* of you. Yes, *Madam*, you are charged with *Murder*, with this horrid *Aggravation* too on your Side, that whereas other *Assassines* only murder their *Enemies*, or such as they suppose to be so, you make no *Scruple* to kill your *Lovers*, that throw themselves at your *Feet*, and would purchase a single *Smile* from you at a *Seven Years Service*.

In the next Place you are accus'd of *Theft*. Set your Hand to your *Heart*, *Madam*, and do but consider how many of those *valuable Commodities* you have sto'en in your time, yet never had the *Conscience* to restore them to the *right Owners*. What makes the Crime worse in you,

you, you have added *Sacrilege* to *Theft*, and stole away People's *Hearts* at *Church*, in the Time of *Divine Service*, and in the Sight of *Moses* and *Aaron*.

You'll tell me, perhaps, that this is no *Theft*; and that if *Men* will put their *Hearts* upon you, how can you help it? But, *Madam*, some People gave them you, who had no Right to dispose of them, as I could instance in a Thousand *married Men* that sigh'd for you; and, according to the *ancient Proverb*, the *Receiver* is as bad as the *Thief*, for they stole 'em from their *Wives* to bestow 'em upon you.

Thirdly and *lastly*, *Madam*, you have not only your own *Sins* but those of other People to answer for. How many *Women* have you made guilty of the horrid *Sin* of *Detraction*, and tell a thousand *malicious Stories* of you, only because you were handsomer than they? How many *Men* have you made guilty of *Perjury*, and tempted them to forsake their *former Vows*, to sacrifice 'em to you?

Thus, *Madam*, I have made bold to lay some of your *Sins* before you. Should I undertake to send you a full *Catalogue* of them, I should have as fine a Time on't, as the *Commissioners* that are to inspect *Publick Accounts*. Therefore never think, that your *Exeter-Journey* has compounded for them. I would advise you this *holy Year* of *Jubilee*, to turn your Face towards *Rome*; but, alas, you'd spoil the *Devotion* of all the *Pilgrims* there, that according to our last *Advices*, are above a *hundred thousand strong*. In short, *Madam*, I don't know what Course to advise you to; only don't stay long in the *Country*, for that would be to *trespass* against a *positive Text*, and to put your *Candle* under a *Bushel*. Come to *Town* as soon as you can, begin to make *Restitution* in the Place where you have done the most *Mischief*.

You desire in my Answer I should transmit you some *News*. I assure you, *Madam* there is not enough stirring about *Town*, to fill the last half Column of the *Weekly Papers*, without a tedious Repetition of the same tulsome Stuff: That the *City News-bounds* sit as hush over their *Coffee*, as so many *Englishmen* in a *Tavern* when the *Drawer* has brought the *Reckoning*;
But

But however, for once I will strain a Point to oblige you.

Notwithstanding the *late War* in *Flanders*, and the present Year of *Jubilee*, have rid the Nation of Abundance of *Fools*; yet *Knaves* are every Term as thick in *Westminster-hall*, and *Cuckolds* every Day as numerous upon *Change*, as if they had still without Loss preserved their *ancient Number*.

Poetafters are grown as numerous in this *Town*, as *Quack-Doctors* or *Stock-Jobbers*; and every one so applies himself to the *Stage*, that the *White-Fryers* Printers are quite beggar'd for want of *Ballads*: Yet *Wit*, I observe, is as scarce as 'twas in the time of *Jeffery Chaucer*, when a *Distich* of *Verses* were worth a Page of *Prose*, and a Song with a *Fa-la-la* Chorus, was much more listen'd to than a *Sermon*.

Discretion in *Married Women* is here grown as scarce as *Modesty* in *Maids*: they so forward their Daughters by their own foolish *Talk* and *Example*, that the *pretty Miss* at Seven, instead of a *Rattle*, talks of nothing but a *Husband*; and the young Lady at Eleven is as ripe in her *Thoughts*, and as pert in her *Behaviour*, as if her Education had been at the famous *Mrs. C—'s* near *Red-Lion-Square*, instead of a *Dancing-School*.

I know, *Madam*, some of this News must seem strange to a Woman of your *Virtue*; but the more surprizing, generally the more acceptable, especially if it be true; for which Reason I sent it to you, to supply the Scarcity of such as might have been more welcome, and therefore beg your Acceptance of it in room of better, from,

Madam,

Your Humble Servant.

To his Mistress.

Upon seeing his Rival go into her Lodgings.

I Was dress'd, and just going to make you a small *Visit* last Evening, when I unluckily saw a Coach stop at your Door, a *Gallant* bolt into the House, the *Sashes* drawn

drawn down by trusty *Rachel*, and all Appearances of Business going forward. This made me immediately drop my Design: for as I would not willingly be hinder'd in one of my own Intrigues, so I am too good a Christian to interrupt any Friend of yours in his. Cou'd I but express to you how uneasy I pass'd the Evening, and what racking Thoughts possessed me all Night, as *hard-hearted* as you are, I dare swear you would pity me. All the while I tofs'd and tumbled in my Bed, I fancy'd my happier Rival revell'd in your Arms, surfeited on your Lips, lay expiring upon your Breasts, and———but I dare trust my self no longer with such stabbing Ideas. In short, I am upon the Brink of Despair, and you have no other Way left to cure my Jealousy, but by imposing upon my Understanding, telling me, that all I saw was a perfect *Illusion*; persuade the *Gallant* was the Fellow that furnishes you with *Small-Coal*; that the *Coach* was a Bandbox with your Linnen in't; the two *Horses* a Brace of *Elephants*, just marching for *May-Fair*. Tell me, trusty *Rachel* was drinking burnt Brandy, with a Couple of *Tinder-box* cryers at the next *Red-Lattice*, tho' I saw her draw down the Parlour-Sashes about six. To conclude, invent any thing, say any thing, swear any thing, tho' it be never so absurd, so you give it me but under your *Hand* 'twill be best of *Cordials* to

The Despairing

Amintas.

To his Mistress.

He desires her to steal him a kind Glance out of her Window.

Madam,

WHat have I done to disoblige you, that you should keep me so long in *Darkness*? In plain *English*, why have I not seen you shine out of the Sash this Morning, since you know I compute the Day not from the Sun's Rising, but your *Appearing* at the Window? 'Tis now exactly *Ten*, yet 'tis as dark in my *Hemisphere*, meaning my Room, as if 'twere *Midnight*; and
all

all for want of your divine Eyes to enlighten it. You'll hardly believe, upon my Faith, 'tis true, I am forc'd to use a Candle to write these few Lines to you; therefore, tho' it were only to save me the Expence of Candles, which the Maid with Tears in her Eyes told are risen a full Penny in the Pound, since the declaring of the War; peep out of the Window, and give Light and Comfort to

T. B.

To his Mistress.

Upon calling her a Hypocrite.

Madam,

YO U quarrell'd with me last Night, for calling you a *Hypocrite*; by the same Token I promised to retract my Words the next time I did my self the Honour to write to you. I would willingly *oblige* you all I can; but having consider'd the Matter seriously upon my Pillow, my *Conscience* tells me you are a downright *Hypocrite*: and Madam, I find there's no going against one's *Conscience*.

To be a *Hypocrite* is to be one thing in Reality, and another in Appearance: Now, Madam, let us examine, whether you will not come within the Pale of the Definition. To see the charming *Innocence* of your Looks, one would be apt to swear you never intended or executed any Mischief with them; and yet you have more *Bloodshed*, they say, to answer for, than the *French King*. Then your Eyes are the greatest *Hypocrites* in Nature; he that observes the languishing Softness of them, would conclude they only warm'd by their Beams, whereas the *Sun* in *Africa* does not scorch more violently. Your *Cheeks* are adorn'd with so delicious a Red, that Half the World imagines you are painted, whereas you wholly owe it to the Indulgence of Nature. And lastly, as for your Conversation, nothing is so easy and free, yet nothing seems so artificial and studied.

On the other Hand, Madam, your Humble Servant is perfectly the *Reverse* of what he appears to be. You'd take him for a weavering *inconstant* Fellow, and so does the Generality of your Sex, that regulate their *Judgment*

ment of him by *Appearances*; but to my certain Knowledge, he's the *sincereſt* Lover upon Earth. 'Tis true, he ſeems to profer his heart to a Thouſand other Women; yet, take my Word for't, he only deſigns it for you: If ſometimes he acts the *Indifferent*, and tells you he cares not a Farthing you; don't believe him, for then his Paſſion is at the higheſt, and he could readily die for you.

Thus, Madam, 'tis plain we are both of us *Hypocrites* tho' of a different Species. What will you ſay to my *Propoſal* then of bringing both our noble Qualifications into one common Stock? For, perhaps, ſomething very ſincere may be the Reſult of it.

To Madam de B—— Upon her being angry with him for telling her that his Soul had left him to go and inhabit with her.

FOR Heaven's ſake, Madam, what have I done to you, to put you into ſo *cruel* a Paſſion? Was it then ſo *unpardonable* a Crime in me, to tell your Ladyſhip, that my Soul had *quitted* its old Tenement to take up its Quarters with you? For my Part, I cannot ſee wherein it ſhould ſo mightily *diſpleaſe* you. If you believe nothing of the Matter, why then ſhould you be ſo *offended* at it? And if 'tis *true*, that this *Vagabond* of a Soul has *left* me for you, take it to your *ſelf* a God's Name, and don't ſend it back to its old Maſter, that has now no *Title* to it: For ever ſince the *Frolick* has taken it to loiter about you, it comes ſo ſeldom home, that I have no Time to *puniſh* it for *deſerting* me. Perhaps you may think this Adventure without Example: But, I can aſſure you, 'tis not ſo new as your Ladyſhip imagines. If ever you had read *Pliny*, he would have informed you, that the Soul of one *Hermotimus* uſ'd to *abdicate* his Body as often as the *Whimſey* took it, in order to divert it ſelf more agreeably elſewhere, as it ſaw Occaſion? And then when the *Frolick* was ſpent, wou'd come home civilly to its old Habitation, and tell *Hermotimus* what *fine* things it had obſerv'd abroad. This was a wonderful pretty Way of travelling, for

one to run over the Lord knows how many *Leagues*, without the least *Fatigue*, or being expos'd to any of those *Inconveniences* that use to incommode other Travellers. But Madam, there's a sensible Difference in the Case between *Hermotimus* and me: For that worthy Gentleman's *Body*, all the while his Soul was absent from it, lay as *cold* and *immoveable* as a Stone; but, for my Part, I eat, and drink, and dance, and laugh, while my Soul is taken up near your Person. By this, Madam, you may see, that you have wrought a *Miracle* upon me, much more *considerable* than any in *Pliny*; tho', under the *Rose*, that ingenious *Roman* was no *Niggard* of his *Prodigies*, when once his *Hand* was in. I am,

Yours, &c.

To Madam,——To acquaint her, that he had the good Fortune to Escape a double Scowring, viz. Death and Marriage.

SINCE I have been depriv'd of the *Happiness* of seeing you, I had like to have done two of the *foolishest* Things, which a Man in his *sober* Senses can possibly be guilty of, if 'tis in his *Power* to avoid them; I mean, Madam, I had like to have gone the Way of all *Flesh*, in a *mortal* and *matrimonial* Sense; or, in plainer *English*, either to have been *interr'd* in a Church-yard, or *undone* at the Church-Altar. To set me right in your good Opinion, 'tis but convenient I should inform you, Madam, that neither of these was of my own seeking; but that a burning *Fever* threatned to send me, *nolens volens*, to the *Grave*, and my good natur'd *Parents* to condemn me to a *Wife*. However, Heaven be praised, I have made a Shift to avoid both those *Blessings*; and since you have been always pleas'd to express some *Concern* for my *Welfare*, I am *vain* enough to believe, 'twill be some *Satisfaction* to you to learn how I escap'd them.

My *Fever* had brought me to a very *low* Condition, so that I *expected* every Moment when I should take a Leap in the *Dark*; for which Reason I was willing to clear

clear my *Debts* before I parted, and if I had stolen any Thing from any of my Neighbours, honestly to *re-store* it, that I might not be *imbarraſs'd* in my Journey to the *other* World. Immediately I remember'd, that I had read in some of our *Casuiſts*, (perhaps it was *St. Auſtin*, but I won't be poſitive) that to *ſteal*, was nothing elſe but to *take* away ſomething that belong'd to our Neighbour, without his *Conſent*: Upon which Account remembring, that I had *ſtolen* certain *valuable* Goods from your pretty Couſin *Belinda* without her Leave, my poor *Conſcience* flew in my *Face*, and acted the Part of a *Fury*. This Conſideration, in ſhort, ſo *terribly* alarm'd me, that 'tis impoſſible to tell you what *Agonies* I lay under; ſo that being fully reſolv'd to make *Reſtitution* of all that very Moment, I ask'd my *Confefſor*, a grave *ancient* *Pillar* of the Church, whether he wou'd give himſelf the Trouble to take into his *Cuſtody* a few Things I had *ſtolen* from a certain Perſon, and deliver them to their proper *Owner*. The old Gentleman, overjoy'd to find ſo *pious* a Diſpoſition in me, made answer, that he wou'd do it with all his *Heart*. Upon this I gave him a little *Purſe*, which I wore about my Neck in Nature of a *Relick-Caſe*, wherein he found a Lady's Picture in Miniature, three red Ribbons, and a Locket of Hair. When my venerable Spark ſaw this, *Come, come*, cries he, if you have been guilty of no other *Theft*, ne'er trouble your ſelf about the Matter: this is a *Peccadillo*, a meer *Trifle*, and my Life for yours, will never riſe in *Judgment* againſt you. *Ay*, but *Father*, ſaid I to him, this is nothing to what Follows, for I have ſtole ſomething of a thouſand Times greater Value than this. *How*, my dear Child, ſaid he, twirling up his Whiskers moſt judiciously, and what can that be? 'Tis, answer'd I, what both the *Indies* cannot purchaſe; 'tis what would pay the greateſt *Monarch's* Ransom upon Earth, and I muſt beg you to reſtore it with the other Things. That you may be ſure of, young Man, reply'd our *Scruple-drawer*; for what ſays one of the brighteſt *Luminaries* of the *Latin Church*? *Non tollitur peccatum niſi reſtituatur ablatum*: Which, for your Ladyſhip's Edification I thus tranſlate.

*If you restore not what you stole,
Old Nick will burn you to a Coal.*

With that, in spight of my Weakness, I jump'd out of Bed, took old *Ecclesiasticus* by the Beard, and gave him ten or a dozen hearty *Busses*, and desir'd him to *re-store* them to your Cousin *Belinda*. Although my Relations, that stood round my Bed, were in Tears to see me so near my last *Exit*, yet they could not forbear *laughing* at so *ridiculous* a Scene; nay, even the good *Father* himself lost all his *Gravity*, to find me troubled with so *merry* a Remorse of Conscience. However, to compose my afflicted Spirit, he promis'd, in *Verbo Sacerdotis*, that both the *Purse* and the *Kisses* should be faithfully *restor'd* to their right Owner. When they had given me *Satisfaction* in this important Point, I gave one of my Brothers a Will I had made a little before, and intreated him, that, if he had any *Kindness* for me, he wou'd take care to see two Articles of it perform'd: The first was, to bury the *Box*, wherein I preserve your Letters, in the same Coffin with my self; and the second, to go to *Æmilia*, ask her for my Heart, and deliver it to Madam——to whom it rightly belongs. I likewise bethought my self of some small Matters I had stolen from *Calista*, and accordingly communicated these Scruples to my *honest* Confessor. But after I had given him a *full* Account of the whole Affair, he fairly told me that since I had made so many fruitless Journeys for her sake, danc'd so many Hours Attendance after her, thrown away so many *Sighs*, and been at the *Expence* of so many Tears upon her Account, I had *honestly* deserved a better Reward than a Patch-box, a Tooth-picker, and a small Ear-ring amounted to, and therefore need not disquiet my self upon that Score. Thus you see, Madam, what a World of Care I took to discharge my Conscience, that I might troop off like a good Christian. But, as it happened, I might have sav'd my self the Trouble of making all this *Preparation*, for Heaven *contented* it self to see me put all in Readiness for this unwelcome Voyage, without carrying Matters any farther. In short, my Fever abated, and

I began to perceive some small Glimpse of a Recovery. 'Twas at this critical Juncture, when my Relations, intending, I suppose, to take their Advantage of my Weakness, which had not as yet wholly left me, propos'd a Match to me; and I, to convince you that I was not yet fully recover'd, in some Manner consented to their Proposal: But no sooner did I find my self in *Statu quo*, that is, re-established in perfect Health of Mind and Body, but I took Care to escape the *Ecclesiastical Trap* they had laid for me, and made the best of my Way to *Paris*, where I am at present, but cannot tell you to what Place I shall remove next. However, this I know, Madam, that let Destiny carry me to what Part of the World it pleases. I shall inviolably preserve that Friendship which I have sworn to you; and that nothing can give me greater *Satisfaction*, than to find by your Letters, that you maintain the same for me, who am,

Paris.

Madam,

Your most Obliged and
Most Obedient Servant.

To CALISTA: To tell her what cruel Designs his Despair had thrown him upon.

W Hen I parted from you yesterday, I left you with a full Resolution to *murder* my self, that I might have the Honour of pleasing you once in my Life, and free you, as you are pleas'd to express your self, from a troublesome *Persecuter*. But hitherto I have not put my Design in *Execution*, as having not been able to *determine* what sort of Death to pitch upon. At first I had an Inclination to *imitate* the late *Celadon*, of amorous Memory, and plunge headlong into the *River*; but then I was afraid lest the Water would carry me to the Banks, as well as him, and the compassionate Nymphs save me in spite of my Teeth. Then the Fancy took me in the Head to go and decently hang my self before your Door, and copy the Example of *Iphis*, who is the first Lover upon Record that brought

a Halter into Reputation: But I consider'd upon second Thoughts, that it would eternally reflect upon your Family, should I make a Gallows of your Door; and besides, *Hanging* is a scurvy sort of Death, to which I have had an Aversion from my Cradle. In the next Place, I thought of *Poisoning* my self, but soon laid it aside, believing that Poison was no more able to dispatch me, than *Mithridates* in the Days of *Yore*, since I had made it in a Manner *familiar* to me, by being so long accusom'd to it; for, mind me, Madam, having fed so many Years upon Fear, Despair, and Melancholy, which are the rankest and most violent Poisons in Nature, and this without any Prejudice to my Person, I think I may safely conclude, that I may venture now to take a small Dose of *Arsenick* or *Antimony*, and yet do my self no Harm. After this, I bethought my self, that to pierce my Heart with a Dagger, was as pretty an Expedient as a Man in my Circumstances could wish; but when I reflected, that *Lucretia* had ended her Days with a Piece of cold Iron, I soon abandon'd my Design; for why the Plague should I pitch upon that sort of Death which a foolish Woman formerly chose, who died out of Madness for having committed that very Action which it makes me stark mad, that I have never been so fortunate as to commit? And therefore since my Despair proceeded not from the same Motive as that of the indiscreet *Lucretia*, what Reason had I to chuse the same Destiny? In short, I spent the whole Night in Considering of this Affair, but cou'd come to no final Resolution. Now, Madam, I wou'd not have you think, that the Fear of Dying has hinder'd me all this while; no, tis the Manner of doing it, which has given me all my Uneasiness; for to unload my Conscience to you all at once, since I have found so many Plagues and Crosses in my Life, I would, by my Good-will, taste a little Pleasure at my Death. And this, Madam, I might expect to find, cou'd I put a certain Thought that has suddenly come into my Head, in Execution; which is, my fairest Creature, to die between thy Arms, to expire upon thy Bosom, to be stifled with thy Kisses, and smother'd with thy Embraces. I am very well satisfy'd, before I have made the Experiment, that there

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is nothing of that Horror in that sort of Death, as there is in Drowning, Hanging, and the like. Oblige me therefore so far, as to let me die in this Manner; for since you are resolv'd upon my Death, what signifies it whether it be given with Pain or Pleasure?

A Billet from a Lady. *Wherein she desires him to help her to a Song she had forgotten.*

I Remember, that yesterday towards the Evening, I heard a *Sonnet* or *Madrigal*, I cannot tell you which of the two it was, repeated to me by I don't know who or where; but this I remember full well, that it was one of the prettiest Fancies I ever heard in all my Life. This treacherous Memory of mine has unhappily lost it; by the same Token, I have puzzled my Brain to no Purpose, all this Morning, in hopes to recover it. Prithee favour me so far, as to try whether you can retrieve it in yours, for I shall have Occasion to shew it in a certain Company to Night, where it will be very acceptable. I can give you no other Marks to know it by, but that it talks of *Cupid's* having been of several Trades; but what those Trades were, the Lord of *Oxford* knows for me, and concludes with this Line, or something like it,

Where he stops one Hole, he leaves a Score in the Room. If your Memory can't help you to it, I expect your Muse should supply the Defect of it, and send me before Evening either the Son; I have forgotten, or one of your own upon the same Subject, full as good as the other. Farewel.

The A N S W E R.

Madam,

I Have not the least Idea of the *Madrigal* or *Sonnet* you write to me for, and indeed how should I? My Memory can't help me to'; for to the best of my Remembrance, it was never *intrusted* with it. As for my *Muse*, I have taken a great deal of Pains with her to put her in a good Humour, and *perswade* her to com-

ply with your Commands: Besides that, she *hates* nothing so much as to write with *Compulsion*; she told me very *bluntly*, that she lay under no *Obligation* to pay the *Debts* of your Memory, or to *gratify* a Lady's Demands, that could forget a *fine* Piece of Poetry so *easily*. You must *own*, Madam, that she had some *Reason* for what she said; for since you have *lost* so charming a *Song*, as this last *appears* to have been by your *Concern* for it, how can it be *imagined*, that you should take any Care to *preserve* such foolish Words as *mine*? At *first* indeed I was of her *Opinion*; but upon *second* Thoughts both alter'd *my own* Mind and *hers* also, by *representing* to her, that you cou'd not oblige her more *effectually*, than by *forgetting* her *Verses*, since, at the same time, you wou'd forget her *blind Side*.

Before I *part* with your Ladyship, I cannot but *re-mind* you of your *accusing* me in your last, with being the most *faithless*! Lover upon Earth. A *hideous* Charge were it true; but, Heaven be *praised*; 'twill give me no great *Trouble* to *justify* my self, tho' in making this *Justification*, I shall be *forc'd* to advance a certain *Doctrine*, which is not *commonly* receiv'd: I am perswaded, Madam, that there can be no greater *Fidelity* in the World, than to *shew* it to several People at the *same Time*. When a Man has promis'd it but to one Mistress, he needs no *mighty* Stock of it to keep his Word with her. But when he *vows* Fidelity to some ten or twelve *Bona Roba's* at once, he *ought* in my Opinion, to be *plentifully* furnish'd with this *precious* Commodity, to *enable* him to *acquit* himself of his Promise. As for my self, Madam, I can *honestly* boast, that I am possessed of this happy Talent, and am the *faithfullest* Man living to half a dozen *Mistresses* at this present Writing.

*In all Love's Dominions I challenge the Boy
To shew such a forward frank Lover as I:
So faithful and true where my Promise is past,
At the first so sincere, and so warm at the last.
Imprimis, I've sworn true Allegiance to Phillis;
And the same I have done to divine Amarillis:
Then to Cælia the fair I my Heart did resign;
Next I laid down the Trifle at Iris's Shrine.
Calista then gently put in for the Prize,*

Nor

Nor did the coy Sylvia my Off'ring despise.
But now you'll enquire, can they all quarter there?
Why, Madam, my Heart's large enough, never fear.

There's room for my Phillis,

And soft Amarillis:

And Cælia the fair,

Who need not despair

Of a good Lodging there:

With Iris, Calista, and Sylvia beside.

Yes, Madam, this oft by Experience I've try'd.

So large is the Place, and so plentiful my Store,

I with Ease can provide for six Mistresses more;

Nay, if you distrust me, e'en send me a Score.

I don't know what your Ladyship will say to these Heretical Principles; but you may be satisfy'd I firmly believe them, having made this Confession to you, not on y in Verse, but in the Sincerity of Prose, in which I beg leave to assure you, that I am with the utmost Respect,

Madam,

Your most obedient, &c.

To the Lady S——le, who desired him to draw the Character of his Rival.

YOU are certainly the most ingenious Woman in the World at tormenting of your Humble Servants, so that 'tis really a great deal of Pity you had not been Daughter or Wife to one of those Emperors who took so much Delight in inventing new Punishments to persecute the poor Christians. How nobly had you succeeded in that glorious Employment, and what Pleasure would it have been to your good-natur'd Daddy, or Husband, to see the Fruitfulness of your Invention? All the Tortures, the Gibbets and Racks, of those famous Tyrants had been nothing but down-right Sport and Pastime, if compar'd to the Torments which your fertile Genius would have found out. Have I not sufficient Reason, Madam, to entertain this Opinion of your Cruelty, since I have found to my Cost, how dexterous you are in persecuting your Subjects? Is it impossible to devise

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a more emphatical Punishment, than to oblige a Man to write the Panegyrick of his Rival? And yet you have impos'd this cruel Necessity upon me. Since *Adonis* has the good Fortune, I won't say the Merit, to appear lovely in your Eyes, you must e'en lay your Commands upon me to draw him as such, and charge me not to let Envy or Jealousy have the the least Hand in his Picture: Nay, what is more, you expect I should flatter his Defects, and set off his good Qualities. This, as I take it, is what you require me to do, in order to please you; but, Madam, is it possible I should please you and my self at the same time? I need not inform you sure, what a Mortification it is to praise one's Rival even for his Perfections; what must it be then, to be forc'd to tell Lies in his Favour? Do you believe, that because you are *charm'd* with his Merits, I must be so too? Or, because you have been pleased to make him your Idol, that I must *fall* down and worship him in my Turn? I *appeal* now to your Ladyship, whether you did not give me a just Provocation to compare you to those ancient *Tyrants* that persecuted the poor Christians, because they would not adore false Deities; for don't you exercise the same Injustice against me? But this is nothing, you are my Sovereign; and tho' it goes never so much against the Grain, I must obey; neither shall I scruple to sacrifice my own Pleasures; that I may promote yours. For this Reason, I will immediately take my Pencil in Hand, to draw the Picture of your beloved *Adonis*, and all imaginable Precaution, that neither Envy nor Jealousy shall be concerned in tempering the Colours.

Adonis is well shap'd, and of a reasonable Stature. 'Tis true, some People think him somewhat of the *lowest*; but what of all that? 'Tis rather an *Advantage* than any *Prejudice* to him, since no Man can call him a great Coxcomb, without giving himself the *Lie*. His *Hair* is of a fine flaxen Colour, and *curls* most deliciously, so that he may boast with Vanity, of having a *fine Head*. 'Tis a downright *Calumny* to say his Head is none of his own; for I am intimately *acquainted* with the Barber that sold him his Periwig, who has told me a Hundred times, that like a noble Gentleman, he gave him
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five Guineas more than it was worth. His *Head* stands between his two *Shoulders*, exactly like that of other Mortals, upon a *Pedestal*, which in truth, is somewhat of the shortest; but then to make him *Amends*, Nature has supply'd in *Thickness* what it wants in *Length*. His *Complexion* is as fair as a Lily, and indeed 'twere next to a Miracle were it otherwise; for to my certain Knowledge he owes the Devil-and-all for *Cosmeticks* and Washes, scrubs and lathers his *Phyz* most *unmercifully*, and bestows some half a Doz n of *Washballs* upon it every Morning. His *Eyes* are blue and rolling; 'tis true they are somewhat heavy and dull; but then 'tis to be consider'd they are only so in your *Presence*; and what *Wonder* is it, Madam, if when the *Sun* shines in its Meridian Brightness, the lesser *Stars* disappear? His *Eye-brows* are fair, but over large and somewhat *Saracen* like; I mean when the *Tweezers* have not play'd their Part; for which Reason, I wonder at the *Impudence* of his Enemies, who pretend, that he has an *effeminate* Face. Whether Nature was in a liberal Vein, when she bestow'd a Head of Hair upon him, I cannot resolve you, as not being able to judge of it through his *Periwig*; but this I am assur'd of, that she shew'd herself extreamly *frugal* when she gave him a *Beard*; I say, Madam, extreamly *frugal*; for had she given him one Hair less, she had ruin'd his Beard to all intents and Purposes. But blessed be the Fashion, which extends its *Empire* over our *Beards*, as well as our *Habits*; *Adonis* has just enough for his present Occasion. His *Nose* is not to be played upon, because 'tis somewhat of the shortest, which may be the *physical* Reason, perhaps, why he does not smell Things at a Distance. His *Cheeks* are ruddy and sanguine, and indeed well may they blush, to be placed so near a *Mouth* that speaks nothing but *Absurdities*. In short, the *Turn* of his Face seems to promise no mighty Stock of Intellectuals; but who knows but his Soul is an errant *Hypocrite*, and conceals it self on Purpose to surprize all the *World*, when it makes its first Appearance? As for the Qualities of his *Body*, 'tis certain he possesses them to Advantage: He is a profound Critick in his Cloaths; and tho' he duly employs half a Score Hours every Morning before his

Toi-

Toilet and Looking-glass, yet it cannot be pretended, that he bestows them to no Purpose. He dances to Perfection, so that one may of Justice say of him, that if he has no Mercury in his Brains, he has enough in his Heels. He makes a good Figure on Horseback, I cannot deny it, who the last Time I had the Honour of your Company, receiv'd an unlucky Fall from my Horse, which he afterwards mounted before you, and managed with an extraordinary good Grace. I remember it full as well as if it were but Yesterday, how plentifully you laugh'd at my Misfortune, and what mighty Commendations you bestowed upon his Horsemanship. But, Calista, the Miracle is not so great as you imagine; for there is always a strange sort of Sympathy between Beasts, and that, perhaps, might occasion the good Intelligence between the Horse and Adonis. As for his Courage, I have nothing to except against it; he is not afraid of shewing his Face in the Field, and I believe wou'd not scruple to hazard his Life for a Trifle, because he knows very well, that in doing so, he hazards a Thing of no very great Importance. He is liberal even to Profusion, and flings away his Money like Dirt; but 'tis among his Songsters and Fiddlers; because they compliment him with the Title of his Excellence. He is free in his Discourse, and has nothing of the Dissembler in him; but, Calista, those that always speak what they think, don't always think what they speak. He is no Liar, and all that know him will do him the Justice to clear him from that Imputation; for there wants a great deal of Wit and Memory to qualify a Man for that Calling. As for Wit, his Adversaries give out, that he has little or none; but I am ready to take up the Cudgels in his Defence, for, I think, he has given a convincing, and indeed an undeniable Proof of his Wit in loving you. But to this, the others reply, that he loves you meerly because he was told you were amiable, and only suffers himself to be carried down the Stream with your other Admirers. 'Tis true, his Judgment was never polish'd by Education; he has no more Relish for Learning than a Horse, and is a perfect Stranger to all the Sciences: But, what is equally happy for him, he imagines he knows them all, and something more; And as

Hap-

Happiness consists in one's *thinking* himself happy, so perhaps *Wit* and good *Sense* may consist in one's *thinking* himself *witty*. If this Inference holds good no Man ever possess'd it in so *eminent* a Degree as *Adonis*, since no Man ever had a better Opinion of his own *Merit*. At the same Time, *Calista*, we must own that you have principally *contributed* to fix this *Error* in him, by heaping your Favours so *profusely* upon him; and that 'tis *pardonable* in a Man to deceive *himself*, after he has deceiv'd a *Woman* of your *Wit*. As for his *Devotion*, 'tis agreed on all Hands that it must needs be very *great*; for he never *fails* of shewing his fine Person at *Church* when *you* are there, which is as much as to say, he goes thither very *often*. He is as *discreet* as a Man in his Condition, well can be, and to be sure, *boasts* not of Favours he never *received* from you. In his ordinary Conversation he pleases not *one* in a Million; but what *signifies* that, since he is so happy as to please you, and you *alone* are all the *World* to him. One cannot say, without grossly *flattering* him, that he *rallies* agreeably; but the Reason is, because all *Raillery* is downright Slander; and *Slander* surely is below a Gentleman of his extraordinary *Worth*. He tells his Stories with a very ill *Grace*, and *teazes* all those People to *Death* whom he designs to *divert* with them; but tell me, after all, what mighty *Honour* is it for a Man to be a good *Story-teller*, in plain *English*, a good *Buffoon*?

And now, *Calista*, I have finished the Picture of your dear *Adonis*, as well as I was able. I'm afraid you'll not think it altogether so charming as the *Original*; but I find my self obliged in *Conscience* to inform you, that *Love* is a most *deceitful* Painter, upon which Account 'tis not safe always to *believe* the Representations of so know a *Flatterer*. Perhaps too my *Jealousy*, whatever care I took to *hinder* it from having any Hand in this *Affair*, has not seconded your Intention. Well, be it so then: However, I assure you, *Calista*, that my *Jealousy* is much more *just* than your *Love*, and better *knows* how to draw Pictures after the Life. I am,

Madam, Your most obedient Vassal, &c.

Mr. T.

Mr. T. B R O W N's Pocket-Book of Common-Places.

TO see the Number of the Churches and Conventicles open every *Sunday*, a Stranger wou'd fancy *London* all Religion; but then to see the Number of Taverns, Ale-houses, &c. he wou'd imagine *Bacchus* the only God that is worshipp'd there.

A Man need not go out of *London* to hear Barbarisms and Nonsense; they are the universal Traffick from *Lime-house* to *Milbank*.

If no *Trades* were permitted but those which were useful and necessary, *Lombard-street*, *Cheapside*, and the *Exchange* might go a begging: For more are fed by our *Vanitie* and *Vices*, than by our *Virtues*, and the *Necessities* of Nature.

Tradesmen often break to get an Estate, as *Tartars* retire to get a Victory.

All the Advantage *Quality* has of us, is to eat *Asparagus* at *Christmas*, *Mackarel* in *February*, and *Larks* in *November*; run in Debt without fear of the *Bailiffs*, and put out no Lights in the Winter.

Men often interest Providence in their minutest Affairs, when they forget the greater. Thus a Captain in *Flanders*, dining at a Tavern, was pawned for the Reckoning; but just in the Nick, the Earthquake paid it by knocking out the Brains of his Host.

I wonder the Tax-Projectors in *France* have never thought of an Imposition on Ice! Unless they have passed it over, as not reaching the Poor.

Some wou'd have us believe Camps the Schools of good Manners; but certainly we might as well learn Sobriety in a Tavern, and Chastity in a Brothel.

Tiresias knew more than *Solomon*; for the blind Prophet knew the Pleasures of both Sexes, which was more than the nine hundred Concubines cou'd impart to the King.

I have found the Women generally against *Circumcision*, and the dismembring of the *Spanish Monarchy*: I can't tell their Reason, unless it be, that they are not for lessening the Members.

For

For a Prince to think to suppress a Faction, by bringing one or two of its Heads, is to draw a Rent-Charge on the *Crown*; for when Men know they have paid for it, the Party will never want a fresh Supply of Leaders.

It's a great Advantage to Traders of all sorts, to come into a well-custom'd Shop: So the Pope gets Money by succeeding St. *Peter*, Dr. *Gibbons* by coming into Dr. *Lower's* House, &c.

How little is popular Favour to be depended on? Four Years ago *Musophilus* was voted *deserving of the King's Favour*, and now voted to be try'd for Mismanagement.

A *Fast-Day* is only a Vacation from Cheating, and the Drunkard's Holiday.

After all, I know not whether a nice Taste be not rather a Curse, than a Blessing; for by that we are pleas'd with fewer things; and the less *Pleasure*, the less *Happiness*.

E'en Avarice has something to say for it self; and Sir *John Cutler*, perhaps, took as much Pleasure to see his *Guineas*, as *Neal* to squander them away.

Lawyers leave generally perplexed Wills: And Why? But that, as they got their Money by *Law*, their Heirs may spend it in the same Manner.

A Man, that had a bad Memory bought a *Memorandum-Book*, but never cou'd remember he had one. A notable Instance we had t'other Day in a certain Bishop, who forgot where he had laid his *Memorandums*.

Vainlove is a damned repeating *Poetaster*, and his Tongue is like a perpetual Motion, never lying still: Yet speaking of a Brother of the Quill -- 'Tis a *Thousand pities*, says he, --- *He's the honestest Fellow in the World, only he talks too much*.

In the *Mosaick Law*, if the Whiteness has overspread all the Body, then the affected had Liberty to go abroad for Air; if some part of the Body was free from Infection, he was to be kept up as *Unclean*. From which I observe, first, That *Putrefaction* is more contagious before Maturity, than after: Secondly, That Men abandon'd to Vice, don't so much corrupt Manners, as Half-Debauchees, half *good* and half *evil*.

If the *Eucharist* be the true and real Body of our Saviour, why do you administer it on *Fridays*, when you prohibit eating *Flesh*?

Tobacco, Ale, and the Protestant Religion, the three great Blessings of Life.

The *Roman* Sepulchres were erected near the Highways, to put People in Mind of Mortality; for which Reason we find the Inscriptions addressed to the *Viator*, or Passengers, ill imitated by us in our *Church Tombs*.

Caligula gave his Horse *Incitatus* a Parsonage; and no doubt on't, but would have dispensed with the Horse's keeping a *Curate* to officiate, because he had an Impediment in his Speech.

The *Jewish* OEconomy seems never designed for all the World, but calculated for a narrow Territory, since they were obliged to go thrice a Year to *Jerusalem*.

A reverend, but laborious dull Trifler in his Book, would persuade us, that the Gardens of the *Hesperides* and *Alcinous* are taken from the *Garden of Paradise*. Yes, as much as the great Bed at *Ware* was borrowed from that of King *Og*; and he might as well have drawn the *Pope's Triple Crown*, from *St. Peter's Triple Denial* of our Saviour.

Mythologists are indeed very pretty Fellows, and are mighty Unravellers of the Fables of the old *Ethnicks*, discovering all the *Old Testament* concealed in them. Thus *Eve*, was *Ate*, *Pandora*, and *Proserpina*: *Astrea's* leaving the World, was *Enoch's* Assumption in the fiery Chariot: Because *Kings*, in Scripture, are stil'd *Gods*, therefore the *Pagans* deify'd their *Kings*: *Jupiter Ammon*, *Bacchus*, and *Pan* are painted with Horns, because *Horns*, in the *Scripture-Phrase*, signify Power. They might, after this rate, if they had a mind to it, bring *Gammar Gurton* in, and make her, and *Mother Shipton*, and *Bess of Bedlam* signify the *Witch of Endor*.

The thriving Citizen makes it a chief Article of his *Creed*, that he must do every thing that will help to promote *Trade*; for that, to him, is the *Law and the Prophets*.

Aeneas's

Aeneas's Piety runs incessantly out at his Eyes. He weeps at the Burying of his Nurse; he weeps at the Loss of *Palinurus*.

When *Dido* found her self abandoned, and out of Despair was contriving to dispatch her self, the Trojan Prince very fairly goes to his Vessel, where he sleeps so soundly, that *Mercury* must come to awake him.

l. i. bell. cw.

Appian made a gross Blunder in his History, where he says, That the Romans had Kings for the Space of an hundred Olympiads; whereas all the World knows, that *Tarquin* was expell'd A. U. C. 224, and there's 156 Years Mistake in the Matter. But *Appian* visibly contradicts himself too elsewhere, where he places the Dictatorship of *Sylla* in the 175th Olympiad.

The Pagan Sacrifices for the most part were at the Charge of the Publick. *Theodosius* uses it as an Argument to the Heathens to turn Christians, because their Religion was costly.

Cyder an ancient Liquor mention'd both by *Tertullian* and St. *Austin*; the former calls it *succum ex pomis vinosissimum*. The other writing against the *Manichees*, who abstained wholly from Wine, which they objected to. The *Catholicks* charge them with drinking the Juice of Apples, far more delicious than Wine, or any other Liquor. From these Passages of *Tertullian* and *Austin*, who were both *Africans*, Cardinal *Perron* (who was born in *Fersey* of Protestant Parents) thinks this Liquor was first known in *Africa*, from thence passed into *Spain* among the *Biscayneers*, and from them into *Normandy*.

Justin, censur'd by some for the Digression about the Antiquity of the *Scythians* and *Aegyptians*, as *Sallust* is by *Scaliger*, Poet. l. 4. for his tedious Speeches; for spending so much time in describing the *Ara Fratrum*; in making a Parallel between *Cato* and *Cesar*, *Præter Historiæ Argumentum*, and tracing the Conspiracy of *Catiline* to the Original of Rome, not to mention his two tedious impertinent Prefaces. *Cressa* has told *Aeneas*

*Ad terram Hesperiam venies, ubi Lydius arva
Inter opima virum, leni fluit agmine Tybris.*

And

And yet he says afterwards,

Incerti quo fata ferant.

The *Ancilia* among the old Romans (as a Reverend Author asserts) had some Reference to the *Jews Urim* and *Thummim*: As much as they have to the Spanish Arms in the Tower.

Aristophanes's Quarrel with *Socrates* was, because he despis'd the Comedians, tho' he would go to see *Eurip. Trag.* for which Reason, *Nub. Act 5. Sc.* he jeers at *Eurip. Poetry.*

The *Clouds* did not contribute to 'Tis confess'd by the taking away *Socr. Life.* *Palmerius* learned Men he has shewn that he liv'd 24, if not 25 lived 16 Years Years after. 'Tis evident from the after this Play. Play that was acted before *Cleon's*

Death, which happened in the 10th Year of the *Peleponnesian War*, at which time *Aminias* was the chief Magistrate at *Athens, Ann. 2. Olymp. 8.* But *Socrates* was accused when *Lachetes* govern'd, *Ann.*

1. *Olymp. 95.* three and twenty --- Who perhaps Years after the Death of *Cleon*--- *Anton.* - *Thyſt'* in his Comments upon *A. Olivarius* in l. 7. *Gellius*, l. c. 17 pretends, that after Val. Max. *Arist.* had expos'd *Soc* in his Comedy called *The Frogs*, (for so he mistakes)

the next Day he was accus'd and condemn'd.

Apud Homerum Alcinous Odyſſ. 7. Ulyſſi peregrino Filiam offert optans ut illam velit accipere, & vocari gener, quod quidam reprehendant.

Circe better employ'd by *Ovid*, than by *Virgil*. In the latter she is represented weaving: In the former she and her Companions,

Vellera motis

Nulla trabunt digitis, nec fila sequentia ducunt.

Gramina disponunt, sparsosq; sine ordine flores

Secernunt calathis, variasq; coloribus herbas.

And this seems to be the fitter Diversion for an Enchantress.

Macrobius, l. 5. c. 17. blames *Virgil* unjustly, for making the Grounds of the *Latin War* so trivial. *Homer's Iliads* turn upon a less, the Tears of a Parson's Daughter.

Erro-

Errorem admisit Lucanus, cum dixerit:
Fundat ab extremo flavos Aquilone Suevos
Albis.

Nam Suevi Rheno propiores.
 Par error in sequentibus.

———— *Ganges toto qui solus in orbe*
Ostia nascenti contraria solvere Phabo
Audet.

Ister siquidem & Padus & Thamesis in Orientem
 fluunt, quin Ganges in Austrum exit.

Isidore pretends that 'till *Augustus's* Time, the Ro-
 mans made use of *c s* instead of *x*; and *Papias* adds, that
 after the Nativity of our Saviour, it came in Fashion,
 in *Honorem Crucis*, in Respect to the Cross; both
 which are false. For in the *Colonna Rostrata*, the oldest
 Remainder of Antiquity in Rome, we find *exfugiunt* for
effugiunt.

Errores Philol.

Infractus idem Servio ac invictus, male. Nam nemo
ita usurpat Latinorum, apud quos infracti sunt vere fracti
& victi. Cruferius Plutarchi interpres in Vita Catonis
Uticensis *ἰνυρόν* reddit *infractum*, sed *perperam*.

Priamus Iliad 22. dehortans Hectorem a congressu cum
Achille tandem subjicit, ἐπεὶ πολὺ φέρτερός ἐστιν. Nihil
audire clarius ad contumeliam Hector potuit: Vide quid
Cerdanus super hac re dicat, p. 695.

Some Writers of no mean Note among us have
 made use of Jewish Testimonies to prove the Trinity,
 as some Romish Authors have done the same to support
 that monstrous Doctrine Transubstantiation. Particular-
 ly *Galatinus* in his first Book *de Arcanis Cathol. Ve-*
rit. c. 3, says, *That the ancient Jews may be thought*
not so much to have foretold Things to come, as to have
reported, like the Evangelists, Things already done. To
this Purpose, Rabbi Cahana and R. Judas are cited by
them, tho' in the Places alledg'd we find nothing that
makes to that Purpose; as also R. Simeon's Revelatio Se-
cretorum, a Book composed in Utopia, and R. Barachi-
as in Ecclesiasten,

As *Mahomet* says of himself,

Ego quadraginta Virorum in meis lumbis vires habeo.

So may *Ed————ds* with more Truth assert,

I have a Stock of Impudence and Calumny, enough to furnish the whole Town upon Occasion.

Scaliger de Emend. Temp. lib. 5. pretends that Troy was taken about Full-Moon, and the beginning of Spring.

Petronius in his Fragment, *de expugnatione Trojae.*

Jam plena Phœbe candidum extulerat jubar.

To excuse *Moses* for killing the *Egyptian*, 'tis merrily enough pretended, that he had the Spirit of Prophecy upon him when he did it; and knew that out of this Fellow's Loins no Proselite should ever arise.

It deserves Observation, that the names of the two Magicians that oppos'd *Moses*, are still remaining with *Jewish*, *Christian*, and *Pagan* Historians, tho' *Moses* nowhere calls them by their Names. But 'tis probable that the *Ægyptian* Priests writ Memoirs of what happened, and so out of their Writings (for after the Captivity the *Jews* had no old Monuments, but what are still extant) the Names of the *Ægyptian* Magicians might be taken.

Atridas, Priamumq; & sævum ambobus Achillem.

Legendum Atriden. Neq; enim Menelao sævus fuit, sed Agamemnoni, quem confodere voluit Iliade; deinde si tres, Agamemnonem, Priamum & Menelaum proponet, quo pacto dicit sævum ambobus?

Guy Patin in his Letters, tells us, that being Physician to *Gassendus*, and telling him that he was at the Point of Death, he answer'd him:

Omnia præcepi, atq; animo mecum ante peregi.

In some Countries the People are Slaves without a standing Army, as in *Poland*, *France*, &c. where the Tenants hold at the Will of the Lord; and consequently are not industrious to build and plant.

Poggius tells us of a Man that gelt himself to know whether his Wife ——— he being jealous of her

Homerus tradidit a Pharo in Ægyptum noctis & diei cursum fuisse navis striden: quam ventus pone sequatur. Quod falsissimum cum Alexandria stet ab Annis bis mille, tamen semper est littorea.

In *Agragas*, if we may believe *Lucretius*; l. 8. there were eight hundred Thousand Inhabitants, *μυριάς καὶ ὀκτώκοντα*, verum mendum est in numeris, qui cum

cum per literas numerales compendiose scriberentur, facile potuerunt π & κ mutari. Qua ratione factum ut pro viginti Myriadibus, octingenta scriberentur. Neque enim habuisse Agrigentum supra 20 Myriades, i. e. 200 Thousand, his verbis docet Diodorus Siculus, l. 13. Ἀνδραγατῖνοι μὲν ἦσαν πλείους τῶν δεκάκις μυριάδων σὺν ᾧ τοῖς καλοῦ- κῆσι 8κ ἐλάττω τῶν εἰκοσι μυριάδων.

John Dunton's *Athenians*, it seems, affect the Honour of being thought Originals, and it must be confess'd, to their great Honour, that they are so: For most of their Etymologies, their circular Rainbows, nay what is more surprizing, their very Translations, are meer Originals: And so is every thing, in short, but their Poetry, which is a feeble Imitation of *Jordan's* Versification.

As for their great Skill in Etymology, I shall instance in two, viz. *Surplice* from *super* and *plico*; and *Punch* quasi *Paunch*. As for the first, it is called in Latin *Superpellicem*, and is far enough from the Derivation they brought. And as for the latter, *Punch* quasi *Paunch*, it is like *Hat* quasi *Hate*, because a Man hates to be without a Hat.

The *Athenian* who told us his Wife never long'd for any thing but she had it, is desired to tell her, that if she longs to see an ill-natur'd Blockhead, she need not stir out of Doors to see the Sight.

Nymphas Baccho adhibere, will pass no where for Bawdy, but only amongst the *Athenians*; where this Phrase does not signify to pimp for *Bacchus*, or to help *Bacchus* to a *Covent-Garden* Cooler, (which seems to be their Mistake) but only to a little cool Water. And in this Sense the severest Ear in the Kingdom may hear it without Offence.

Æneid. l. 2 Jamq; adeo super unus eram, &c. Sunt qui sequentes 22. versus rejiciunt, at Scaliger, l. 3. cap. 11, 12. & 23. germanos esse evincit, ab imbecilli sorte humana.

Cowley falsely represents *Pindar* as irregular: The *Antistrophe* always answers the *Strophe* and the *Epods* each other.

In the *English* Play, *Oedipus* makes an Allusion to the Decorations of the *Athenian* Stage, which were not invented till a hundred Years after.

The *German* Soldiers won't fight without Pay. Even the Gods *Neptune* and *Apollo* trounc'd *Laomedon* for cheating 'em of their Hire.

Julian in his Epistles, tells us, That the Fig-trees in *Judea* were seldom or never without Fruit, the Old not falling off till the New came on. This may afford Light to the Passage, *Mat. 13. 14.* *The Time of Fruits was not yet com.*

The Publisher of *Petronius cum Notis Variorum*, recommends the reading of him to those that would understand *St. Paul's* Epistles.

Mr. F——lle, in his Account of *Fersey*, tells us of a Charter given a Man to hold during Life, and five Years after.

Joshua takes no notice of the *Phenicians* Peopling of *Africa*, and erecting Pillars at *Tangier*: Yet *Procopius de Bello Vandal. lib. 8.* affirms it, and is believed

Rablais has not been more extravagant in his *Gargantua*, than the *Jewish* Rabbies in their Stories of King *Og*. They tell us that Monarch had got a mighty Stone upon his Head, designing to ruin the whole *Israelite* Army with it. Down comes a Lapwing, and pecks such a Hole thro' it, that it fell on his Shoulders; and by a Miracle his upper Teeth suddenly extended, kept it fast from Motion.

Poeta loquutus est cum in principio Æneid. dixerit, Lavinaq; venit littora, at cum in persona Palinuri, porteq; require Velinos, quia scil. suo tempore sic nominabantur minus excusandus est.

Florus says, that *Cæsar* pursu'd *Cavelianus usq; in Sylvas Caledonias.*

The only thing I envy you in the Country, is, your Women, and there 'tis true, you have the better of us; and a mighty Blessing it is, if you knew how to value it aright. You know, I have in my Time had some civil Correspondence with the *London* Ladies; but after all I don't like them. I have the same Quarrel to them as the Parsons have to the Laity, they know too much.

Militant

Militant Drunkards here below. A Passage inconsistent with the affected Gravity of those strait-lac'd Moralists the *Poultry* Reformers, who place the greatest Part of their Religion in the *Opus Operatum* of bellowing out of *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*.

'Tis customary for Poets to commend one another, like the two famous Swords-men in *Bessus*, who gave it under one another's Hands, that they were brave Fellows.

Compliments, like Funeral Sermons, ought in Strictness of Justice to be paid to those Performances only that really deserve them; and that even in those Cases, the Incense is not worth one's Acceptance, unless free and unrequested.

Vanity makes the *French* Loyal, and boast of what their King does.

Lucian makes *Prometheus* cite a Verse out of *Homer* that liv'd long after.

Dr. Heylin in his Introduction to his *Cosmography*, tells us of some People that make *Aristotle* to be our Saviour's Præcursor in Naturals, as *St. John* was in Spirituals. He might better have made *Prometheus* a Type of his Crucifixion.

When the *Senate* had once permitted the Soldiers to elect *Galba*, and had confirm'd that Election, more Emperors were elected Abroad in the Field by the Legions, than at Home by the Senators.

Three Legions keep their constant Residence here, viz. the sixth, the twentieth, (both firnam'd *Victrix*) and the eleventh; but in the declining State of the *Empire*, when the *Romans* were forc'd to recal them for the Defence of *Italy*, then over-run by the Northern Nations, the *Scots* and *Picts* so harrafs'd the poor *Britains*, that in Hopes of Relief, they call'd in the *Saxons*.

Incidit in Scyllam, &c.

Josephus all the World knows, studied to make his own Country great, even at the Expence of Truth. Thus, that *Moses* might not appear a poor Fugitive that fled into the Wilderness, he makes him the General of an Army in *Æthiopia*, and married to the King of the Country's Daughter.

King

King *Henry VIII.* in the Year 1538, considering in what Terms he stood with the *Pope*, and *Charles V.* for his late Defection from the See of *Rome*, and his Divorce of Queen *Katherine*, thought it advisable to provide for his Safety, by building in all Places where the Shore lay open and exposed, Castles, Platforms, and Block-houses,

Aristotle and *Plato*, tho' Common-wealth-men, call'd the Government under the *Ephori*, Τυραννίδα καὶ τὸ Τυραννικόν.

When we came there, we found two solemn Pieces of Antiquity, the old Gentleman and his Lady, couching at the Fire side very conjugally, and answering one another like two Birds in a Cage.

The Collection of Canons and Decretals publish'd by *Riculphus* Bishop of *Mentz*, under the Name of *Isidorus*, spurious Every one was surpriz'd at the Novelty, but no Body durst imagine it the Work of an impostor. *Pope Nicholas* and his Successors understood the Value of them so well, that they built the Canon-Law upon this Foundation: and 'twas not 'till the 24th Century that learned Men began to doubt of them. One of the strongest Arguments that was used to reject them, was taken from the Silence of the eight first Ages.

Foreign Gods, without enquiring into their Merits, were, with less ado made free of *Rome*, than one can get into the louiest Corporation in *England*.

'Tis a Miracle, that *Ed——ds*, when discoursing of the *Sybyls*, forgot to tell us that the *Sybil* which came with her Books to *Tarquin*, was lineally descended from the old Woman at *Endor*.

St. Austin pretends that the Magicians fail'd in the third Plague, to shew the Defect of human Philosophy, when it comes to the Mystery of the Trinity.

Virgil's Narration of *Palinurus's* swimming three Days, destroys what *St. Evremont* tells us of the Poets preserving Probability in Actions meerly human.

In Heroick Times, even at Feasts, Men did not eat of Dishes in common, but every one had his Portion apart, and the best Man had always the greatest.

Veiling of the Bride, a decent Custom, that common
Sense

Sense might dictate to them, without travelling as far as *Paestine* for it.

Gregory Nazianzen, in his twentieth Oration, has this remarkable Passage, τῷ αὐτῷ πολλῷ διδασκαλῶν χεῶν-
μυρος, as merry a Sight, as it would be to see two
grave B ———ps lugging one another by the Beards in
a Council.

Julian the Emperor, in his first Oration *de Laudibus Constantii*, tells us, that *Xerxes* took up χεῶνον ἐτῶν ἐκ
ἐλάσποδα δ.κα, in Preparations for the Greek War,
which is impossible, since *Xerxes* began this War a-
gainst them in the 6th Year of his Reign.

Eusebius, l. 1. c. 8. *Hist. Eccl.* quotes *Josephus's*
Antiquities, and makes him relate the Punishment with
which God afflicted *Herod*, for the Murder of the young
Children, leaving out the Names of *Juda* the Son of
Sarapaus, and *Matthias* the Son of *Margalotus*, who
were slain by *Herod's* Command, long after the *Infan-*
tucidum, which *Josephus* mentions not at all.

'Tis strange how the fore-mention'd Passage in *Jose-*
phus should escape *Justin Matyr* in his Dialogue with
Trypho the Jew. How *Tertullian* and *Clem. Alex.*
should so strangely forget to urge its Authority against
the Jews, and that none should ever take Notice of
it before *Eusebius*.

Clem. Alex. pretends that *Miltiades* was beholden to
Moses's History, for the Victory which he obtain'd over
the *Persians*.

No mention of *Christ*, or the last Judgment in the
Sibyls; only an Interpreter gathered out of them,

E m, quem revera Regem habebamus, appellandum
quoq; esse Regem, si salvi esse velimus.

The *Essenes* first heard of in the Time of *Jonathan*
the Brother of *Judas Maccabeus*, about 150 Years be-
fore *Christ*, a sort of *Pythagorean Jews*, mention'd by
Josephus, l. 13. c. 9. *Philo de Vita Contemplativa*, de-
scribes their way of living; erroneously apply'd by *Euse-*
bius to the primitive Christians.

Bracca a Mantle, such as the *Irish* wear *Tunica sage*
imposita, worn over their Coats and Cassocks.

Tertullian inveighs against the Tragedians for using
the *Cothurnus*, and endeavouring to make our Saviour

242 *In immaturum obitum Annæ Baynard.*

(who said, you cannot add one Cubit to your Stature) a Liar.

Ulysses in Homer, says of himself,

— — — — — ἐς πᾶσι δολοῖσιν
Ἀνθρώποισι μέλαι κ' μὲν κλέος ἔρᾳνεν ἥκει.

Parum apte dictum dolis ad Calum evehi posse.

The Blind and the Lame (says Mr. Gregory) mean the Tutelar Gods of the Place, whom the Israelites called so in Derision. Else why should David say, 2 Sam. 5. 8. *My Soul hates the Lame and the Blind? Or the People of Israel, That the Blind and the Lame should not come into the House?*

Fundum Varro vocat quem possis, mittere funda.

The following EPIGRAM on Dr. OATES.

Scriptus es in Tergo, Nec dum finitur Orestes.

A merry Argument to prove the Antiquity of higher than that of Cambridge, because Adam was a Terra-filius before he turned Prævaricator.

*Our Fathers took Oaths, as of old they took Wives,
To have and to hold for the Term of their Lives.
But we take our Oaths, and our Whores, for our Ease.
And a Whore and a Rogue may part when they please.*

The End of Mr. Brown's Common-Place-Book.

In immaturum obitum Annæ Baynard, Filix Edvardi Baynard, M. D. Virginis eruditissimæ, quæ pridie Id. Jun. Anno Dom. 1697.

Piam Animam efflavit.

*E*rgo eruditam perpetuus sopor
Urget Baynardam? Præcipe lugubres
Thalia cantus, & severos
Quare modos graviore plectro.

*O Anna sæcli degeneris stupor!
Gentis Britannæ Spes, Amor & Decus!*

*O Virgo in æternum sacratis
Pieridum memoranda Fastis!*

*Aptem decoros unde Lyre Modos?
Qua voce laudes aggrediar tuas?*

*O digna cantari Novenis
Castalidum numeris piarum!*

Te

*Te Gratia Pallas nutriit in sinu,
Musa vocarunt te Latia suam:
Te dote non una superbum
In medios Scophiæ recessus
Apollo duxit: sic tibi semina
Nascentis orbis; sic penetralia,
Magnique natura labores,
Et vacua patuere sedes.
Qua vi tumescant æquora, subdolum
Luna quid orbem proferat, aut premat.
Quid contumax, venti propago
Æoliis meditentur antris.
Unde Iris arcum pingere gestiat,
Quis motor axem dirigit aureum:
Cur horridum fulgens Cometes,
Syrma minax per inane jactet.
Non te sagittis, ut reliquas Puer
Lusit Cupido; nempe animum Deus
Implevit ingentem, & capaces
Igne sacro tetigit Medullas.
Qualem trementi vidit in arbore
Moses benigno Lumine splendidum,
Densos per Errores comarum
Mobilibus sinuare gyris;
Cum flamma frondes lamberet innocens,
Ramis jocosos incutiens metus,
Blandique vesti ent calores
Attonitum sine fraude veprem.
Utcunque verno dura necessitas
Te flore decerptam abstulerit Tuis,
Quid luctui indulgemus atro?
Parte tui meliore vivis.
Sic me renascens funere fertili
Phoebeus ales Morte refeminat,
Bustoque committit fideli
Emeritos rediturus artus.
Hinc te micantem Virgineo! in Choro
Cornata castis excipit osculis,
Scurmanna te visam stupescens
Ined cupit, fruiturque visa.*

*Circum decora ferta manu gerens
 Cœi juventus confluit, aureos
 Mirata Sermones, & alta
 Aure sonos bibit efficaces.*

*Te Candor, equi conscia te Fides,
 Te ignara Zonam solvere Castitas,
 Te Veritas blandum renidens
 Ætheriis comitantur arvis*

*Prestona felix, ubere qua sinu
 Annam tulisti! te memores canent
 Fastum Camœna, tu fereris
 Perpetua super astra fama,*

*Nec Smyrna vatis Mæonii parens,
 Nec qua Maronem Mantu a protulit
 Durabit æque, Oracula vatum
 Siquid habent celebrata veri.*

*The Second part of the Amusements Serious
 and Comical.*

A Tavern.

HAVING over-Night carry'd my *Indian* Friend to the *Tavern*, whence, in order to entertain his Curiosity, I introduc'd his Pagan Worship into a Christian Society of true Protestant Fuddle-caps, among whom, tho' there was much preaching over their Liquor, yet there was no Vice or Vanity, but what, in its turn had its Ascendancy in the Company, which occasion'd my *Indian* to be more particularly inquisitive about the tipling Rendezvous, where he had been so lately oblig'd with such Variety of Amusement. Therefore, that he might better understand what had pass'd his Observation, in answer to his Importunities, I made the Smoke-dry'd Infidel shew his Ivory-Teeth, and grin like a Sun-burnt Ploughman at a Mountebank-narration, whilst he heard the following Account, which for his farther Information I very frankly gave him.

This Place, said I, is a *Tavern*, and a *Tavern* is a little *Sodom*, where as many Vices are daily practis'd, as ever were known in the great one. Thither *Liber-*
tines

tines repair to drink away their Brains, and piss away their Estates; *Aldermen* to talk Treason, and bewail the Loss of Trade; *Saints* to elevate the Spirit, hatch Calumnies, coin false News, and reproach the Church; *Gamesters* to shake their Elbows, and pick the Pockets of such Cullies who have no more Wit than to play with them; *Rakes* with their *Whores*, that by the help of Wine they may be more impudent and more wicked, and do those things in their Cups, that would be a Scandal to Sobriety; *Lovers* with their *Mistresses*, in hopes to wash away that Modesty with the Soothing Juice, which had been a Hindrance to their Happiness, so that they may fall to without Grace, and give a pleasing Earnest to each other of their future Affections: Thither *Sober Knaves* walk with *Drunken Fools*, to make cunning Bargains, and over-reach them in their Dealings, where, cloaking their mental Reservations with a Grave Countenance, they will tell more Lies about a Hoghead of Tobacco, than *Tavernier* in his Travels does about Mount *Ætna*. Thither *Young Quality* retire to spend their Tradesmens Money, and to delight themselves with the Impudence of lewd Harlots, free from the Reflections or Remarks of their own Servants, whilst their Ladies at Home are doing themselves Justice after the like Manner, and perhaps, for want of better Opportunity, are glad to break a Commandment with their own Footmen. Thither *Bu'lies* Coach it to kick Drawers, and invent new Oaths and Curses, and in Feasting, Rattling and Blustering, to lavish away that scandalous Income call'd a Petticoat-Pension, tho' doom'd the next Day to a Threepenny Ordinary. Thither run *Sots* purely to be drunk, that they may either wash away the Reflections of their own past Follies, or forget the Treachery of their Friends, the falshood of their Wives, the Disobedience of their Children, the Roguery of their Lawyers, the Bitchery of their Paramours, or the Ingratitude of the World, that they may drown the Remembrance of past Evils in the Enjoyment of the present: Thither *Beaux* flock to shew their Vanity, drink Healths to their *Mistresses*, boast of Conquests they never made, praise Beauties they never saw, brag of Duels they never fought,

censure Books they never read, damn Authors they never knew, talk familiarly of Noblemen they had never the Honour to speak to, commend the Virtue of Women they have made Whores, and rob those of their Reputation they could never conquer. Thither *Cowards* repair to make themselves valiant by the Strength of their Wine; *Fools* to make themselves witty in their own Conceits; *Maids* to be made otherwise; *Married Women* to cuckold their Husbands; and *Spendthrifts* to be made miserable by a ridiculous Consumption of their own Fortunes. In short, no People are Customers to that Warehouse of Debaucheries, where *Rakes* and *Extravagants* surfeit their vicious Appetites at the Price of their own Ruin, but what are less careful of their own Good, than they are of their Vintners, except such who have a strong Guard upon their Purfes, and a stout Bridle to their Appetites, and they may venture to sip off half a Pint at a Sitting, without the Danger of contracting an ill Habit, that may at last expose them to the World's Contempt, under the scandalous Plague of an empty Pocket.

But prithee, says my tawny Acquaintance, who was that fine Lady that stood pulling a Rope, and skreaming like a Peacock, against rainy Weather, pinn'd up by her self in a little Pew, all People bowing to her as they pass'd by, as if she was a Goddess set up to be worshipp'd, and that it was blasphemy in a Mortal to lay a Finger upon the beauteous Deity? A Man may find, said I, by your innocent Simplicity, how easily, by the Vanities of this Town, a Stranger may be impos'd upon; that very tawdry Busy-Body of a Female, that you have such heavenly Conceptions of, is no more, I can assure you, than a Stage-Coachman's Daughter, and by all Relation, has sufficiently prov'd her self Flesh and Blood, before she was advanced to the Chalk and Sponge, which are the principal Badges that belong to that honourable Station you beheld her in; but being nearly related to the Master of the House, he has put her into his Bar, in hopes sometime or other she may stop her crack'd Pipkin upon some Fool of a Drawer, who has Patience enough to prove as contented a Cuckold as his Master; so that she has little else to do, but

to dress, paint, and patch, ogle her Uncle's Beau-Customers, and tattle at the Bar with an amorous Extravagant, that she may coax him with her Smiles to dine there the oftner; which the Fool does more for the sake of raw Flesh, than either Boil'd or Roasted: Tho' at last she disappoints him of the great Felicity he hopes for, and only treats him with kind Glances, and a few amorous Witticisms, as long as his Money runs flush; but as soon as that begins to fail, then her Shooting-horn Looks and Freedoms are turn'd into moody Pouts and a scornful Reservedness, that makes the Block head quit the House with *Damn her for a Filt*; and so leaves my Lady to play the same Game with the rest of her Admirers.

I profess, says my inquisitive Acquaintance, so long as I have been in *England*, notwithstanding the Benefit of your kind Instructions, I have not yet learnt to distinguish Female Quality from the Wives and Daughters of Mechanicks, any other Way than by their Coaches and Attendance; for the former dress with as much Gaiety as the latter; speak as contemptibly of all Persons beneath them, and as enviously of those above, as they do cry for at any thing that offends them, and magnify any thing that pleases them, just like Quality: And as for their Virtues and their Vices, they are so exactly alike in both, that it is as difficult a Matter to find the Difference, as to know a Cock-linnet from a Hen by the Colour of their Feathers. But pray excuse my Impertinence, that has almost led you into a Digression, and inform me what Tun-belly'd Mortal that was, who met us in the Entry with a low Bow without his Hat, and with a blue Flag before him, as if he had been an Ensign in some notable Engagement, and as an honourable Badge of his remarkable Bravery, had ty'd round his Middle his own flying Colours. That Hatless Hero, said I, as you take him to be, is the Lord of the Family, the Controuler of the Household, Governour of the *Celerepedeans*, one of the Priests of *Bacchus*, who received his Ordination at Fuddle-caps-Hall, that keeps his Library under Ground, and whenever he preaches, 'tis to a Congregation of Drawers over his own Liquor, in order to reform them from Tipling below

Stairs, drawing Potstoo full, cozening the Bar with false Reckonings, and given Bumpers of Palm-Wine, clandestinely to the Cook-wench. He has also the Art of changing his Temper as often as the Camelion does her Colour; and as the latter receives its Tincture from that Body which is nearest it, so the former does his Principles, Humour and Disposition, from whatsoever Society he is Member of at present. In High-Church-Company he always rails against Occasional Conformity; amongst the low Church Saints he is a Stickler; and is a violent Moderator among such *Bifarious Anythingarians*, that always make their Interest the Standard of their Religion. He is a very proud Fellow in his Heart, tho' his Head drops more Bows in a Day, than falls from the servile Noddle of that cringing Slave who is under the Plague of being a Gentleman-Usher to a lame Countess. He is always most ceremonious to those Customer's that he gets least by, and will bow oftner to a niggardly Alderman over his Half-Pint, than he will to a jolly Rake that spends a Guinea at a Sitting; because he knows that a dignified Citizen expects more Homage than a Man of Honour and Quality; not that he uses his fawning Cringes as any Tokens of a submissive Temper, for his Pride is even perspicuous in the lowest of his Humilities, but his Nods and Scrapes are only the Effects of a Habit that he acquired when he was Bar-Boy, which he resolves never to leave till he comes to be *Lord-Mayor*, or at least *Sheriff of London*. Ingratitude is one of the black Badges of his Character; for if ever you find him to do a Friendship or a Courtesy to any Fool that has begger'd himself by Extravagance, to make him rich, you may score it upon his Bar-board, where it would be more wondered at by all Spectators, than a Blazing Comet. In short, he is a Member of the Corporation of Sycophants, who, as he has served an Apprenticeship to false Reckoning, Lying, and subterranean Adultery, claims a Title by his Trade, to poison us with bad Wine, deceive us with fair Words, and humour us in our Follies for his own Advantage. Therefore, as Libertines do Whores, we ought to use them for our Pleasure, as they do us for their Interest; that is to look upon them

them as Mercenaries, whom we maintain through Wantonness to gratify our vicious Appetites. I shall observe your Caution, says my *Moletto* Comrade; but pray who was that corpulent Lady that we met in the Entry, coming out of the Kitchen with her Head so finely dress'd, and glittering Pendants in her Ears, that so dazzled in my Eyes, I could scarce behold her Countenance? That shining Lamp, said I, of cloven Mortality, is that necessary Evil in such a House, call'd the Vintner's Help-mate, whole Business it is to have a Superintendency in the Bar, to overlook and direct in all Culinary Proceedings; to scold at the Maids; be civil to the Head-Drawer for her own Ends; to grace the Bar upon extraordinary Days; and to oblige her self with a Friend in a Corner, when her Husband is not at Leisure to give her Nuptial Consolation. This is the Life she leads, till high Eating, a lazy Life, and Canary-Sops in a Morning, improves her to the Bulk of a Squab-Elephant, unweildy in Bed, and too big for a Bar; and then, if her Husband be able, she's removed with two or three of her Daughters, to a little Country House at *Hampsted*, where she surfeits upon Sack, smoaks Tobacco in an Elbow-Chair, and snoars away the Remainder of her Life, till one of *Russel's* rumbling Caravans runs away with the Load of Kitchen-stuff to the Town of her Nativity, where she desir'd to be bury'd, that her Country-folks might see, tho' her Mother sold nappy Ale in Black Pots under a thatch'd Roof, yet her Daughter had arrived to the Honour of being bury'd Lady-like out of a Hearse and six Horses; but let her take Care, for no sooner will her back be turn'd, but ten to one that the Widower takes up with his next tolerable Cookmaid.

DOCTORS-COMMONS.

Coming thro' *Paul's* Church-Yard, and having gaz'd on the noble Pile of *St. Paul*, that Emulator of the *St. Peter* of *Michael Angelo* in *Rome*; we took a little Trip down on the left Hand, to the famous College of Civilians, call'd *Doctors Commons*. The Ety-

mology of the the Name I know not, nor is it very material, whether it be that the Advocates are but *Common Doctors*, or, that the chief thing they are remarkable for is their *Commons*; or that it is the Common uninclos'd, where the Doctors feed on their foolish Clients, I know not.

Here are you ply'd with Porters (if you escape the little Appendixes of Proctors at their Shops, which they call Offices) who demand your Business; whether you have any *Will* to prove, or Administration to take out, any *Caveat* to enter, whether you want a License to be marry'd, or a Divorce if you are marry'd, and the like; they can convey you to a Proctor, that can supply all the Commodities of the Place cheaper than the Market-price.

What strange Place is this, says my *Indian*? This, says I, is one of the Relicks of Popery, and the Terror of Seamen. Here a Man that is weary of his Wife, may, upon some honest Evidence be separated from her; and a Wife that has play'd the Whore, and run out her Husband's Fortune, may sue him for separate Alimony. Here a Man must come for a Liberty or License to lose his *Liberty*. Here Executors must come for Authority to perform their Trust; and here defend themselves in not performing it. Here are Proctors, Apparitors, and the rest of Pick-Pockets under the odd Names, that wou'd fain still do what they did in the Times of Popery. But the Reformation having par'd their Nails, they are full of Regret, and always sounding the Praise of the Power of the Ecclesiastical Authority. They are all profess'd *Jac*—, because they hop'd by King *James* to restore their Authority, and by Consequence their Perquisites. They are a drunken, roaring, nonsensical Generation, that have Abundance of Zeal without a Scruple of Religion. They are a pious sort of Atheists, and ignorant Professors of the Mystery of Iniquity. They are hot for High-Church, tho' they never go within any. They should be Scholars, but that they find the Common Road sufficient to do their Business and get Money. They are utter Enemies to Whigs, because they would reduce them under the Law of the Nation. They are for preferring the Com-
mon

mon Law to the National, because one advances, the other destroys their Interest. For notwithstanding their Noise for the Church of *England*, they would declare for that of *Rome*, if they could get more by it. In short, a *Doctors Commons* Man is a Scholar without Learning, a Zealot without Religion, a Lawyer without Law, and a Medley of Popery and Reformation, without Reason or Honesty.

I have enough of this *Amusement*, says my *Indian*, when Right and Wrong are confounded and sunk with Terms. Let us therefore make our Escape from the litigious Congregation, said I, for we are not secure in the Words we say here; for Scandal is their Province; they are nice Judges of *Billingsgate*, whose laudable Quarrels of Whore and Rogue, Bastards, and the like, are the Fund of their Prattle and Feats.

We jogg'd on with some Expedition, till we got into *Drury-Lane*; where passing into *Russel-Court*, a strange Sort of Noise drew us into an *Amusement*, consisting as much of Jargon as this; but what affected only such as were pleas'd with the Folly, & *co'enti non fit injuria*. Father *Burgess* himself is a much more pleasing and innocent *Amusement*; so we enter'd *Daniel Burgess's* Meeting-House.

A Presbyterian MEETING-HOUSE.

MR *Burgess's* Meeting-House in *Russel-Court* falling in our Way, my *Indian* and I ventur'd to take a View of the Godly: For the Godly in this City afford an *Amusement* as well as the Wicked. This is the Epitome of the whole Kirk, and by this one you may judge of the rest. Here sits a zealous Cocker next to an Alderman's Fellow, and he uses less Ceremony with his God, than his Customer; for to the latter he stands bare-headed for Six-pence; but to the former will not do it for Salvation; believing, perhaps, that *a Bird in the Hand is worth two in the Bush*; or that being necessarily one of the Elect, he is too familiar with God to stand upon Ceremony. This cannot be said to be the House of God; for that, the Scripture says, is the *House of Prayer*; but the very *Lord's Prayer* here is as Apo-

cryphal as the *Maccabees*. 'Tis true indeed, when the *Holder-forth* has play'd the spiritual Buffoon for two or three Hours, he gives you a Desert to his Harangue, or what he calls a *Prayer*, that is, a Rhapsody of Stuff without Head or Tail; for had it Method, Order, Connexion or Sense, it would be exploded under the Notion of a *Form of Prayer*, a Goblin as frightful as the *Whore of Babylon*, and has furnish'd many a zealous *Scots Miss John* with an Exercise for his Lungs, when Sense and good Doctrine are not at Hand. But tho' they are such Enemies to *Popery*, yet they sympathize in praying in an *unknown Tongue*, or at least in a Jargon neither understands; for Sense in their Prayer, as well as in their Sermon, would savour too much of human Invention, and not give Latitude enough for *Enthusiasm* and *Cant*.

Here sits a holy Sister, full of spiritual Pride in her Face, the Word of God in her Hands, the Parson in her Eye, and the Devil in her Tail; She pays her *Quar-terage* justly, and that makes her *recta in Curia* with her Guide; for a Saint may make bold with her Husband's Bed for her Gallant, provided she make as bold with his Purse for her Preacher; nor can they be much accus'd, if their Doctrine of Predestination be true; for *they needs must go whom the Devil drives*. Necessity has no Law; and if they offend, 'tis the Fault of the first Mover, whose Machines they are. So that if they pick a Pocket, betray their Trust, bear false Witness, commit Adultery, Incest, &c. the Fault's not theirs, they are but meer Passives, and what they cannot help, they cannot suffer for. This may be one Reason the Ten Commandments are not in their Meeting-Houses as well as in the Churches, because they are only for the Wicked, who own *Free-Will*; and not for the Godly who deny it, and cannot sin. The Promises and Threats of the Scripture have nothing to do with them, for those are directed to free Agents, who are Masters of their Actions; that can comply with or break the Laws of God, as they think fit. Such were the People of God, Sinners and Penitents; but such are not they, for repent they cannot, the Saints being without Sin. But if they are not the
Children

Children and People of God, I know not who'll take 'em for Saints, but the old Gentleman in Black, the first Preacher of this Notion. But this discovers them not so parcimonious as they would be thought, when they are at the Expence of a Guide that is as much a Machine as themselves, and can do no more for them, than the Wire in the Finger of the *Poppet-Player*.

I have been considering, says my *Indian*, why your Churches, or Places of Worship are so light, whereas our *Pagods* are almost quite dark, illuminated with a Lamp, which serves only to discover the Image of our God, who (all other Objects excluded) takes up our whole Thoughts in the Adoration.

O my Friend, reply'd I, you mistake the Business of our Places of Worship: Women come to see and be seen; the Men to ogle, or get the Repute of Religion and Holiness; for that gives them Credit and Trust, and Credit and Trust makes 'em rich at the Expence of those who confide in 'em. Did these Saints here come for Zeal and Devotion only, that Taylor's Daughter would not be set out thus, and equipt like a Countess, to draw the Eyes and the Hearts of the Congregation from Heaven to her: Nor would that old Maid be dress'd like a Girl of Fifteen, in hopes that Paint, Patches, and the religious Ogle, may get her a Husband at last; believing that Men cannot discover her Age, Ugliness, and Ill-Nature, under the double Disguise of Body and Soul, *Saint* and *Hypocrite*. Nor would Alderman ——— young Wife lay open her panting swelling Bubbies, roul her Black Eyes, and divide her Looks so between Heaven and Earth, as if she had learnt the Art of serving two Masters, the *Flesh* and the *Spirit*, at the same time; nor would her Husband be so fond of his Folly, in appearing so publickly, watching her more than the Motions and Gestures of his *Domine*. He gratifies his Vanity to expose her to View finely dress'd, and to the best Advantage; but then the Remembrance of his own Impotence makes him afraid of every one that casts his Eye towards her. Thus his Wife, not his God, brings him to the Meeting, and his Heart rises no higher towards Heaven, than her Eyes, or the Parson.

It would indeed be hard on the Ladies of this Perswasion to be debarr'd shewing their Faces and Persons in their most engaging Airs, since their *Pulpit* supplies the Play-house Musick, and the Scene to call them together; and perhaps this is the Reason the Teachers will not let their Hearers go to the *Theatre*, because they'll be the only Pimps to their Congregation, which they encrease by their Declamations against the Stage; since here they *kill two Birds with one Stone*, get the Reputation of Saints, and the Pleasure of Sinners. No, no, my Friend, the Adoration of God, sincere and humble Prayers, and grateful Thanksgivings, is the least of the Business of this Place; and I dare be confident, that if they made a Law, that no Woman should come drest, or barefac'd, most of the Congregations of the Town would dwindle away, and the Play-house Audience encrease.

Do you think that honest Mr. ——— comes to Church for Devotion, or God's sake, on *Sundays*, when he has been serving the Devil all the Week? Or the gay Mrs. M——— for the Exaltation of the *Spirit* on the Lord's Day, when she has been for that of the *Flesh* all the Week? Or that the venerable Madam W——— that covers the Bawd so effectually in the sanctimonious Vizor of a godly Leer, comes for the sake of the Doctrine, or the Man? while her Zeal for the Parson makes her pass for Religious, and the Necessity he has of her, gives the Authority of Prudence, and so helps her to sheer the Flock, by providing Husbands for their Daughters, and Wives for their Sons, while she and the *Demagogue* share in the *Brokerage*. No, my good Friend, the *Meeting* is the *Spiritual Exchange*, where they barter *Hypocrisy* for *Pleasure* or *Profit*; and they are able to keep their Countenances, tho' the Cheat be universal. It was said by *Cicero*, that he wonder'd how the *Augurs* could meet without laughing in one another's Faces: The same Reason wou'd make one wonder as much at the *Top Fanaticks*, but that Use and Interest remove the Difficulty, and a natural Sourness and slavish Temper make it easy.

Tho they are Enemies to the Lord's Prayer, they make it up in their Zeal for those of *David*; and here the Form goes

goes down as glibly, in their *Bawling* which they call *Singing*, as Aloes Pills in the Pulp of Apple. This shews, that if they were Enemies to *Church Musick*, it is because it is Harmony; whereas their Singing is a Sort of jarring Medley of Sounds, as disagreeing as their Notions; not much unlike the laudable Diversion of every one in the Company's Singing a different Song: Nay, they have so peculiar a *Gusto* for *Discord*; or *odd Sounds*, that I believe they would admit the Symphony of the Tongs and Key, tho' they reject the Harmony of the *Organ*. Every thing here indeed seems so odd and contradictory to the rest of the World, [Spite.

As if (as *Hudibras* has it) *they worshipp'd God for* Tho' the ingenious *Butler* seems a little out in one of his Words; for they do not worship God at all, but the *Teacher*; for as it is not properly call'd the House of God, but Mr. *Burgess's*, so Mr. *Burgess*, not God, is there worshipped. Prayer and Praise is the Worship of God; but here they meet to see *Daniel* lay about him with his merry Stories and Theatrical Actions, which is at least an *Amusement* they think worth their while. When he has done his Harangue to the Congregation, he begins one to God, with whom he's as familiar as with his Text, and handles him roughly, and with as little Respect to his Truth and Majesty; which still makes it his own House; for no body else is admitted to pray, unless they can divine what he's about to say, and to join with him in his. If he makes his Speech to the King, with an Address of *Life* and *Fortune*, he studies it before-hand; but he deals not so with God, who he thinks is obliged to hear all his Nonsense, and so speaks *quicquid in buccam venerit*, whatever starts into his Fancy to *amuse* his Congregation, and make a Noise; for that is all I can discover in these *Meeting-Houses*.

The odd Looks, the Groans that eccho one another; some with their Hats on, others off, some writing, some ogling the Woman, some the *Teacher*, his merry Postures, and *Pop-gun* Way of Delivery, with the whimsical Medley of his Words, is, I confess, an *Amusement*, says my *Indian*, and such a one as I never saw in my Country

Country in my Life; we there converse only with the Gods in the *Pagods*, here you come only to hear Men; but then these Men deliver the Word of God, if we believe them, tho' what they say be never so opposite to the written Word, yet Bigotry in the Congregation, and impudence in the *Holder-forth*, will palm Inspiration upon us, as for what he says *beyond*, or *off* his Text, which he often racks as much as the Tyrants of old did the primitive Martyrs, till it die under the Torture: But this *brings in Money*, and *Money buyes Land*, and Land is an *Amusement* they all desire, in spite of their Hypocritical Cant. If it were not for the Quarterly Contributions, there would be no longer *Schism* or *Separation*; for who can imagine, that when two or three Thousand are maintain'd like Gentlemen by the *Breach*, that they will ever preach up *healing Doctrines*, and dispose them to *Union*? If it were not for the sake of *Earthly Comforts*, they would not be so conversant with *Heaven* in their *Pulpits*; but *Heaven's* their Traffick, and why should they spare a Commodity which costs them nothing, yet brings them in so good a Return?

The fairest thing I know of them is, that they wear neither *Cassock* nor *Gown*; for being no *Priests*, and without *Ordination*, they refuse to wear any *Priestly Ornaments* of Distinction from *Laity*; but that is not owing to their *Modesty*, but *Pride*, to distinguish themselves from the *Clergy* and their own *Congregation* at once; they go in *Black*, as if they daily mourned for the *Wickedness* which they daily committed.

Tir'd with such a Composition of *Dulness* and *Wickedness*, my *Indian* and I departed from this *Amusement*, and left it to those who had *Flegm* and *Hypocrisy* enough to endure it all the Year round. So leaving Father *Daniel* thumping the Cushion in a most immoderate manner, we pass'd on to the next *Amusement*, which was a *Quaker's Meeting-House*.

The Quakers MEETING.

Here we discover'd the very *Ague* of Religion, which yet after its shivering, has its *hot Fit* of Zeal and Noise.

Noise. This *Sect* arose from *Nailer*, as the *Presbyterians* and *Independents* from the *Jesuits*: These indeed may plead a greater Antiquity, as having their Rise in the Days of good Queen *Bess*; but the *shaking Congregation* not till the Days of the *Martyr*. Some will have it, that the *Quakers* are the *decreid Age* of Religion, where it shivers and shakes for want of *Youth* and *Vigour*: And indeed if we may from the Appearance judge of the Matter, this Fancy is not ill-grounded; for here is scarce any thing of the *Christian Religion* left, but every Man having the Light within him, as they have no Use of Guides, so they are not so improvident as the other *Sectaries*, to be at the Expence of any. Every Man, nay, every Woman too, is here inspired; the Spirit speaks in them, they are but the *Stentonorophonick Tubes* thro' which that speaks: But it often proves a *lying Spirit*; and I believe, if they had no more Light than this gives within them, they might still walk in the Dark.

This is the most *Sociable* Society of all without the *Pale*; for here every one may speak Nonsense in his Turn, and the Women are not excluded the same Benefit of Talking, which, for ought I know, not only keeps the Females to their Congregations, but gets *Proselytes*; or might, if well urg'd among the Sex. So not being obliged to hear all, and say nothing, one hears his Neighbour speak a great deal to a little or no Purpose, that he may do the same by him or her in their Turn. I knew a pious old Matron, that every Morning us'd to scold at her Maids about Half an Hour, not that they were in any Fault, but only, as she said, to clear her Lipes. So I believe these People only meet to make a Noise by way of *Exercise* for Health's sake, all others being unlawful on the *first Day*. These are more just than the other Dissenters, because, as they pull not off their Hats to God, so they pull them not off to Men; whereas the others shall cringe and bow to any Man they can get Sixpence by, but ne'er veil the Bonnet to God, by whom they may get *Heaven*; it may be indeed, because contrary to *Christ's*, their *Kingdom* seems to be of this World.

To me, said my *Indian*, these *Quakers*, as you call them, seem the *Bed'amites* of Religion, and their *Meeting*, *Bedlam*, where all that are freakish and mad come together: Do but consider, when we were at *Bedlam*, what odd objects we saw there: True said I, and here I see fully as fantastick and whimsical; and I wonder none of their *Lights within* mov'd them to set *Oliver's Porter* at Liberty, since he was thoroughly qualify'd to speak in their Congregations. What can be a more pleasant *Amusement* than that old Fellow that speaks now: His crop-ear'd Hair and frizzl'd short round Forehead, two great goggle Eyes like two Fish-ponds, and his high thin Nose which is like a narrow *Isthmus*, hinders them from joining together; his skinny, flabby, hollow Cheeks, that like a Piece of half-tann'd Leather, is drawn over his Jaw-bones, while his thin Lips and wide Mouth stretch open to let forth the *Light* within, in a hollow unmusical Tone, and shew his toothless Gums with here and there a stragling Stump, that promise us, *however he barks, he cannot bite*; his Mountain-Back overlooks his Head, and seems to anticipate the Wish of the Cursed at the last Day, *for the Mountains to fall on him and cover him*; with his long scraggy Arms, and lean Hand and Fingers, with which he so belabours the Rail on which he leans. His Belly is the Counter-part of his Back, and seems to poise the Machine, and keep it in *Equilibrio* on his Catstick Legs; but what *Amusement* he finds in harassing his worn-out Carkase in this manner, I know not; unless it be a Madness he cannot help, and in Madness, they say, there is a Pleasure *which none but Madmen know*.

But now there rises up a Monster of another kind; and sure he must have a large Share of the *Spirit* to inform that *Quagmire of the Flesh*. His Head is as big as *Gogmagog's* in *Guildhall*, and his Face not behind the Sign of the *Saracen's*; only his Eyes are so diminutive, that one wou'd think them retired to behold the *Light within*; for what with his large Beetle-Brows, which like a Pent-house overshadow them, and the *Agitation of the Spirit*, one wou'd think him groping in the Dark without any at all: His Cheeks are like two blown Bladders,

Bladders, and a Trumpeter's seem no more to him than a Puppet's: His ruddy carbuncled Nose seems as if he suck'd his *Inspiration* from *Bacchus* more than the *Bible*; and we may at best suppose him drunk with the *Spirit*, and now disemboгуing on the *Brothers* and *Sisters*; and when the *Spewing fit* is over, he'll sit down to take a Nod: His Mill-post Legs are well adapted for the Load of his Body, which looks like an *Atlas* able to support the Spheres, but that he is never like to bring his Shoulders near enough to so heavenly a Burden; like Sir *John Falstaff*, he is not made for mounting, but must have a strange Alacrity in sinking; the Noise he makes is as particular as his Person, and no more to be understood than his Religion; 'tis perfectly the Language of the Beast, and, as well as the *Apocalypse*, wants *Jeuneux* for an Interpreter. But this, like a great many other *Amusements*, consists more in Noise and Shew, than Sense.

But who have we here lifted up by the Spirit? Tho' I fear 'tis such a kind of Spirit as set our Saviour on the Top of the Pinacle: A brisk dapper Spark, and if I mistake not, a Taylor; he might be chose King of the *Pigmies*, and in a second War with the *Cranes*, might prove as notable a Conqueror, as Monsieur *Boufflers*, or any of the *French* Bullies and Hectors: A sharp Nose, a quick-Eye, a high Forehead, meagre Looks, a shrill Voice, and a voluble Tongue, distinguishes him. He'll out-talk a *Frenchwoman*, and out-blunder an *Irishman*, or *Teaguelander's* Understanding; *Scots* Honesty, a *Dutchman's* Temperance, an *Italian's* Chastity, are his peculiar Qualifications; yet he's as solemn on the *first Day*, and speaks as often as an old Midwife at a Christening. But, like a Cracker, he makes a Noise, and splutters a little while, then with a Bounce stinks and goes out.

But what have we here, old Mother *Shipton* of the second Edition, with Amendments? A close black Hood over a pinch'd Coit, a little low wrinkled Forehead, so deeply ploughed with Age, that the Furrows, if plac'd beneath her Eyes and Nose, as above them, would be very convenient Conveyances for the Liquids that continually flow from her belear Eyes and dropping No-

Nostrils; which with her hollow Cheeks, pale swallow Complexion, Nut-Cracker Chin, that almost meets her Nose, Paralitick Motion of the Head, which keeps Pace with her Tongue, and gives much Advantage to the *Shivering of the Spirit*, makes a compleat *She-Precacher*, fit to denounce *Hell* and the *Devil*; but for Joys and Rewards, and the like, she looks them out of Countenance. Nay, says my *Indian* Friend, if the Womens Tongues begin to run, 'tis time for us to seek another *Amusement*.

I took him at his Word, and quitted this House of *Dagon*, where a Poet can have no more to do than a Painter; we jogg'd on to our next Adventure, only by the Way, I ventur'd to draw this Character of the Sect.

They would be thought the *only People of God*; tho' their chief Motive to that impudent Ambition, is, that they may claim the Right of *pillaging* and *cheating* all the World besides, as *Aegyptians*. They are a Sort of *Jews*, and not only *trade* and *fornicate* among themselves, but *marry* likewise in their own *Tribe*: But I beg your Pardon for talking of *Matrimony*; theirs is only *Whoring* with a Witness, while the whole Congregation set their Hands to the Bargain. They won't swear, because they may chance to get by that. A *long Cravat* or *Wig* in a Man, or *high Topping* and *Lace* in a Woman, they abominate as Ensigns of Vanity, but they will wear the best Favours and richest Silks, use the Leather Convenience, and be prouder in their Plainness, than the haughtiest Lady at Court in their Embroideries and Jewels. Their Religion indeed seems chiefly in their Cloaths, and so they have more need of *Tailors* than *Teachers*. For, *They are a Congregation without Teachers; a Church without Sacraments; a Religion without Worship; Formality without Meaning; Men without Manners, and Christians without Baptism.*

The BAWDY-HOUSE.

IT is an old and approved Observation of those jolly Fellows who spend much Time in the Contemplation of *Bacchus*, and are acquainted with the laudable
Records

The Baudy House.



THE END OF THE WORLD



Records of the *Bottle*, that generally in Discourse, after Religion comes *Bawdry*; and so it happens here: For after so large an *Amusement* of the *Spirit*, we accidentally also tumbled into an *Amusement* of the *Flesh*; for passing from the *Spiritual Bawdy-houses*, betray'd by the Hypocritical Sign of a Coffee-house, we fell into a *Carnal* one.

The *Ægyptians*, who were the first Authors of human Religion, never suffer'd any one to be made a Priest, till he were initiated in the Rites of *Priapus*: And the *Roman Church* will admit no Pope, till the *Porphyry Chair* has confirm'd his Manhood; so great an Affinity have the ancient and modern *Idolaters* made betwixt the *Pulpit* and the *Brothel*. In other Countries, nearest the chief Churches and topping Monasteries, you find establish'd *Bawdy-Houses*; and in the very Seat of *St. Peter*, we know 'em settled by Authority of State; and the same is done in the Political State of *Venice*, the Arbitrary State of *Florence*, and almost all Towns and Cities of *Italy*: But here under the purer State of *Reformation*, Bawdy-houses are fain to go in Disguise; *Coffee to be so'd*, or *fine Spanish Chocolate* invite you in, when in Reality they sell only *Ratiffia*, *Rosa Solis*, *Geneva*, and such odd Sorts of Liquor, fit to enflame the Reckoning, and fire the Blood; while the *Secret Commodities* of the Place are ready in the Warehouses, to cool one Inflammation, and give a greater; like true Tinkers, stopping one Hole in a Kettle to make two.

Being warm with our *Spiritual Amusement*, we fell into one of these Receptacles of Sinners, with a Design to drink a Dish of *Bohea* or *Coffee*, or at most not to exceed the Debauch of a Penny worth of *cold Nants*. We were no sooner entered, but such a Tun of Female Fat saluted us, that the very Sight was an *Amusement*. The reverend Matron of the Place saluted us, very civilly, tho' with this very odd Appearance: Her Face was broader than the full Moon, and as shining; but it was with Sweat or Pomatum, not Light; her gray, or rather Silver Locks, were cover'd most curiously with Powder, whose straggling Hairs reach'd almost down to her Eye-Brows; something of a Forehead there was, but all drawn over with the Footsteps of

of Wrinkles, which the Fat had driven thence, and so they look'd like Seams of Wounds, which, mingl'd with Pock-holes, made an agreeable Mixture over her Face; which, with those, and the large Scars, was made incapable of being clean; so that the Dirt, and fallow Complexion, gave her a Phyz most surprizing; her Neck look'd like Rolls of Collar'd Pig, and her Bubbies like a Quagmire, ready to over-run the Brink, or like a Hasty-Pudding o'er looking the Dish; an Ell and three Quarters could not measure her from Side to Side, and she was no longer from Head to Foot, than from Hip to Hip; She was spherical like a Globe; but I must needs say, very complaisant.

My *Indian* starts back as if he had met with a Rattle-Snake, or some other noxious Animal dangerous to human Life; and indeed he was not much mistaken, the Sting she produces being almost as fatal. We ask'd for a Dish of *Bohea*. She reply'd, she had none. We then desir'd a Dish of *Coffee*. That was a Pagan Liquor, and not to be admitted within her Dominion. We then desir'd some true *Nants*. That was a *French* Commodity, and she was not for encouraging the Manufacture of an Enemy's Country; but if we would please to sit down, she has good *Rosa Solis*, *Ratiffa*, *Mead*, *Syder*, *Geneva*, or *Wine*, she could help us to, if we requir'd it. Enquiring if she dealt in no other Liquors, she gave a Stamp with her Foot, and came up one ten times uglier than she——*Run*, cries she, *fetch Betty Thompson hither presently, and her Bed-fellow with her*.——Repeating our Demand, not minding what she said to her female *Mercury*, she reply'd, That she had sent out for as good as any this noble City afforded, *Pretty*, *Plump*, *Sound*, *Easy*, *Gay*, and a Thousand Qualities which most Trades give to Commodities they have a Mind to dispose of. I should think, says I to my *Indian*, we are unawares fallen into a *Bawdy-house*, were there not so many *Memento's* of Mortality here, as are sufficient to banish Lechery from the most vigorous. But however, this is likewise an *Amusement*, and therefore give us a *Quartern of Gen*. Down we sat, the *Quartern* was soon evacuated, another fill'd without calling for, and another, when enter two tawdry Whores, brisk,

brisk, gay, and awkward, with sickly smiling Countenances, flatteringly Drefs, and dirty Shoes. The familiar Doxies threw themselves immediately each in one of our Laps, Hands about our Necks, and Lips to Lips, before we knew where we were: And if they had not given this Alarm, other Parts had been invaded before we could be on the Defensive. *My Dear, shan't we have a Quartern of Ratifia?* says one: *My pretty Rogue, shan't we have a Betty of Wine?* says t'other.

But the *Bawd* finding we did not like the Ladies, tipp'd them the Wink, and sent her grizly Messenger for others of the same Gang: Excuses her self, that the damned Jades had been drunk all Night, and not fit for Company, but assur'd us the Black one had been a celebrated Beauty, a Parson's Daughter, and a Taylor's Wife, but was debauched by a young Ensign of the Guards, who leaving her, she was expos'd to the Town, but not above Half a Year; when the Whore has pass'd all her Degrees this seven Years, and was ready to commence *Bawd* the first Coffee house that was empty, and the first Cull she could get to furnish her with Tables, Chairs, a Table-Bed, two Quartern Pots, and about Half a Crown's worth of the infernal Liquors they deal in.

What Place, says my *Indian*, is this you have brought me to? Is it another *Bedlam*? All the People I have lately seen are mad, some one Way, some another, every House has its peculiar Frenzy. True, said I; for the *Bedlam* you saw in *Morefields*, is but the Representative Epitome of this Town; for we are all *Mad*, tho' in different Manners: But as to this Place, I must tell you, it is the Picture of one of the very celebrated Parts of *Hell*? the great awkward Lady of this Place is call'd a *Bawd*, who is generally a worn-out Whore of twenty or thirty Years standing, and she deals in *Damnation*, and so is truly a Factor for the *Devil*. This is the Place of *Battle*, whereas the *Meetings* we saw are only the Place of *Challenge*: There the People meet, and agree the Bargain, here they put it in Execution: The *Bawd*, like the Hangman and the Physician, lives by the Sins of the People. Tho' she has generally *The Practice of Piety* in her Window, yet she knows of no Religion

Religion but short Quarters, and easy Bubbles; and as she thinks little of *Heaven*, so she dreads no *Heil* like Justice——, the Beadle, or an Informer. *She is the Informer's Slave, the Whore's Tyrant, the Tallyman's Estate, the Surgeon's Benefactor, the Shipwrack of City Prentices, the favourite of Lords and Courtiers, and the Abhorrence of all good Men.*

While I was making this Harangue, two jolly *Bona Roba's* slip in, and march directly up Stairs, the *Bawd* after them, and the Messenger all in a streaking Sweat, down the Stairs into the *Sodomite* Cellar. Madam soon comes down the Stairs puts on a Thousand awkward Grimaces of good Humour, and vows, because we look'd like Gentlemen, she had prevail'd with two intimate Friends of hers, Ladies of Figure, both kept, one by a rich City Druggist, and the other by a zealous Saint of——, and that to oblige her only they came to her; that she doubted not but we wou'd be generous, and desir'd us to walk up Stairs. But my *Indian* and I, sick of the nauseous Follies of the Place, paid Madam for what we had drank, and made haste out of her enchanted Castle, for fear of some of her Bravoes Resentment of our disappointing both the *Whores* and the *Bawds* Expectations.

In the *Indies*, says my *Indian*, it is no Shame for the young Women, before their Marriage, to make use of their own; but then it is not in this manner traffick'd for by *Prokers* and *Goers-between* who put an Extortion on the Pleasure, and cheat both the Purchaser and Seller. Are these Places common?

Why truly, said I, this Town is pretty well stor'd, but much less than formerly; for since Liberty of Conscience, every Meeting-House is a Rendezvous, and now every Tavern a Bawdy-house, every Drawer and Porter a Pimp, and the Whores get more by it, and the Cul-lies are less cheated in their Liquors and Prizes. Not but that there are some *Bawds* of Figure, which make a pretty Hand of it among the Ladies, and Men of Figure. Mrs.——has her visiting Day, where all Assignations are managed without Noise or Notice. My Lady——has hers to the same Purpose; and on other Days can furnish a convenient Apartment for Lovers to dispute

pute in, and yet keep their Reputation; for tho' they are known to live by nothing, or little else, yet the Ladies and Gentlemen of Figure having both, one time or other, Occasion to make Use of them, they slip over any false Step, that for want of good Conduct, happens to make a Noise, as when———chanc'd to have his Wife dogg'd to my La—— and follow'd her, being acquainted with the Rooms, tho' assur'd his Wife was not there, goes up directly, and finds his Lady in a very suspicious Posture with —. But the Matter was hush'd up, and the next *Visiting Day* not a Person thinner than usual.

There are Places of Reception of better Figure than the Quarters we fell into, where you may bring your Lady, and have a Bed and Entertainment from half a Piece to twenty Guineas; for some Men are so fond of those *Amusements*, that they spare no Cost to advance them.

Upon Old Man's and Young Man's Coffee-Houses.

MY friendly *American*, and your humble Servant, having left *Temple-Bar* to West and by South, we bore away directly for the Palace of St. *James*; but happening to encounter the Church of St. *Clement-Danes* by the way, the numerous Beauties that throng'd thither put my Companion into an excellent Humour; he demanded of me with a pleasant Impatience, what Place that might be which entertained such good Company? I told him, 'twas a Structure sacred to the Majesty of Heaven. He reply'd very smartly, that he thought it Heaven itself, since so many Angels attended there, and bless'd it with their Presence. I smil'd at his Notion, but desir'd him not to be too rash in his Opinion; for those very Numerical Ladies that were the Objects of his Pleasure, had not half so much of Saints in their Constitution, as he imagin'd. Observe, says I, giving him no time to make Answer, There's Serjeant *Blunder's* Lady in the Gallery, who never was civil to her Husband, or disobliging to any body else; my Lord

N

Dorset

Dorset certainly drew this Lady's Picture, when he express'd himself to this purpose:

*Nature, in Pity to our Pain,
And with Design to ease us,
Has to her boundless Beauty join'd
A boundless Will to please us.*

This discerning fair one, continues I, knows the Complexion, Age, and Country of a young Fellow in the dark, by the Touch, as well as her Husband distinguishes Mutton by the Taste, tho' he has been, Man and Boy, this forty Years Member of the Honourable Society. There's Madam *Flexible* too, a great Railer at the Times; she heartily laments so much Christian Blood should be shed abroad, when she knows how to dispose of it to a much better Purpose at Home. Of all the Products of your Country, she likes Chocolate the best, because 'tis indulgent to Lovers: Of all Virtues she declares for Charity, but the Young and Handsome are the only Subjects of her Compassion; and she never maintains any Person in Idleness; such only who work very vigorously are sensible of her Munificence. In short, her Husband would have been as rich as any Gentleman of the Long Robe, if this Itch of Liberality had not affected his dear Partner. Tho' after all, some Persons think it very reasonable, that what one got by his Head, the other shou'd spend by her Tail.

*Their Care and Pains the fair ones do bestow,
Not to please God above, but Man below:
Who think them Saints are damnably mistook,
They're only Saints and Angels in their Look.*

The Spirit of Poetry had took Possession of me, and without giving my Friend and Fellow-Traveller the Opportunity of interfering, I proceeded,

*The Ladies here their Lovers Hearts
By their Devotion win:
Tho' all is Rock and Stone without,
Yet all is soft within.*

The Character given of these fair Hypocrites frighten'd my Sun-burnt Innocent, and he tumbled down the stately Portico, as nimbly as a Woman of the Town jumps into a Hackney-Coach. I stretch'd my self a little to recover the Fugitive, and having reduced him to Reason,

Reason, we continued our Journey very lovingly together. The Rattling of Coaches, the Spaciousness of the Road, the Pertness of the Company we met with upon the Way, the magnificent Equipages, the Richness of the Garniture, and the Pleasure that appeared in every Body's Face, put me into the same Sort of Chagrin that perplex'd my *Spanish* Friend and old Acquaintance *Don Quevedo*; the Humour took me in the Head that I was directly bound for the Devil; that this broad and open Way was the Road of Perdition; and those little blind Alleys I pass'd by, were the Defiles that lead to Paradise. I had read that ingenious Author a little before, and his diverting Notions had made a very deep Impression upon my Judgment, when Melancholy and some malicious Vapours agreed to render me whimsical: Under these dreadful Apprehensions I trudg'd on a pretty Way, without communicating my Thoughts to my swarthy Attendant that was to come in for his Share of the Adventure. But on a sudden, 'spying the Rev. Dr. *Fr-----n*, Successor of the eloquent Bishop *Patrick*, walking very gracefully before me; Oh, thinks I to myself, 'tis well enough, 'tis morally impossible for me to be in the Paths that descend to the Gates of Destruction, since that venerable, orthodox, and worthy Divine takes the same Road, and steers in the same Latitude; his Charity is conspicuous, his Piety notorious, and his Conversation humble: He practises the Austerities, Hardships and Penance of an Anchorite; he denies himself the good Things of this World; he is resolv'd that he and his House will serve the Lord; Fasting and Prayers are the great Duties of Religion, and he and his effectually perform these Duties: He Prays, and his Family Fasts, and betwixt the Reverend Seer and the Sons of the Prophet, they exactly comply with the Letter and Intention of the Text. I had no sooner hit upon this Notion, but my Senses clear'd up, and I was gay as a Priest that has satisfied his Revenge; we immediately found our selves near the Statue on Horseback of the late Royal Martyr, I pull'd off my Hat as I pass'd by the Image of the injur'd Majesty, when an old Acquaintance of mine, whose Family had severely suffer'd in our late unhappy Dissentions, accosted me, and was

very inquisitive to know the Cause of that unusual Action. He told me, if I design'd some Ecclesiastical Preferment by that Piece of Condescension, I was very much mistaken ; That it was as hard to obtain a Commission to act in the Church, as in the Army, unless the Ready prepared the Way ; That paying my Respect to the Statue of that departed Monarch, was to as little Purpose, as *Diogenes* begging of a Statue ; That it was well for the Reverend Bust it self, that it stood in the sacred Limits of the Verge, otherwise the Creditors of the Son might have made bold with the Father in Execution. As I was attentive to this Discourse, a Rascally Slave of a Chair-man takes me upon the Northside of my outward Man with one of the Poles of his Leathern Conveniency, and afterwards cautiously bawls out with a furlly Tone, *By your leave, Sir.* Not at all pleas'd with this Compliment, and desiring no more of his Civilities, I brush'd off as fast as I could, when *Young Man's Coffee-House* threw it self in my way, and very kindly offer'd its Protection. I acquiesced there, knowing my self secure from more Dangers than one, and immediately upon my Entrance mounted the Stairs, and mingled my Person with the Knights of the Round Table, who hazard three Months Revenue at a single Cast ; and run the Risque whether they shall be Luxurious one Week, or starve in a Garret for a Dozen. Their Weapons, if not themselves, were much ancients than the Institutions of King *Arthur* ; we read of Chefs invented by *Palamedes* at the Siege of *Troy* ; and without Dispute Dice ow'd their Extraction to a more veteran Original ; for 'tis very credible the Prince of the Air might be the ingenious Author of these Moveables, and imparted the Invention to divert his Profelytes, when the Fumes of Melancholy or Wine set them on the Stool of Repentance. From these Instances 'tis evident, that Gaming is of venerable Antiquity, tho' the modern Way of Practising it is a little unaccountable. We were scarce enter'd the Room, when a Volley of Oaths saluted us ; one blasphem'd Heaven, but this was a little *French* Lieutenant, who had the ill Fortune to lose his own Money, and the private Collection made by some charitable Persons for the Relief of the Brethren. Another

ther curs'd himself, and a third his Wife, who, it seems, had intreated him not to play that Morning : The second of these Gentlemen was much in the Wrong, and the last can as little be justified ; for 'twas damnable unreasonable in the Husband to give his Wife to the Devil, who has used all her utmost Endeavours to send him to Heaven.

The surprizing Entertainments bred such Confusions in my Stranger, that sometimes he imagin'd 'twas his ill Luck to have hit upon a Rendezvous of Madmen ; at other Moments he was persuaded to believe that he had mistook his Way, and fall'n into the bottomless Pit : The small Experience he had in the World assisted to amuse him ; and he could not imagine but this House of Curses, Imprecations and gnashing of Teeth, could be any other than some Parlour or Drawing-room belonging to his Infernal Majesty. I guess'd at his Disease, by the Change of his Complexion ; and to convince him of his Error, acquainted him that these were Military Men, who got their Money easily, and parted from it with as great Freedom. Upon this he very gravely enquir'd, What I meant by Military Men ? And what Profession those Gentlemen were of ? I reply'd by Military Men, I meant Soldiers canton'd into several Troops and Companies, consisting of several Individual Persons, kept constantly in Pay by the State, to be useful in Action, and burthensome in Peace ; to meet with Applauses upon View of Danger, and Affronts when the Consternation is over. In brief, I intend Men whose Business was fighting in bad Times, and who had Leisure to starve in Good ; or take a Turn to the *West-Indies* to find 'em Employment, and season them, by Change of Climate, against another Occasion. My *American* reply'd, He did not doubt their Courage, but must needs be of Opinion, that those Gentlemen, as I call'd them, must of Consequence be free enough of their Persons, who were so prodigal of their Souls ; (for my Spark, you must understand, had made shift to learn something from his Marine Chaplain by the Way, besides the Art of composing a Bowl of Punch.) But pray, says my Friend, are not these well dress'd Gentlemen, who make so good an Appearance, very Rich ? I let him know 'twas an

Argument he understood Mankind very little, when he drew Inferences from their Drefs; That the Soldier, in Opposition to the Tradesman, (who generally provides the Ready for his Holy-day Cloaths) is always poorest when he makes the best Shew; what they wear outwardly, they want in Linings. And if his Curiosity induc'd him to know the Exposition of the Riddle, he might enquire at the Horse-Guards, at the Agent's Office, or of the Undertakers for the Army. Tired with these Scenes of Folly and Extravagance, we convey'd our selves down Stairs, in order to find something more entertaining; the Company was numerous, and consisted of as much Diversity, and as many Humours, as the Calves-Head Club; some were reading News, others discoursing Politicks, and a third Sort of People smoaking Tobacco. At the upper End of a long Table sat a little diminutive Gentleman, to whom several Persons, in much better Habit, and more resembling the divine Image than himself, paid a great Deal of Respect. *Bless me, says I, what have we got here, the natural Issue of some insolent Dame who had doted on a Baboon, and entertain'd her self with the Caresses of that agreeable Animal?* Here the Whirl-pool of Poetry suck'd me in, and I fell a Rhiming without farther Ceremony :

Fond Isra'l after brazen Idols whor'd,
Egyptian Meroe a Cat ador'd,
Fishes and Dogs her impious Zeal implor'd.
No Superstition, surely, cou'd allow
Respect to thee, and none but we cou'd bow
To such a brazen, peevish Cur as thou.

Whenever Deformity has a mind to expose her self undress'd, she needs no other ill Figure to appear in: Providence consulted for the Good of Mankind, when so treacherous a Soul was permitted to infuse it self in so crooked a Receptacle; for had his Person been agreeable, and not obstructed the Infidelities of his Mind, he might have ruin'd more honest Fellows in Red, than the Payment of their Debts, a long and lazy Peace, or a disbanding Parliament. I express'd my self a little louder than was necessary, and being taken notice of by some that sat next me, I resolv'd to be no more a Martyr to my
Chiming,

Chiming, than *Wit* at *Wills* would be to his *Religion* : So briefly deposited my Copper at the Bar, whilst Mrs. *Man* was pledging an *Irish* Colonel in *U/quebaugh*, and vanish'd out of the Coffee-room, as quick as an enchanted Supper flies from a saucy Clerk that has the ill Manners to say Grace to it. As I was crossing the Way to wait upon a Person of Quality at *Old Man's*, my Fellow-traveller accosted me very gravely; That a Soldier's Way of Life was unaccountable; That he had heard among the Priests of his own Country, there were two *eternal Beings* opposite in their *Nature*, and vastly different in their *Qualities* and *Attributes*; the one Indulgent and Merciful, replete with infinite Wisdom and Goodness; the other of a Disposition Cruel, Malicious and Revengeful; That he could not but imagine, if there were any Truth in these Traditions, that the Military Orders proceeded from the *black* and *ill-natur'd Deity*, which through Fear is worshipp'd by his superstitious Country-men. He added, it seem'd inconsistent with the Design of the Creation, that one Part of it should be bred up in Blood, train'd and educated to destroy the other, and make Havock of the noblest of all sublunary Beings: I could not but be pleas'd with his Theology, yet told him, Those *formidable Fellows* (pointing at the *double Creatures over the Way*) dress'd with all the Equipage of Murder, were not half so good at Execution, as the *Gentlemen* of the College; That the Sound of their Mortars in an Apothecary's Shop, was as sure a Prefage of a *Funeral*, as a *Passing-bell* in the Times of Superstition and Ignorance: That some *philosophical Inquisitions*, after the *Cause* and *Cure* of the *Diseases*, by a single Member of a *worthy* and *judicious Society*, had dismiss'd a greater Number of Wretches from the Afflictions of this miserable World in a Year, than e'er a *hoary-headed Red-coat* in all the Rencounters of his Life.

We popt into *Old Man's* just as I had ended my Morality, where the Agreeableness of the Company, the Magnificence of their Dress, and the Ceremony that was us'd on all Occasions, entertain'd my Fellow-traveller with very diverting Ideas: He observ'd the Word *Honour* to be mix'd in all their solemn Assertions, and

softly demanded what *God* that might be, whose Name was mention'd with such a religious Deference? *Honour*, I return'd, was a *Deity* which only *Ladies* and *Gentlemen* paid their Respects to; the one, when they sacrific'd their Pleasure to their Fame; and the other, when in ridiculous *Duels* they ventured Life to maintain a *barren Reputation*. 'Tis true, all Orders and Distinctions of Men pretend a Reverence for this *whimsical Phantom*, which exists only in Imagination: But to give you a clearer Notion, how far their Actions are agreeable to their Words, I believe we have no more to do, than to reflect upon what those Gentlemen in the Corner are doing: We observ'd there a *Colonel* and his *Agent*, upon whom a pretty brisk Youth of about Seventeen attended at three or four Yards distance in the Rear, and made his Honours upon every Occasion, (we happen'd to place our selves very near) and immediately the *Agent* express'd himself as follows: "This young Gentleman
 "has a particular Regard for your Honour, and a De-
 "fire to learn the Art of War under so experienc'd an
 "Officer: 'Tis true, he can't boast any Antiquity of
 "Blood, or Service in the Army, to Recommend him
 "to so considerable a Post as that of Ensign to your
 "Honour; but, Sir, he has deposited a hundred Guineas
 "in the Hands of Sir *Francis Child*, which, I presume,
 "will plead his Merit very weightily; besides an Ac-
 "knowledgement to your humble Servant". The Fa-
 vour was granted, and the young Beau dismiss'd to his Satisfaction. My *Indian* flung out of the Room in a Passion, for by this time he understood something of these Military Intrigues, and wonder'd how Mankind could be so insensible as to pay for Ruin, he affirm'd that Blood and Money was too much; that he had often heard of Persons willing to buy Life, even with the basest Articles, but never knew of any so mad before, to purchase Death upon the lowest Consideration.

By this time we were come to the *Admiralty Office*; the Outside invited us in, but here we found only a Company of *Tarrs* walking to and fro with their Hands in their Pockets, as on the Quarter deck aboard; in one Room there was a Company of *Lieutenants*, some had
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serv'd twenty Years without being rais'd, because they either knew not how to bribe in the right Place, or were so tenacious of what they had so hardly purchas'd, that their only Hopes were now *Half-pay*, or *Superannuation*. In another Place were Seamens Wives with Petitions, and pressing Deputy B —, who was as furly to them, as a *true Whig* in Office; but tho' he demanded no Fee, he could be mollify'd by a little *Fellow-feeling*, that like a Sop to *Cerberus*, let Petitions and Men pass too: Then you fall in betwixt *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, the Clerks on one Side, and Sea-captains on the other; where Cowards that have lost one Ship, easily get another; and Men of Valour, without Interest, wait in vain for Preferment, from those who dispose of what they do not understand; for here the *Land* determines of the *Main*, and he that never saw the *North foreland*, disposes of Things, as if he knew all the Creeks and Bays, Shelves, Sands, and Nations of the Universe.

But *Mum's* the Word — for who wou'd speak their Mind among Tarrs and Commissioners; for the cracking their Shell, is too hard an *Amusement* for my Teeth. So my *Indian* and I pass'd hastily out, and made our Way over the *Parade* towards *Westminster*; when we had pass'd the *Horse-guards*, and enter'd the odoriferous Park of *St. James's*, we found it *High-change* on the *Parade*, Red-coats and Laced-hats spread every where, and Faces that breath'd Fire and Blood were all about us; some were eager, and walk'd fast; others were grave, and look'd as if they thought: Here is decided the Price of Commissions, which are openly bought and sold, as if a lawful Merchandize. Here Sieges are form'd, Battles fought, Victories won. Here *Irish*, *Scots*, and *English* meet very amicably, make a buz, and contend in Nonsense: Here you may hear all this General's Miscarriages fully accounted for; that General's Success magnify'd and describ'd; that Colonel damn'd for being put over this Captain's Head; that Agent curs'd for tricking the Regiment out of their Pay, or by raising such Contributions with the Colonel's Connivance, that Estates are now got at this End of the Town, as well as by *Stock-jobbing* in the City. Here honest *Pain* and *Potter*,

and divers others of that Fraternity, take their Mid-days Perambulation, to agree with the Spendthrift Officers, for advancing their Money at 30 per Cent. Here walks a tall *Irishman*, with abundance of thoughtful Gravity in his Face, who had spent his Estate, and now lives on Women; and what is more preposterous, sets up for a *Wit*, the oddest Ambition that ever was in Nature; for *Wit* was never yet the Growth of that Country.

We as naturally went from *Man's Coffee-house* to the *Parade*, as a Coachman drives from *Locket's* to the *Play-house*. Tho' the Scene was changed, the Actors were the same as to their *Profession*, but infinitely different in their *Character, Degrees* and *Circumstances*. The first Gentleman I happen'd to cast my Eyes upon, was my old Friend and Fellow-collegian honest *Bartholomew Cringe*. I wonder'd who in the Devil's Name had equipt him with a Whig large enough to load a Camel. If Nature had indulg'd our primitive Parents with such an extraordinary Production, they would have had little Reason to have blush'd at, or been ashamed of their Nakedness; and the Original of that *virtuous Profession Man-making*, our good Grandmother Eve might have sav'd her self a great Deal of Trouble in tacking together her *primitive Green Petticoat* and *Wastcoat*. His Sword in Length resembled a Footman's, who asserts the Reputation of his Mistress, which, for divers good Causes and Reasons, he is very nearly concern'd in. His Coat was as blue as the Sky; and his Hat boldly erected its sable Penthouse, to play with greater Vivacity on the ruddy Complexion of its Owner. I considered him with the strictest Attention, and could hardly give Credit to the Informers of my Mind, when my Spark, to End the *Amusement*, accosted me in a very obliging Manner. Says he, Dear Friend *Tom*, you're surpriz'd to find your old Friend in this Place and Habit. I wear this Dress and Garniture, as the Emblems of my Militant Capacity. I have the Honour to perform the Duties of my Office under the Protection of that worthy Gentleman Lieutenant General ———, in the Quality of Chaplain to his Regiment of Horse; and faith, dear *Tom*, to be plain with you, I was looking for such a pleasant Companion as your self, to whom a Man might unbofom a
few

few Secrets, which are a little hard of Digestion. We've had many a smart Touch together; and to deal sincerely, what betwixt my Respects to his Excellency, and some necessary Punctilio's to the Caslock, I am become as melancholly as a Statesman debarr'd from doing Mischief, or a Bawd in a *Bridewell*. If you'll do me the Favour to contribute your Assistance, in order to expel these splenetick Vapours, your old Acquaintance, a Bit to eat, a Bottle of Wine expect you at *Shuttleworth's*, where I know you have Courage enough to come, tho' the Devil appears upon the Sign-post. I told him, I kiss'd his Hand with all imaginable Respect; that I would not fail to oblige my self and him with the Interview he propos'd, as soon as I had treated my Sunburnt Friend with a View of some Rarities in the *Park*, who I design'd with his good Leave, should share in the Entertainment. We immediately parted; the *Canonical Cavalier* to the Tavern, and my *American Pupil*, with his Instructor, toward the Canal, where once the Centinels and Gladiators, with equal Concern, guarded her Majesty's Subjects of the feather'd Generation.

I was as gay and pleasant, in Expectation of the promis'd Regalement, at that Reverend Judge *Don Sancho* wou'd have been after a plentiful Collation. I met with several *Amusements*, during three or four Turns I made, that augmented the Pleasure which possess'd me. My Fellow-traveller demanded, What Officer that might be, who was so kind to desire our Company at Dinner? An Officer; quoth I! not a Jot of an Officer, or a Soldier that I know of: He is indeed a Sort of an *Ecclesiastical Drum-major*, that calls the Military Herd to Battle, Penance or Fasting, when the General thinks convenient to fight, or the Want of Provisions makes an Humiliation important or necessary. Indeed, to do the Man Justice, he does not much delight in Fasting; he looks upon that as a Qualification fitter for a Bishop, such as the Reverend Dr. K——n, than the Chaplain of a Regiment, who ought in Conscience to give a good Example to the Soldiers. Turning about to see what a Clock 'twas, in order to make good my Assignment, I had almost tumbld over a young Gentlewoman,

man, who was marching off the Parade, with a Colonel; the Surgeon of his Battalion follow'd close in the Rear, who was ready to give an authentick Certificate, *to all whom it might concern*, of her Ladyship's being in good Health, and that his Honour had no more Reason to apprehend any Danger of Fire from her, than he had formerly from the Combatants of *Steinkirk* or *Landen*; who being a quarrelsome Sort of People, this Gentleman most cautiously avoided their Conversation, and always had the good Fortune to be Sick, or in Garrison, at the critical Time of any dangerous Rencounter. But whatever Objections the Malicious might raise against his Courage, he had the good Fortune of shewing his Manhood to the Ladies; and without dispute, he was infinitely in the right on't, since the Work of Generation is much more glorious than that of Privation, extinguishing Life, or honourable Murder. My *Indian* Friend ask'd me, Whether this was not another *Exchange*? The Question was to the Purpose, and I frankly return'd, The *Parade* might properly be call'd an *Exchange*, or a Market, for every Thing here was Veneal; ready Money, or a handsome Sister, were never-failing Presents, if a Man had an Intent to purchase a Commission; That good Friends, and a large Stock of Assurance, sometimes admitted the Soldier to Preferment; but Courage, long Service, or true Merit, very rarely. The Colonel here sells his Honour, the Agent his Conscience, and every Thing bears a Price but Virtue. Shou'd the *God of War* serve under these Gentlemen, I question whether he wou'd arrive to the Dignity of a Serjeant, unless his Mistress the *Queen of Love*, or the more prevailing Picture of her Majesty, introduc'd him. Observe that little Gentleman upon the right Hand; his Business is to state Accounts of the Army; and it turns very well to his own: If a young Widow wants the Arrears of her Husband, and imagines in Respect to the Dead, or Compassion to the Living, she shall be honourably dealt with, such Persons will find themselves damnably mistaken: No, there's another Way to go to work; the Lady must take a Tour as far as *Knightsbridge* or *Kensington*, stop may be at the *World's-end*, or the *Swan*, offer my Spark a small Treat, when

when upon examining her Affairs at Night, 'tis a Hundred to one but he does her Business in the Morning. Tho' my Stomach gave me Warning, I trespass'd upon good Manners, in permitting my Friend to be so long alone, or entertain'd with no better Company than what the Mistress of the hospitable Tenement where he resided, could afford him: Yet before I repaired to my Fellow-collegian, I could not forbear making this poetical Reflexion;

*The Colonels here in solemn Manner meet,
Not with a full Design the French to beat,
But to consult where they may nicely eat,
What trusting Mortal sells the noblest Wine,
Where free from Duns, they may securely dine.*

We walk'd thro' the Horse guards; I call'd to mind the Happiness of those serene Times, when the Troops of the Household, instead of being transported to foreign Countries, guarded the royal Poultry with great Care and Application; when these generous Knights Errants presided over the Converse of fighting Lovers, and protected their nocturnal Amours from Violence and Injuries. This was the *Golden Age*, unless preceding *Æra's* claim that venerable Title, when even the Guards themselves were unknown, unthought of; when Majesty had no other Defence, than the Love and Piety of their Subjects.

*Tyrant and Traytor then were Names unknown,
Nor Guards secur'd, nor Fears disturb'd a Throne:
Then Kings enjoy'd a long and happy Reign,
And slept as quiet as the meanest Swain;
Honour'd and Old, to Death did gently bend,
And without Blood to Proserpine descend.*

This Martial Amusement did not long detain us, but we pass'd through, and made our Way for the *Abbey of Westminster*; where we taking a solitary Walk, my Indian seem'd pleas'd with the Solemnity of the Place, which struck a Sort of sacred Horror into us, and inspir'd an unfought Devotion to the Deity it was erected to.

WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

IT being Prayer-time, we *amus'd* our selves with viewing the glorious Circumstances of the Dead ; on which my *Indian* Friend made many moral Reflexions, as on the foolish Vanity of Men, in extending their Folly beyond this Life. *Pride*, that was their Vice while living, will not forsake them in the Grave, they making that the lasting Monument of it. Flattering Inscriptions and Marble Monuments they have Refuge to, when they want Soul to recommend themselves to Posterity by their good and generous Actions. In the North-Isle we found a remarkable Instance of *Modesty*, while over the immortal *Ben. Johnson* there was only on a plain little Stone inscrib'd, *O rare Ben. Johnson !* But whether this were the Effect of the Avarice of his Friends, or their Confidence in his admirable Works, or his own Modesty, I shall not determine, overlooking the other Pieces of this Nature on this Side, except that of *Harry Purcell*, the Memory of whose Harmony held us a little, we pass'd on to the other Side, where one Thing was remarkable ; for on a Woman's Monument we found an Inscription in *Greek, Hebrew, and Æthiopick*, as if by the Multiplicity of the Figures they wou'd express the Volubility of that of the Sex in one : And that of *Fairbon* in *English* set up by his pious Wife, in order to get her a second Husband, the Comforts of a second Marriage being the surest to a Widow for the Loss of a first Husband. Casting our Eyes forward, *Tom of ten Thousand* intercepts our Sight, a mournful Instance of a *Martyr of Love*. Tho' we could not but stop at the Tomb of a Judge, his Neighbour, and wonder at his Assurance, in telling us of his Hopes of a Resurrection, when he must pass the fiery Trial of the Judgment upon it, where he'll stand as a *Culprit*, not in *statu quo* : He had certainly forgot how many bad Causes he had defended, before he could come to sleep over the Cause he was to determine ; and how many Times he had judg'd by his own Passions, or Interest, or Affections, more than by the Law.

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The next that drew our Eyes, for the Admirableness of the Work, as well as the Character of the Man, was the famous *Dr. Busby* of *flogging Memory*; his Inscription tells us how many he had bred to the Bench and the Board; but some have been apt to think, he had better have employ'd his Time in teaching them *Honesty* and *Understanding*, than *Latin* and *Greek*; it had been better for the State at least, if not for themselves. His Pupils, when they come by, look as pale as his Marble, in Remembrance of his severe Execution on their Posteriors.

From him we easily pass'd to the *Poets* his Neighbours; and first old *Abraham Cowley* salutes us with an Epitaph and Inscription of equal Truth, truly Poetical indeed, as all *Mat. Clifford's* Fictions; for he was no more the *Horace*, *Virgil*, *Ovid*, &c. of *England*, than the Monument was of his Grace of *Bucks's* erecting, at least paying for.

The venerable *Chaucer* was next, a Poet indeed, and the *English Homer* truly; at whose Feet, without any Name, lyes *John Dryden* his Admirer, and truly the *English Maro*. *Drayton*, with half a Nose comes next, admir'd in his Time, but whose Works are forgot before his Monument is worn out. The great *Spencer* keeps the Entry of the Church, in a plain Stone Tomb, but his Works are more glorious than all the Marble and Brass Monuments within.

To which we now ventur'd to enter, being first encountered by a dapper pert Scoundrel in a crop-eared Wig, the Parrot of the Place, but a Piece of a *Westminster* Wit; for he throws in his Jokes as formally, and as much to the Purpose, as a Fanatick Holderforth does his Text.

My *Indian* Friend was indeed surpriz'd at the first Apartment of the Dead that we entered; there was something very magnificent and fine in the Tombs. Here lay a great Minister of State in a tatter'd Brass Case; there the immortal *Talbot*; here a Reverend Bishop under Foot; there a fine Lady lifted aloft: Here lay the shatter'd clumsy Figure of a noble Knight, with his now peaceful Dudgeon at his Side; and there the Lady who had the odd Fate of dying by pricking her

her Fore-finger with a Needle: Here a topping young Hero like *Mars*; and there two diminutive Figures of Princes.

But to run over the Particulars of all this *Amusement* of the Dead, would be too tedious a Repetition: There was a Conqueror without a Head; for they were so vile to make that of Silver, and his Body of Brass, so the Thief stole the Head, and left the Trunk unattempted.

But we can't leave this venerable Place, without a View of a formidable Sword and Buckler with which he conquer'd the *French*; and they must have been Giants indeed, to have resisted such formidable Weapons, if his Soldiers fought with the like. Here was the Pillar of old *Jacob*, brought to *Scotland* by *Pharaoh's* Daughter, with this Advantage, that where-ever that Stone should go, the *Scots* should reign. But whether *Edward* the First brought it out of *Scotland* out of Zeal to *Jacob*, or to take away the Foe's *Palladium*, here it is; and if you won't believe it, you had best dispute it with the Parrots of the Place: But true or false, it has been an *Amusement* Time out of Mind, and so will continue for all that I can discover to the contrary.

Edward the Confessor's Tomb is the chief Piece of Antiquity, who was the first Royal Empirick for Scabs and Scrophulous Humours. He was a whimsical Sort of a Gentleman, that not being willing or capable to lye with his Wife, was yet so jealous of her, that he caus'd her to pass the fiery Trial of the *Ordeal*, which she did to the Satisfaction of the Beholders, but not of the King, who could never be brought to give her his Royal Benevolence, for which the Monks make him a Saint, and the Nation was expos'd to Invasion and Ruin in *William* the Bastard of *Normandy*, whom the Monks call'd in a barbarous Latin, *Conquestor*, or *Conqueror*.

From hence we pass'd to another Apartment, where the noble Earl of *Exeter* lyes cover'd with Marble, with his own Effigies and his first Wife's; and to shew that he was not far behind-hand in Love with his second, he left her a Place to lye by him, when she took her eternal Nap. But she being a Person of a very nice Taste

Taste in the Ceremonials of Place, chose rather to be alone, than to lye on his left Hand.

Hence we advanc'd into the curious Chapel of *Henry VII.* and by the Way saw good *Queen Bess*, and bless'd her pious Memory. Here we found that cunning Monarch enshrin'd in monumental Brass, which perhaps he got the Expence of from *Dudley's* and *Empson's* Estates, which he had squeez'd out of the People.

Having some Notice before-hand, I desir'd my *Indian* Friend to amuse himself with a View of the Stalls of the ancient Monks of this Chapel. Here was inlaid half a Dozen jolly Fellows, some drunk and spewing, others maudlin, some quarrelling. There were more numerous Sparks in the Act of Fornication; other good Friars, &c. engag'd with their *Gampucades*, and in every Place their Master old *Lucifer* rejoicing at their Exploits. My *Indian* was extreamly amused with the Piety of the Representation. But I saw with a little Indignation, Things too scandalous for a Brothel, made free of in the Church. And so we pass'd on to see the Ruins of Majesty in the Women Figures placed there by Authority. As soon as we had ascended Half a Score Stone Steps in a dirty Cobweb Hole, and in old worm-eaten Presses, whose Doors flew open on our Approach, here stood *Edward III.* as they told us, which was a broken Piece of Wax-work, a batter'd Head, and a Straw-stuff'd Body, not one Quarter cover'd with Rags. His beautiful Queen stood by, not better in Repair; and so to the Number of half a Score of Kings and Queens, not near so good Figures as the King of the Beggars makes, and the begging Crew would be asham'd of their Company. Their Rear was brought up with good *Queen Bess*, with the Remnants of an old dirty Ruff, and nothing to cover her Majesty's Nakedness.

Tir'd with this *Amusement*, I was enquiring if there were no Charnel-house to complete the View of the Dead. There is no need of that, says my *Indian*, for this Place, I think, gives as melancholy a View of the Dead as that can do; there the Bones and Skulls seem to want no Garniture, but here we see Kings, after their Death, cloath'd like Vagrants, and all their Pomp and Grandeur confin'd to a Rag and a Cupboard. And this proves that

All

All mortal Things are subject to Decay.

And when Fate summons, Monarchs must obey,

Upon the COMPTERS.

I Slept as heartily as Innocence it self, when my Fellow-traveller, who shar'd in the Adventures I am going to relate, enter'd my Room, and by the Noise and Pains he took to wake me, disperfed those agreeable Ideas Fancy at that Time was entertaining me with. And instead of flattering Dreams of Pleasure, which at that Instant obligingly amused me, opening my Eyes, and collecting my Senses, I found my self no richer or wiser than I was the preceding Morning: The Bells were ringing in all the Steeples of the City, and made a Noise as harmonious as the pathetick Harangue of that *Urban* Magistrate a R——r, when he delivers himself upon some very important Occasion. Having taken a sound Nap, by preparing my Person with the invincible Opates of a Glas of good Wine, and the Lecture of some Pages in Sir R——d B——re's *Eliza*, I thought I had no incumbent Necessity upon me to go to Church to hear Dr. Y——n preach against Avarice, or the Rev. Master of the Temple rip open mysterious Points of Divinity, as plain as he did Dr. *Overrall's* Convocation Book; and being as little inclin'd to be merry, or to see a *Harlequin* in a Pulpit, I avoided the Theatre in *Russell-Court*, where more Farces have been acted, than ever appeared upon the Stages of *Drury-Lane* or *Dorset-Garden*. Faith, says I to my *Indian*, it shall be so; I'll e'en go shew you the Tombs. Those of *Westminster*, says my Friend, I am satisfy'd they are very entertaining, the Dead in those Vaults sleep very magnificently; and there's a certain Air of Greatness and Antiquity interspersed among those venerable Monuments: But pray, continu'd he, what Tombs, what Monuments do you mean? Said I, with a Smile, you are infinitely mistaken, if you conclude we have no other remarkable Monuments than those of the *Plantagenets*, situate in the tempestuous Air of *Westminster*; the
Tombs.

Tombs of *Woodstreet* and the *Poultrey* much more deserve Consideration, and thither 'tis I design to conduct you.

At this Period I found my self dress'd, and privately thank'd Heaven my humble Equipage had neither brought Ruin or Inconvenience upon any Family ; That the Cloaths I had put on had not made me criminate ; That I had hurt no Tradesman, by obliging him to trust me ; nor increas'd the Injury, by deluding him into an unnecessary Attendance. These serious Reflections put me into a Sort of Melancholy, which suggested to my Fancy, that the Places I was going to were real, not imaginary Tombs or Monuments ; and that as our Church-yards, and Burial-places were attended with Ecclesiastical Officers, as *Clerk*, *Sexton*, and *Grave-digger* ; so these Burial-places for the Living, are as little destitute of their Chiefs and Assistants, who take the unhappy Wretches in the Limits of their Dominions, with a severer Justice than the infernal Judges are fabled by the ancient *Grecians* to have Lorded it in Hell over the dusky Populace of *Styx* and *Acheron*. The Right Worshipful the *L——d M——r* for the Time being supplies the Place of *Clerk*, the Worshipful the *Sheriffs* are the *Sextons*, and the *Serjeants* and *Yeomen* are the *Grave-diggers* ; but in the House your Parochial Pioneer digs up for the Mansions of the mouldering Tenants, that meet with a serene Quiet, a long Insensibility from Pain, which those that are immur'd in this dismal Fastness can never pretend to ; no surly Goaler disturbs the Dead, they sleep from Debts, Necessities and Cares ; no gingling Keys break their sacred extended Slumbers ; nor does the saucy Insolence of villainous Keepers plague them with Oppressions and Injustice.

Whilst these Images were revolving themselves in my Mind, we approached the wooden *Porcullis* that guards the melancholy Avenue of a terrestrial Hell. *Virgil* expresses himself very beautifully concerning the *Stygian* Palace resided in by the Son-in-Law of *Ceres*.

Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis.

——facilis est descensus Averns ;

*Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras
Hic labor, hoc opus——*

*Swift of Access is Ceres grizly Son,
His brazen Gates on ready Hinges turn :
But from Avernus and the Realms of Night,
Upwards to move, and view th' ethereal Light,
This is the Task——*

But we found the Case quite alter'd in this House of Torment, and it was almost as difficult for us that were without Doors to get in, as it was for them within Doors to get out. His *Cerberusship* demanded our Business, and by the Grimness of his Face gave us a dreadful Idea of the Horrors which are inseparable to the infernal Mastiff. I told him very civilly, that I was come to see a Friend of mine in Confinement; That it being *Sunday*, I concluded a Visit to Persons either Sick or in Prison, was as acceptable to the Divine Goodness, as offering up my Devotions at Church. He smiled at my Notions of Piety, and turning the Key, not without an insolent Grin, gave us Admittance to a Scene of Horror, which discover'd the Prudence, Christianity and Tenderness of the City-government. The Gentleman was call'd down from breathing in the Air upon the Leads, who occasion'd us that Visit. After some Compliments of Condolance being pass'd betwixt us, we desired him to entertain himself with a Quart of comfortable Ale; and if that was not potent enough to make him forget his Cares, we engaged him to mingle it with the infallible Prescription of a Nipperkin of Brandy. Whilst we amused our selves with our Curiosity, and the dismal Diversion of the sable Apartments, a Multiplicity of different Figures immediately presented themselves of both Sexes, and almost of all Ages and Conditions; their Visages were pale and ghastly; their Dress squallidly neglected; and the Disorder of their Seats sufficiently appeared, by the Contempt they had of their Bodies. One walk'd as swiftly as a bending Tradesman from a *Saturday* Dun, when, God knows, he was as near his Journey's End, as a decaying Whore is to a Bawd, or a young giggling Girl to the Loss of her Maidenhead. Another most demurely, with Hat, Cane, and Gloves, and the Phiz of Business, marches from one
Side

Side of the Ward to another, as if he was just a going to the *Exchange*, to monopolize the Commodities of both the *Indies*; when alas! the Wretch has never seen that busy Place, since a Brace of ill-looking Officers whisper'd him in the Ear, a Sort of a scurvy Story, and in secure and safe Custody, brought him to the Ware-house which he pays no Rent for; yet nevertheless has got but a very indifferent Bargain. A third damns his Attorney, and a fourth curses as heartily his Wife. *That Rogue of a Lawyer*, says one of these irreligious Recluses, raging and almost mad with his Misfortunes, *if he had not play'd fast and loose with me, I had never been brought to this.* Confound that Villain of a Creditor, continues he, *who brib'd the Judge and Jury; and the Devil take the Jury that sold my Cause.* Here starts up another, and in an infinite Passion demanded, What Reason he had to use so many Execrations? Pray Sir, says the Party that ask'd the Question, *if you have so good a Hand at Cursing, do me the Favour to curse my Wife: My Wife, a Plague confound her, brought me hither: To my Wife I owe this fantastical Misery, this horrid Air, and this ridiculous Habit.* She brought me nothing, adds he, *before Consummation, but Pride, Poverty, and Lechery, and that was a Portion with a Vengeance; but since the fatal Moment of taking For Better for Worse—*He would have run on a Brace of Hours upon this nuptial Panegyrick, but we decently left him to make his Complaint among the listening Herd of his Fellow sufferers, and turn'd our selves about, in order to reflect with Concern upon a Figure lamentably wretched, the very Picture of Sadness it self: His Air was dejected; Despair and solid Melancholy took up their Residence upon his Face, and interwove themselves in all his Discourses and Actions; yet his Misfortunes had not absolutely robb'd him of every Thing that was agreeable: His Judgment remained very penetrating, and his good Manners and Civility render'd him unworthy of the Condition that the Capriciousness of Fortune had reduc'd him to. We address'd our selves to him, and begged the Knowledge of those ill Accidents that had brought him to a Station so different from what we imagin'd he was once in Possession of.

Whether

Whether to oblige our Enquiries, or to indulge his Grief by the Repetition of his Story, I am uncertain; but he gave us to understand in very pathetick Terms, That he was a Person had made a handsome Appearance in the World; that he had been Master of a very considerable Estate, and tho' he had not comply'd with his Payments so exactly as Sir F—— C——d, yet he had more punctually perform'd his Word than *Sweet-apple* or F——s. That he was in thriving Circumstances, when his Affairs oblig'd him to take a Journey into the Country; where staying, by the Means of Sickneſs that detained him a little longer than was expected, a sober religious Common-council-man, with whom he had dealt ſeveral Years, took out a Statute againſt him, ſeiz'd three Times the Value of what he ow'd, which was moſt of it ſpent at *Pontack's* or the *Rummer*, upon debating the weighty Points of Contribution and Dividends; then ſeiz'd upon his Perſon, threw him into the *Compter*, and took Care his Family ſhould be like the State of the Chriſtian Church, diſperſ'd and diſtreſs'd over the Face of the whole Earth. We pity'd the Injuſtice he had met with, and return'd to my Friend, with whom I could not help murmuring againſt the Imprudence of ſome Part of our Legal Conſtitution. We wonder'd, that a Thief ſhould be hang'd for ſome Sort of Felonies, and by that Means find an End of his Torment, and for other Actions of like Nature have the *Benefit of the Clergy*; when neither the Law nor the Goſpel found Means to diſcharge an Inſolvent Debtor. That according to the unhappy Severity of our Laws, we might at a much eaſier Rate offend Heaven, than be indebted to Man; and that in all Degrees of criminal Caſes, the Priſoner ſome Way or other made his *Exit* from a Dungeon: a Debtor is only Priſoner for Life, and his Miſfortune is hereditary to his Family; the innocent Children ſhare the Punishment of their Father, who were never acceſſary to his Guilt; and Vengeance here is extended to the third and fourth Generation. My *American*, tho' he had been a Witneſs to the ſeveral Paſſages I have related, yet would needs impoſe upon me ſo far, as to affirm the Inhabitants of theſe Catacombs were Perſons guilty of a Murder, and
here

here expiated their Crimes by the Confinement of their Persons. I told him indeed, that whoever had brought themselves thither, were a Sort of Self-murderers, and so (according to the Opinion of the Orthodox) suffer'd the Pain and Penalty of Damnation. But truly speaking, these Unfortunates rather suffer'd than avoided that Crime; and, without Dispute, of all Persons whatsoever, are most worthy our Compassion. For my Part, says I, rising to be gone, after I had put an End to a few Consolations which I gave my enchanted Friend, This Place is certainly *Purgatory*, and agrees very well with the Character *Virgil* gave us of that infernal Prison, some two Thousand Years ago; you shall see the Description when I meet you on the other Side of this Castle; mean time, I wish you all the Satisfaction so uncomfortable a Place can afford you.

The THAMES.

NOW (said I to my *Indian*) I have feasted your Curiosity with such Variety of *Amusements* upon *Terra firma*, I'll present you upon the *Water* with a surprising Entertainment, that shall startle you much more than all the hair-brain'd Confusions, or ridiculous Adventures you have ever met with on this Side the Equinoctial. Then your River, says he, must afford something that is very extraordinary; for I think your Streets and Publick-houses abound with such an amazing Medley of all Manner of Contrarities, that if a Man had the Eyes of *Argus*, he might employ them all in this your Christian *Babel* to his continual Satisfaction: However, I shall be glad to wait on you, if for no other Reason, but the Benefit of a little fresh Air in this sultry Weather.

Finding my *Antipodian* Companion thus agreeable to my Humour, I steer'd him down *Black Fryers* towards the *Thames* side, 'till coming near the Stairs, where from their lousy Benches up started such a noisy Multitude of old grizly *Tritons*, in sweaty Shirts, and short-skirted Doublets, hallowing and hooting out, *Next Oars* and

and *Skullers*, shaking their Cuckolds Caps over their bald Noddles, seeming over-joy'd to see us, as if we had been Foreign Princes come out of stark Love and Kindness to redeem them and their Families from cruel Popery and Slavery. Ad's Flesh, says my poor frightened *Indian*, let's not venture any farther, in the Name of *Neptune*; What are this Crowd of *Myrmidons*, who approach us so like *Canibals*, as if they resolv'd to devour us, and were squabbling with one another at the Sight of their Prey, who should have the first Bit? Never fear, said I, with one Word I'll put you out of your Pain; and with that I bawl'd out as loud as a Speaking-trumpet, *Next Oars!* and away run Captain *Charon* from the Front of his wrangling Fraternity, with a Badge upon his Arm, that the World might behold whose Slave he was, and hallow'd to his Man *Ben*. to bring the Boat near, whilst the rest withdrew to their Seats, calling one another *Lousy Rogue*, and *Sorry Rascal*, giving us a clear Passage without further Molestation. Upon my Word, says my *Indian* Friend, I am glad we are past them, for this is one of the most ill looking Rabble, and from whom I had more Apprehensions of Danger, than from any I have yet met with. 'Tis all, said I, but an *Amusement*; step into the Boat; sit down Water-men, and row us up to *Chelsea*. No sooner had we put off into the Middle of the Stream, but our *Charon* and his Assistant (being jolly Fellows) began to scatter the verbal Wild-fire on every Side of them, their first Attack being on a couple of fine Ladies, with a Footman in the Stern, as follows, *viz.* *How now you two confederate Brimstones, Where are you swimming with your fine Top-knots, to invite some Irish Bully or Scotch Highlander to scour your cloven Furbuloes for a Petticoat Pension? I'll warrant your poor Cuckolds are hovering about 'Change to hear what News from Flanders, whilst you, like a couple of hollow belly'd Wh—s, are sailing up to Spring-garden to cram one End with roasted Fowls, and the other with raw Sausages.* One of the Ladies taking Courage, pluck'd up a Female Spirit of Revenge, and facing us with the Gallantry of an *Amazon*, made the following Return, *viz.* *Get you home, you old Cuckold, look under your Wife's Bed, and*
see

See what a lusty Gardener has been planting, a Son of a Whore in your Parsley-bed: O how fond the old Fool will be of the Fruits of another Man's Labour, when the Midwife vouches the Bastard to be the true Picture of his Daddy: Out you old Rogue, Gray before you're Good, and Bald before you're Mannerly; ho'd your Bawling, you rusty old -hurl, whose dogged Countenance makes you look as if you were begot by a Tanner's Mastiff; talk not to a Woman, you surly Whelp, for you are fit for nothing, but like the Breed you came on, to crawl upon all fours, and cry Bow-wow at a Bear-garden.

No sooner had we saluted each other with these Water-compliments as we pass'd by, but a Western-boat, stow'd with a Mixture of both Sexes, began a fresh Attack upon us in the Manner following, viz. How now, Old Dad, whither are you carrying that King of the Gypsies you have pick'd up for a Fare? Why, he looks as if he had painted his Face with a Child's Surreverence, to make his Countenance shine like a Turmeric Pudding. Out you nasty T-d-coloured Dog, born upon a Dunghil without a Head, that your Mother was forc'd to supply the Defect with a yellow Pumkin. Which unfavoury Compliment was thus retorted by our foul-mouth'd Prolocutor, viz. Stop your Smoak-hole, Nincompoop; What laden or Puddle-dock with Taylors, Bailiffs, fat Bawds, and Chamber-maids? Shoot your Rubbish, you Rogue, at the next Lay-stall, and carry back Dung to the next Gardner's House, that you may beg a Bunch of Carrots for the Sow your Bed-fellow, to stop her Mouth from scolding. Who was it that caught the Boat-builder's Journeyman kissing his Wife, and forgave him for half a Dozen of Mother Shepherd's Beer, because he swore upon the Old Woman's Bible, 'twas the first Time? O rare Tom Sanders; you lye like a Cuckold: Get you gone, you o'd Fumb'ler, to my Dame Tofield's Daughter, and make a Fool of the poor Wench in the House of Ease, and afterwards kiss the Mother upon Horn-fair-day for Nuts and Ginger-bread.

This Dialogue being thus ended, the next that we met was a jolly Parson, skudding from Lambeth-house in a Skuller, sitting at the upper End of the Boat by himself, like a Lady in a Lobster-shell. Rare Game,

O

Master,

Master, cries our navicular Spokesman, and thus he accosted the Man of Scripture, as soon as within hearing, viz. *Well met, Holy Father, I'll warrant in yo r Time you have drawn as many Tythe pigs in at your Mouth, and out at your Fundament, as would have stock'd Bartholomew-fair for a whole Season, or else you could ne er have shewn such a fat Gut to your lean Parishoners. Ah, Doctor, 'tis a Sign the Church is at a low Ebb, or else a long Scarf and a Rose-hatband, would never be so humble, as to be seen loling in a Skuller, in such a pious Age too, when every Wapping Understrapper, that has but a Congregation of old Women to hold himself forth to, scorns to have less than Oars, tho' he crosses but the Water, to administer Comfort to a Holy Sister — Thou art a wicked Reprobate, I'll warrant thee, reply'd the Priest; Prithee desire the Minister of your Parish to teach thee the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments, that thou may'st not go out of this World in thy old Age like a Heathen, and be damn'd in the next for the Sin of Wilful Ignorance.——— Thank you, Master, cries old Grizel, for your good Advice, but I believe, 'tis the first that ever you bestowed so generously, without being paid for it: Ah, wo is me, that ever the plentiful Age of Passive Obedience and Non-Resistance should ever be changed into the mercenary Times of Moderation and Vertue.*

No sooner had we steer'd clear of Divinity, but we fell foul (in Words I mean) upon a nimble Pair of Oars, freighted with a couple of scarlet Officers, and between them a Lady furbulo'd with all the Colours of the Rain-bow: No sooner were they come up a Broad-side of us, but our bold Son of Neptune, seconded by his Man, began a vigorous Attack upon the Sons of Mars, who sat hugging their Venus, as the two Elders did Susanna, viz. *'Efaith noble Captain, you lay close Siege; I dare swear, at the very first Assault, Love's Fortress will surrender upon your own Terms; tho' I can tell you this for your Comfort, as soon as your Ammunition is spent, and your Guns are dismounted, you'll be forc'd to quit the Possession: But whatever you do, take Care before you enter, that the Castle is not on Fire; for if it should, you had better break up your Seige, than*

go

go on any further. Hold your Tongue, you old Swobber, replies one of the Heroes, and pul' off my Lord-mayor's Jacket and louse yourself, or else, you Rogue, we will have you whipt in Bridewel, for suffering his Lordship's Livery to be over-run with Vermin, to the Dishonour of the City. You are mistaken Captain, cries Bullface, a Louse is a So'dier's Companion, and not a Waterman's; therefore pray look in your own Collar, for a Red-coat and a Creeper are inseparable Companions, as a Dog and a Flea, Vi ginity and a C—b-louse. Out you nasty Fellow, cries the Lady, what an old Man and a Beast! Why how now, Madam Rain-bow, cries our Advocate, what so young a Wench, and so notorious a Strumpet, to have two Soldiers at a Time to relieve your Concupiscence, when Venus herself, the damnedst Whore in the Heavens, was contented with but one, tho' she had fifty Times your Beauty.

The next we encounter'd was a Quaker and his Handmaid, with whom our merry Pilot thus began his Drollery, viz. Well done, Holy ones, I see Aminadab will have his Abigal, as well as the wicked ones their Harlot; in spite of the Holy Spirit, G—'s Lambs will p'ay, tho' they sin after a sanctified Manner; by and by snap goes the Cakes, and whiz cries the Bottle-ale; Then, O Abigal, since the Light of thy Countenance hath moved the outward Man to uncover thy Nakedness, I say, stretch thou forth one Leg towards Dan, the other towards Ber-sheba, and hold up thy fleshly Idol, that I may raise Seed unto thy Husband Abraham, who at present is a weak Friend, and cannot, as he ought, administer the Comforts of Wedlock unto thee his Wife. Out upon thee, says the Quaker, for a foul Friend, thou art the Seed of the Serpent, and the Light is not in thee: O Generation of Vipers! that this River Jordan should be so defi'd in the Hearing of the Saints, by thy abominable Utterance. I say unto thee, Repent, Repent, or that wicked Member, thy unruly Tongue, will at last bring thee to be buffeted by Satan. Thus our Waterman's Language so provok'd the Quaker, that the Spirit mov'd him to Hold forth; but meeting each other, and rowing contrary Ways, we had but a short Benefit of his pious Exhortations.

Pray, says my *Moletto* Companion (pointing at the *Folly*) what noble Structure is that floating on the Water? I have often heard of Castles in the Air, and this seems to me to be a Kind of an Essay towards such a windy Project. That whimsical Piece of Architect, said I, was as a Musical Summer-house for the Entertainment of Quality, where they might meet, and og'e one another into a Fit of those amorous Vapours, that are not to be cured by any other Means, than by the secret Administration of a little mutual Familiarity. But the Ladies of the Town, finding it as convenient a Rendezvous for their Purpose, over-stock'd the Place with such an Inundation of Harlotry, that dash'd the Female Quality out of Countenance, and made them seek more retir'd Conveniency, where they might carry on their amorous Intrigues with greater Privacy.

*For secret Whores, who Sin to ease Love's Pain,
Cry Foh! at those who do the like for Gain.*

By these Means the Mercenaries of the Town drove away their private Enemies, (who hinder the Trade of the Publick, by dispensing their Favours *gratis* in a Corner) and entirely possess'd themselves of this moveable Mansion, which they have occupy'd ever since, very much to their Advantage. Therefore we'll step on Board, where perhaps we may meet with some Novelty or other that may oblige your Curiosity: So accordingly we bid the Waterman row us to the *Folly*, where we no sooner enter'd, but we had as many Ladies staring us in our Faces, as if we had been either handsome to Admiration, or ugly to a Miracle; so that we could scarce move without crippling the Corns of an old Bawd, or disoblighing the lac'd Shoes of a young Harlot; but with much ado we broke through the leading File of these *Amazonian* Strumpets, and thrust our selves into the Body of the Seraglio, where from Fifteen to Fifty we could have fitted our selves with Concubines of any Age, Stature, or Complexion; for we were so surrounded with a Crowd of Courtezans of all Sorts and Sizes, mix'd with those ignominious Vermin their ruffianly Protectors, that a Man could not stir without jostling a Tunbelly'd Bawd, a Furbulo'd

Furbulo'd Whore, or a Long-sworded Bully; some dancing as they mov'd, to shew the Airyness of their Temper; some ogling their Gallants, to shew their vicious Inclinations; and others crowded into Boxes, like Passengers into a Western Wherry, sat smoaking their Noses, and drinking burnt Brandy, to defend their Stomachs from the chill Air upon the Water; the young Whores squirting about like Rabbits in a Warren; the old ones mumbling perfum'd Almonds, to disguise the nauseous Sourness of their stinking Breaths: Ecaus, some tattling and cringing to a Pack of Twelve-penny Strumpets, as if they were Ladies of Quality; others humming *Chickens* and *'Sparagus*, now and then dancing as they walk'd, to their own Musick. In short, it was such a confused Scene of Folly, Madness and Debauchery, that we slept again into our Boat without Drinking, to avoid the Inconveniences that attend mixing with such a Swarm of Caterpillars, who are always dangerous to the Unwary, and destructive to the Innocent. Now proceeding on our intended Voyage.

The next diverting Scene that the River afforded us, was a very warm Engagement between a Western Barge and a Boat full of *Lambeth* Gardners, by whom *Billingsgate* was much outdone in stupendious Obscenity, tonitrous Verbosity, and malicious Scurrility, as if one Side had been *Daniel—f—*'s Party, and the other the *Observer's*: And because the Reader shall have a Taste of their modest Dialect, and incomparable Breeding, I have ventur'd to stain the Paper with some of their spiteful Eloquence, viz. *B, a, a, Sheep-stealers*, cry'd the Gardners to the Bargemen, *What Kin are you to Tom Collet of Staines, that beat his own Father, stood Pimp to his Mother, lay with his Sister, and B——d his Brother, all in one Night.* He was a Western Bargeman, you Rogues, he was so. *Foh, you nasty Dogs*, reply'd the Bargemen, *that get your Bread by the Drippings of other People's Fundaments; well may you pray for the I unghit!*, for if that should fail you, no T—d, no Gardener. *Who was that, you Rogues, that dung'd in his own Cap at Stocks-market, and carry'd Home the old Gold to enrich his Radish-bed?* Out upon you, for a Pack of
O 3
Snail-

Snail-picking Adamites! Who was it that took the old Woman from Weeding, and gave her a Flurt under the Burgamy Pear-tree, and when he was caught by his 'Prentice, gave the Boy a Holiday, because he should not tell his Mistress? With this Sort of Billingsgate Facundity were we merrily entertain'd, 'till we had arriv'd at that Port to which we had consign'd ourselves, where we quitted our Boat, and offering old Charon three Shillings, he swore he would have a Crown; but having the printed Rates in my Pocket, I was forc'd to lug out my Oracle before the fresh-Water Looby would be convinc'd of his Error; and withal told him, had it been in London, I would have carry'd him before my Lord Mayor, and have had him punish'd, for making, contrary to Law, so unreasonable a Demand. With that he takes the Money, and putting off his Boat, gave us a notable Farewel, after the following Manner, viz. You're a couple of niggardly Sons of Whores; I care not a Fart for my Lord M——r; Damn the Rogue that printed that Book; and Pox take you for a Book learr'd Blockhead; and a P——e confound him that learnt you to read; and so we parted; my Friend and I after a little Refreshment, returning Home by Land, merrily reflecting on the comical Passages we had met with on the Water.

The End of the Second Part.



The

The DISPENSARY,

A FARCE :

Written in the Year 1697.

John Galen, Doctor of Physick, and Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, London.

Tom Gallypot, an Apothecary by Trade, but practises Physick as a Doctor near ——— Garden.

Lancet Pestle, an Apothecary by Profession, but boldly undertakes to be a Physician and Surgeon also, to all his Patients that want the Assistance of either, living in ——— Market.

Retorto Spatula d'Ulceroso, an Apothecary in ——— Lane, but pretends to be a great Doctor, Surgeon, and Chymist, valuing himself much upon his foreign Birth and Education.

Jack Comprehensive, an Apothecary living in ——— Street, who professes himself only to be a Doctor, Surgeon, Chymist, Druggist, Distiller, Confectioner, and (on Occasion) Corn-cutter, &c.

Trueman, a Gentleman of honest Principles, endeavouring to shew each Person their Faults, and persuading them to act in their own Sphere only.

Messengers, Clyster-pipes, Mortars, Saws, Forceps, Boxes, Bolt-heads, Crucibles, &c. and other Attendants.

The SCENE Apothecaries-hall.

ACT I. SCENE I.

[Enter Dr. Galen and Trueman.]

True. **D**OCTOR, Good Morrow; what News do you hear about the Plot? Who are taken up? Who are Evidences? Are there any Persons of Quality concern'd in it, d'ye hear?

Dr. I mind no Plots, not I, but a Plot to get good Store of Patients, if I can; but I think they never were so healthy.

True. So, what? You seem to speak a little concern'd, and look as if something had vex'd you. What's the Matter, Doctor?

Dr. Matter! Let me tell you, Mr. *Trueman*, I have been a Physician in *London* almost forty Years, and I never knew so little Business to do in all my Life-time. 'T's a *damnable healthy* Town grown since I knew it first. I have known the Time since I could go out and pick up 10 or 12 *l.* in a Morning, come Home to Dinner and empty, so out again after to replenish. But I am sure the Times are now so hard, that if my good Father had not conveniently stepp'd aside, I could no more have bragg'd of living by my Wit, as some Men do, than the D——s of N—— can of her Chastity.

True. Pray, Doctor, not too severe. Why damnable Healthy?

Dr. I call that damnable Healthy (tho' I know it bears another Sense) when the Sickneſs is not great enough to require the Skill of a Physician, but every ignorant Apothecary assumes the Cure, and pretends to know more than the learnedſt Physician of us all.

True. What? Then you would not have the Apothecaries recover People's Health, would you?

Dr. Yes, but I would, by all Means, only let 'em do their Part in their own Sphere, and within their own Limits or Bounds.

[*Tom Gallypot* peeps in, with a *Clyster-pipe* in one Hand, and a *Cordial Bolus* in t'other.]

True. Come in, come in; we are no ſooner talking of Rogues, but enters an Apothecary; Prithee, *Tom*, where haſt been, that thou com'ſt with the Accoutrements of thy Profession thus?

Gallyp. Truly, Sir, I have been at your Houſe; your Lady was not very well to Day, and ſhe ſent for me to—to—to—Cannonade her Poſteriors: You know by my Inſtrument what I have been doing; and now I have done that, I have preſcribed a ſpecifick *Bolus* for her to take after it.

True. A Pox of your ſpecifick *Bolus* and you. My Wife is never well, but when ſhe fancies herſelf ill, and is taking Phyſick, I think. Prithee, Mr. *Gallypot*,

pot, what will be the Charges of this Morning's Work.

Gallyp. O, Sir, but little, you never stand upon that, I am sure, for your Lady's Good: She must also have a Pearl Julep, and an *Anodyne* Draught, and then I hope she'll be very speedily well again.

True. A Pox had you with your cramp Names. Tell me what all this will cost? I am sure I left her well not above an Hour ago.

Gallyp. [*Starting back*] Good Sir, be not so unreasonably passionate, and I'll tell you, Sir; the Pearl Julep will be 6 s. and 8 d. Pearls being dear since our clipt Money was current. The Specifick *Bolus* 4 s. and 6 d. I never reckon less; my Master in *Leaden-street* never set down less, be what it would. The *Antihysterick* Clyster 3 s. and 6 d. (a common one is but 2 s. and 6 d.) and the *Anodyne* Draught 3 s. and 4 d. That's all, Sir; a small Matter, an't please you, Sir, for your Lady. My Fee is what you please, Sir. All the Bill is but eighteen Shillings.

True. Very fine, 'Efaith; d'ye make a *But* at it? I do suppose, to be genteel, I must give you a Crown.

Gallyp. If your Worship please, I take it to be a fair and honest Bill.

True. Do you so indeed? But I wish you had called a Doctor, perhaps he would have advis'd her to have forbore taking any Thing, as yet at least, and so I had sav'd 13 s. in my Pocket.

Gallyp. O Sir, call a Doctor; we never do that, at least very rarely, 'till we have done all we can with the Patients; and when we can't tell what to do with 'em, then we oblige a Doctor, and call him in.

Dr. Very fairly confess'd, Mr. *Gallypot*; I believe you never spoke a truer Thing in all your Life. I am glad to hear your Confession to Mr. *Trueman*; and am very sorry the State does not think fit to handle you a little for your unreasonable Practices. I see you have Impudence to demand a Fee too, but wonder you should do it before my Face.

Gallyp. Truly, Doctor, I did not mind you: However, I hope I may take what Gentlemen please to give me.

Dr. Pleas'd to give you! Faith, I am ashamed to see Gentlemen so imposed upon by ye Masters, Doctors.

Gallyp. Troth, Doctor, that was a lucky Thought of yours; we are but Masters, tho' they commonly call us Doctors. And now you put me in Mind of it, han't you seen my Paper set out *March 2. 1695.* wherein I make above half the College of Physicians Masters, tho' they are called Doctors among themselves?

True. How! Mr. *Gallypot*? How do you do that? That's a Trick and half; pray let's know it.

Gallyp. O Lord, Mr. *Trueman*, can't you guess how? If the Doctor pleases, I'll tell you immediately.

Dr. With all my Heart.

Gallyp. I can infallibly prove more than that if I once undertake it. You must know, that I own none to be Doctors, but those who have regularly done their Exercise for Physick in one of our Universities; that's plain: But hold a little, here's my Brother *Pestle* of *King-street* coming in; he can be Witness of the whole. 'I Gad, I have so ferreted and humbled 'em, that I'll spoil their Association against the Apothecaries; for they have associated by the Names of Doctors, and I'll prove above half of 'em to be but Masters at best.

[*Enter Lancet Pestle, with a Plaister-box in his Hand.*]

Brother *Pestle*, I am glad you are come in, in this Nick of Time; I was just telling Mr. *Trueman* how I have humbled the College of Physicians; has'nt thee read my Paper of *Queries*, I put out *March 2. 1695*? Do'st not see how smartly and finely I jerk 'em? Hey!

Pestle. Ay, Brother, I must needs say you have done your Part very handsomely, tho' I don't hear any Body took much Notice of what you said.

Gallyp. True, that may be; and does not that shew their Want of Understanding the more? None but a Blockhead would slight such smart Reflections.

Pestle. I am in haste, and must go to bleed an eminent Citizen in *Tower-street*: So I am in haste.

True. Hold a little, Mr. *Pestle*, one Word with you before you go. Bleed, Mr. *Pestle*? I thought you had been an Apprentice to an Apothecary.

Pestle. So I was, Sir; but I thank God, and my own Industry, I have by my Diligence perfectly acquir'd the whole

whole Knowledge of Surgery. I Phlebotomize as well as the best Surgeon in *London*, tho' I say it, that should not say it. I'll tell you how I came to be so dexterous in performing that Operation in particular.

True. Well, now am I fairly hope up, betwixt two of ye, one endeavouring to prove all his Doctors to be Masters, and t'other shewing his Dexterity in Phlebotomizing, as he calls it. What a Pox, were not both of ye bred Apothecaries?

Gallyp. and Pestle. Sir, Pray be not so passionate. Yes, we were both of us bred Apothecaries. But Knowledge ——— [Enter Messenger.]

Mess. Is Dr. *Pestle* here.

Pestle. Yes, he is. What, d'ye come from Sir *Thomas* in *Tower-street*? What, does he want to be let Blood immediately?

Mess. Yes, Sir, he does, and stays for you.

Pestle. Good Lad. Well, I'll come presently. [Exit Mess.] Now I know he will be blooded by no Body else. I have persuaded him that all the Surgeons are Blunderers, as to Bleeding. Sir *Thomas* is a good-natur'd Gentleman: He believes that no Body understands the curing a Disease, or an Ulcer, or indeed any Thing, but an Apothecary. Faith he is one of the honestest Gentlemen in *England*.

True. You make him a fine Gentleman indeed. Honest, for no other Reason, as I see, but because he suffers himself to be made a Fool of by such as you.

Pestle. But Mr. *Trueman*, assure yourself he's a Man of very good Sense; all the Apothecaries in Town say so, and then I am sure it must be true. He pays well, and takes Physick freely; besides, I particularly know his Constitution; after Bleeding, he must take a Purge or two, then some Cordial Powders, Dulcifers of the Blood, and two or three odd Things more. But as I was saying, this Sir *Thomas* has a Vein as fine and as small as the finest Silk you can imagine.

True. But suppose this true, does this make you a compleat Surgeon, so as to undertake the Cure of any Ulcer or Wound?

Pestle. Puh! Mr. *Trueman*, I tell you 'tis an easy Thing for a Man of Parts to be a Surgeon: Do but buy a Lancet,

Lancet, Forceps, a Saw ; talk a little of Contusions, Fractures, Compress and Bandage ; you'll presently, by most People, be thought an excellent Surgeon. Especially — d'ye mind me — Lord, you nod, methinks, as if you were sleepy.

True. O, Sir, I hear you : But I sat up late last Night, and am a little drousy. But I heard you say you were a Man of Parts, I think, and that you had two familiar Acquaintance, Compress and Bandage. I grant it, Sir, [*rubbing his Eyes*] but still how does this make you a Surgeon ? You may as well say, my keeping Company with a Bishop, may make me a good Divine.

Pestle. Alas ! poor Gentleman, I find you did not sleep well last Night. Hah ! Hah ! I can't but laugh at your Mistake. My two Acquaintance ! Hah ! Hah ! Hah ! a pretty Mistake ! — but true enough : For a Man must be acquainted with his Business indeed. Now Compress and Bandage being a Part of it, you may term them my familiar Acquaintance, if you please, Mr. *Trueman* —. Lord, I think the Devil's in you for Drousiness, and Gaping.

True. Pray, Mr. *Pestle*, say something then that may divert me, and keep me awake, for I protest, to hear you talk of Skill in Surgery, will never do. For my Part, I am for employing every Man in his own Way ; the Doctor for Advice, the Apothecary for Medicines, and the Surgeon for Wounds. &c.

Pestle Now, how you are mistaken again ! Don't you think that one Man, being an Apothecary, may understand perfectly and thoroughly all three Parts ?

True. O, Sir, being an Apothecary, indeed, he may understand very much, as you say, especially if he be a Man of great Learning.

Pestle. Learning ! That signifies but little in this Age, nor (I thank our kind Stars) had ever less Encouragement. If you do but profess yourself an Apothecary, and then undertake any Thing whatever, (as we dare do) no Body questions but that you are an able Doctor, and a good Surgeon, at any time.

True. Very fine, on my Word ! And do you think the World so blind as to believe it ?

Pestle. Faith, Mr. *Trueman*, they generally are. I my
self

self have turn'd out several Doctors from serving Families, because they would not prescribe Physick *plentifully*, and in large Quantities. I have persuaded my Patients, that they did not well understand their Distemper; so have brought in another, who has *swingingly dos'd 'em*. I could tell you of a Sir *Harry*, that paid an 100*l.* for Physick in six Weeks, and I accepted it, being a Friend, without requiring one Penny for my Fees.— You don't know the Mystery of Trade.

True. In plain *English*, I know not what you call Mystery, but now I know the Roguery of that Doctor and you too. What, an 100*l.* in six Weeks? Bless me, what did she take? I believe she swallow'd Guineas made into Bullets for the Gripes, so discharg'd 'em again for the Gold-finders: For I hear Guineas are grown so cheap, that Ladies begin to think they can take them cheaper than Apothecaries Doses.

Pestle. O, abominable! Do'st hear, Brother *Gallypot*? I protest, Mr. *Trueman*, you scan People's Actions too narrowly. Wouldn't you have us live?

True. The same Question may as well be ask'd by an Highway-man, or a Pick-pocket. Live upon honest Gains, come do, and then it will wear well.

Pestle. Well, Sir, I'll go to Sir *Thomas*, and wait on you again presently.

True. Nay, if you must be gone, e'en let's all go for the present, and discourse the rest over to-Morrow.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

ACT II. SCENE II.

Being the Representation of several Apothecaries, weighing rich Mens Bones in their Scales by Scruples.

[*Enter Dr. Galen and Trueman.*]

Dr. M R. *Trueman*, Methinks 'twas a pretty Diversi-
on Yesterday, to hear the Apothecary brag of his Skill in Surgery and Physick; I could not imagine what he had to set up with, but a large Stock of Impudence. I know all his Medicines in his Shop did not cost above Fifty Pounds, and in six Weeks Time has he made an Hundred Pounds of one Part of it? Such Reflexions as these would make a Man burn his Books, and curse the Gentility of his Education. It seems

seems indeed a Wonder to me, that so many Gentlemen, who serve in Parliament, and have oft-times many younger Sons to provide for, do not find out a Way to suppress these griping Empiricks and Quacks, that their Children may be the better able to support themselves in a genteel Profession, answerable to the Expence they have been at in their Education. In Troth 'tis a Thing worthy Consideration.

True. Truly, Doctor, I am of your Opinion; but in such Points our *English* Gentlemen, of what Sect soever, are generally of the same Temper with those they call *Church o' England Men*, that is, *lazy and slow in prosecuting a publick Interest, but active enough to promote their own private Advantage.* And this, to give you but one Instance, is evident enough in the Choice of a Parliament-man, where the active Dissenter generally gets the Day, because the lazy Church-man won't stir to manage a publick Cause, and chuse honest Representatives, tho' his own private Interest may be often promoted by the Assistance of such a publick Friend.

Dr. We have an *English* Saying that does a great deal of Mischief, which is this; *That which is every Body's Business, is no Body's Business.* Therefore I wonder that the College of Physicians don't Petition the Parliament for a Remedy in this Case, and make it their particular Business.

[*Enter Tom Gallypot hastily.*]

Gallyp. College of Physicians! What of them? By your Leave, Doctor, I think the Company of Apothecaries very substantial Men, and are able to buy twice your College. They are money'd Men, and have an Interest almost every where. College of Physicians! they are learned Men, they say, but what's that to Money? Hah! Hah! Hah!

Dr. Look you, Mr. *Trueman*, I suppose you know this Gentleman is an Apothecary, by his Carriage and rude Behaviour.

True. Know him, Doctor, ay, very well; but I suppose he has been taking a *large Whet* this Morning.

Gallyp. No, Sir, but I han't; I understand the regulating my Health better than so. I that have practis'd Physick now near thirty Years, know better Things than *Whets*, as you call 'em.

True.

True. Nay, *Tom*, if thee woul't have no Excuse made for thy Uncivility, I have done. Then for ought I know, Impudence is as necessary an Ingredient to an Apothecary, as Sugar of Pearl for your Pearl Cordials, with a Pox.

Gallyp. Sir, you are my Patient, so you may say what you please.

Dr. I have no Patience to hear this Fellow's prating.

True. Nay, but prithee, Doctor, stay a little longer.

Dr. I beg your Excuse; I'll wait on you to Morrow. [Exit.

Gallyp. Let him go, let him go, Mr. *Trueman* ——— he's envious of my Parts ——— for under the Rose, I can write a Prescription as well as any Doctor of them all; I learn'd that the first Thing I did, by reading Doctors Bills in my Shop.

True. So, I am glad you own your Instructors. But hold, who is that coming hither so gravely? What's his Name?

[Enter Retorto Spatula d'Ulceroso.]

Gallyp. I can't call him readily to my Mind, but I know him very well by Sight. I use to meet him at Apothecaries-hall.

True. Sir, your humble Servant. Pray don't you belong to the Spanish Embassador?

Retort. [Stroking his Whiskers.] No, Sir, but I am an Italian born; my Name is Retorto Spatula d'Ulceroso. I was bred in Italy to what you call an Apothecary, by which I attain'd to the Knowledge of Physick, both the Theoretick and Practick Part. I also exercise the Art of Chirurgery, as Scarrifying, Cupping, Stupes, Rollers, and Bandage, &c. Besides, I can by Chymistry extract the Quintessence of the four Elements, and tame the red Dragon: And in fine, I can make up a Cordial-bolus, or Pills, according to the best Mode in Foreign Countries, as you may see in my Shop in ——— lane.

True. Hold, Sir, not too fast; after all, with your hard Names, I believe you are bred an Outlandish Apothecary; and they, forsooth, make up Things far better than our English Apothecaries do theirs.

Retort. O, Sir, infinitely better; in my Shop, I shuold be asham'd, if my Pills look'd not like true Gold, tho' but

but gilt: *My Bolus's* are put up all in gilt Paper, cut in fine Shapes and Figures, a Quire costs me 5s. the cutting; besides the Paper is pure *Venice* Paper. My Cordials are put into *Venice* Vials, &c. And all this *Alamodo de Italiano*, to make the Physick *taste* the better, *work* the better, and *look* the better. O *fine Italians*!

True. Now you say something, *look the better*; but to *taste* the better, or *work* the better, I don't well understand. Will a Vomit work the better for being in a fine *Venice*-Glass? I think a little Nastiness for a Vomit makes it work the better. I knew a Doctor that us'd to stir it with his Finger, before he gave it, to make it nauseate the more.

Retort. O, Sir, that be very unhandsome. No *English* Man can do so finely as I can.

True. Then I must beg your Pardon, I believe they can all do as well as you pretend; but I shall look on it as a needless Piece of Foppery, if they all should do as you do: And I am sure the Patient must pay more Sauce for his Medicines.

Retort. O, Sir, that's very true; a good Cook will be well pay'd for his Sauce, you know, Sir.

True. A Pox, but this is paying Sauce for the Use of Dishes, like a young *Oxford* Scholar's Treat; if he spends 5*l.* in Meat, 'tis odds but he pays 3 or 4*l.* for the Use of Dishes and Linnen.

Retort. Sir, notwithstanding all this, I never reckon for a little *Bolus* above 11 or 12*s.* made of very good *Diascordium*, very good *Gascoin* Powder, and a little Pearl.

True. No! on my Word that's mighty kind, to take not above 12*s.* for all your fine Dressing, and a Groat's-worth of Medicines. And do you take any Apprentices?

Retort. Yes, Sir, I do, for about 100*l.* a Lad.

True. Faith, and very well worth it too, and a great Deal of Money sav'd, if you teach him all your Trades; for the Devil's in't if one don't hit. For the Education of a Son, to be a Regular Doctor, is reputed 1000*l.* Charge at long Run. Any Surgeon of Note will have 120*l.* or more, an Apothecary 50*l.* or more, a Chymist perhaps as much. Now, if you will teach my Son

Son all these Arts and Sciences, I think I have a very good Bargain.

Retort. I'll certainly do it, Sir, never doubt it.

True. Well, agreed; I'll send my eldest Son to you, and when he is out of his Time, I'll bind all his younger Brothers to him, so each will have four Trades or Callings, won't they, Mr. *Retorto*.

Retort. D'ye doubt it? I thought you had known an Apothecary better, than to disbelieve him in his own Calling. Nay, Sir, to be free with you, I'll teach you how to multiply Medicines so fast upon a Patient, that in a Week's Time he shall get ten Pounds in some Cases, when the Doctor shan't get above twenty Shillings.

True. That's a rare Art indeed; then I suppose you must attack your Patient with a Quadripartie Army of Medicines, drawn from all Quarters of your four Sciences.

Retort. I can do it, and will; and if you don't think this enough, here's my Brother *Comprehensive* a coming.

[*Enter Comprehensive.*]

Comp. He can, besides this, teach him to make all Sorts Sweet-meats, buy and sell Drugs, distil all Sorts of Strong-waters; nay, cut Corns, for a Need, to Persons of Quality.

True. O, Sir, then he is a Corn-cutter only to Persons of Quality.

Comp. No, not unless he pleases.

True. Nor any Thing else, unless he pleases. However, I am content my Son shall only learn your four Arts, or Sciences, as you call them. I think that's enough for one, especially if he learn thoroughly the last, that is, to multiply Medicines, so as to get ten Pounds to the Doctor's twenty Shillings.

Retort. That, assure yourself, I'll teach him perfectly: For all the Apothecaries in Town, now, understand it pretty well; and, I think, I understand it exceeding well.

True. Well, Sir, I thank you for your Kindness; but I'll see ye all at the Devil first, to learn how to swallow *Assa Fætida*, before ye shall have the Education of my Son. I think, if it be possible, ye have less Honesty than

than a Lawyer that has but one Cause in a Year to keep him and his Family out of ———

Compreh. Sir, by your Leave, this is not fit Language for a Gentleman Apothecary to bear: He's a Brother of the Quill, and an honest Man, I'll justify it: He was Master of the Company not long ago.

True. That may be, and never the honestest Man, if he teaches his Apprentices that Cheat. But, by your Leave, I suppose you are an Apothecary too, by your Talk. Pray what may I call your Name.

Compreh. My Name, Sir, is *Jack Comprehensive*, originally a North-country-man, and Brother Apothecary to this worthy Gentleman, Mr. *Retorto Spatula d'Ulceroso*, Apothecary, Surgeon, Chymist, and Doctor.

True. Ay, Sir, these Titles I knew before; and pray, Sir, how many have you?

Compreh. Sir, I am in short generally call'd Doctor only, but I also profess myself a Surgeon; an Apothecary, I should have said first, then Surgeon, Chymist, Druggist, Confectioner, Distiller, &c. and to Persons of Quality, Corn-cutter. And——

True. Hold, Sir, pray, a little, till——I'll take out my Table-book, lest I should miscall you, and not give you your right Title.

Compreh. O, Sir, no Matter, Sir, to give your self that Trouble; I answer to any one of them.

True. Sir, I am glad you do, for fear of giving Offence. Then pray Mr. *Corn-cutter* of Quality (that was the last Title I heard) tell me, since you have so many Trades, which of all these were you bound to first? Or were you bound to 'em all at once?

Compreh. Corn-cutter of Quality! What could you pick out none but that; I told you I was usually call'd Doctor, and nothing else. I won't tell you what Trade I was bound to, one would think you had Sense enough to guess I was an Apothecary.

True. Good Sir, pray don't be so angry. How should I guess so many Trades to centre in one Man?

Compreh. Then I see you don't know the Town. I thought you had told me you had been in Town above thirty Years.

True.

True Truly so I have, and have known Apothecaries call'd Doctors, which are but two Names; but you are Apothecary, Doctor, Chymist, Distiller, — Hold, call my Man to give me my Pocket-book out of—O! I have it by me in my Pocket. Faith, you must excuse me, I can't remember all your Titles.

Compreh. 'Tis no Matter, Sir; remember but Doctor, that's enough; I'll answer to that if you please.

True. Mr. *Comprehensive the Apothecary* is a better Name in my Mind; it does not please me to call you Doctor.

Compreh. Then call me what you please; I am sure some of the greatest Men in the Nation honour us with that Title, and value our Skill above a Physician's often.

True. I am sorry they do; and do think it a great Fault in our Government, that Men of liberal and ingenuous Education —

[Enter Pestle and Gallypot.]

True. Now, Gentlemen, I see you are all four together, I'll leave ye a little, and go and see if I can reduce the Doctor to a better Temper.—Your Servant. [*Retires only behind the Hangings.*]

Gallyp. Come Gentlemen, now we are got by our selves, let's talk a little about Trade: How stand Affairs? Is there any Business stirring? We ought to have a Meeting every now and then, to settle what ought to be the Prices of our Medicines. Pray, how do ye at your End of the Town price a Dose of common Purging Pills?

Retort. Why Brother, about eighteen Pence, sometimes two Shillings, with an *Hausfus* after them of three and Six-pence.

Pestle. And can you live so? I believe all the Things cost you at least a Shilling out of Pocket.

Retort. No, God forbid! How could I live then? Indeed they cost me about Six-pence, and I take but five Shillings and Six-pence, sometimes less, and I think that's honest Gains: Hey Brother!

Compreh. O very honest! very fair! There's nothing can be fairer in the World! Shall I tell you Gentlemen? I not long ago had a Patient, who accidentally had a
robust

robust heavy Fellow tread upon a Corn that grew on his left Toe, which put him into some Pain. I persuaded him he was a little Feverish, so blooded him, and applied a Caustick to his Toe (as I told him) to eat out the Corn; but unluckily eat to the very Bone, and made a pretty handsome Ulcer. Then I blister'd him, and distill'd some *Antifebrifuge* Drops, Specificks for him only, and good for no Body else besides. In short, he lay ill of this but eleven Weeks; and what do'st think he would have paid me for the Cure?

Gallyp. Faith, I can't tell; perhaps 40/. But why didst not call a Surgeon at last, for a dead Lift.

Compreh. O Pox, Man! I saw I could do it my self, tho' but slowly. But Faith, I thank my Stars, I have learn'd now to use them like the Doctors; never call in either, but when I can't tell what to do myself.

Gallyp. Right, so have I: But what hadst at last?

Compre. What do'st talk of forty Pounds! Indeed, as an Apothecary, not above thirty Pounds a Month, or so, was enough; but as Doctor, (and thereby saving many Fees) and Surgeon also, I ask'd him but 132*l.* 12*s.* and 8*d.* and he scrupl'd to give it me.

True. [*Peeps in from behind the Hangings.*] A Parcel of Canary-birds; now your Rogueries and Cheats come out.

Retort. Prithee, who was that peep'd in, and talk'd so? Was it not Mr. *Trueman*? Well, I like that Man's Company very well, were he not too censorious upon a Man for getting an honest Livelyhood.

Gallyp. Ay, he is well enough, but he has that disobliging Humour in him.

True. What o'Pox, if I tell ye that ye are Knaves and Cheats, when ye are so, this ye call a disobliging Humour. Leave off cheating then, and practise fair in your own Sphere.

Pestle. Cheats, and Rogues, and Knaves! That will bear an Action, I am sure. Let's at him at Law, and maul him. Have none of ye a Lawyer Clapt, or (to speak more modestly) has the High Scurvey? Let us employ him. As we take his Mony, let him take ours, I warrant ye, we'll out-do him in making a Bill of Costs.

Compreh.

Compreh. That, Brother, I don't question: Besides, you know, if a Man be a Knave, 'tis a hard Matter to prove him so. Let's put him upon the Proof of any one Apothecary in Town. If he should at last prove it, why it is but one mangy Hound in the whole Pack.

Retort. Soft and fair, Brother: For suppose he should prove you or me, Brother, to be the very Knave ye talk'd of? Don't venture Proofs. Come let's threaten him with it, and he'll hold his Tongue a-course.

Gallyp. Gad, I won't venture it, not I.

Pestle. Nor I neither. Come, let's talk of something else.

Retort. Ay, prithee, Brother *Comprehensive*, tell me, didst abate him any Thing of the Bill?

Compreh. Yes, Faith, I did; being an old Customer I abated the odd 32*l.* 12*s.* and 8*d.* and took a Goldsmith's Note for the other.

Retort. On my Word, pretty well pay'd too. I suppose he had a good Estate and was a Knight at least. But prithee deal ingenuously with me; what did it cost thee out of Pocket?

Compreh. Somebody will hear me, or else I would: I cast it up to a Penny, to satisfy myself what really I gain'd by my Medicines.

Gallyp. No, no, here are none but Friends; prithee tell us; I know you deal with Lords, Ladies, and Knights, who sometimes pay, and sometimes not; but when they do pay, be sure you mount 'em.

Compreh. To tell you the Truth, they cost—Hold, look if no Body be near us——

Pestle. No; I'll look myself. [*Looks*] There's no Body.

Compreh. Then to be plain, the prime Cost was 6*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* 1*q.* or near that: So I got in the 11 Weeks, clear Gains, not above 93*l.* of one Patient: That's all.

Gallyp. Would I had half a Score such. I cannot for the Life of me make above sixteen Pounds in twenty clear Gains. I mean, not reckoning in my By-fees of ten Shillings and five Shillings, or so.

Compreh.

Compreh. No! Come, that's pretty well too, considering you are only Doctor and Apothecary. But I am Surgeon and Chymist, &c. you know.

[*Enter Trueman from behind the Curtain.*]

True. Is the Doctor here?

All. Yes, yes. [*and all run to him to know what's the Matter.*]

True. Hey! I find ye are all Doctors. O, *Tom Gallypot*, go call *Dr. Galen*, and bid him go to my Wife, she's fall'n ill again.

Galyp. Sir, he i'n't at Home. Can't I do it? Sir, 'twill save your Fees.

True. How do you know he i'n't at Home? Go, I say. I send for him, because I would save Money. I know last Time how I sav'd Money by you indeed.

Galyp. Well, you will have the Doctor, I'll wait on him to your Lady. [*Offers to go out.*]

True. Stay a little; now ye are all here together, I must tell you, with the rest, before you go, that there was somebody behind the Curtain, when you said the Medicines cost but six Pounds seventeen Shillings and six Pence, and an hundred Pounds was paid for them.

All. O the Devil! What, are we betray'd?

True. Betray'd, d'ye call it? No, but ye have told your Rogueries and Cheats in private, and I'll publish 'em to the World, with my own Sentiments about the Practice of Physick.

Gallyp. Ay, pray do, so you don't reflect on us; you use to do Things very fair sometimes.

True. Well, *Tom*, my Advice to a Patient is, as soon as he is ill, to send for some Doctor of the lower Rank, of whose Learning and Skill in Physick he has an Opinion; and in Case he grew worse, to send for one of greater Fame, Reputation and Vogue in the World, to join in Consult: For the Diligence of the one, who has less Fame and Vogue in the World, (tho' perhaps equal in Learning and Skill really, tho' not thought so in the Eye of the World) may, and oft does make amends for the suppos'd greater Skill of the other Physician, by which Means the Patient may more reasonably, and upon juster Grounds, expect a Cure. These, Gentlemen, are my real Sentiments.

Galyp.

Callyp. Now, Master, I like your Discourse very well, seeing you make no Remarks on Apothecaries. Besides, perhaps it may open People's Eyes to employ me the sooner; for though I am an old Apothecary, I am but a young Doctor: For I visit in either Capacity, either as an old Apothecary, which is as good as a young Doctor, or as a young Doctor, and that's as good as t'other again.

True. But I thought you had left off Shop, and stuck only to your Doctorship.

Callyp. So I do *openly*, but *privately* I keep a Shop, and side in all Things with the Apothecaries against the Doctors. I am, and will be to such Families as yours, an Apothecary still, that pay well.

True. Ay, Tom, 16*l* in 20*l* is good Gains. Your Apothecaryship, I believe, out-does your Doctorship.

Callyp. What, Sir? I believe you heard me jest a little among the rest. But pray no more Reflections, I beseech you.

True. Well, I'll say nothing to you about your Degree; for to me you are an Apothecary still, and no other; to you as such, and to you all I direct my Speech, 'tis my Opinion that ye all ought to be forc'd to take moderate Prices, and be content with honest Gains.

Pestle. So we are. What would you propose?

True. In Troth, Mr. *Pestle*, my Proposal will signify but little, I know; but were I to advise the Law-makers, they should make a Law, that no Apothecaries Bills shall be paid, 'till tax'd by two or more Doctors, appointed in every District or Division in and about the City of London.

Pestle. That's very fine indeed! How is that practicable?

True. Why not, as well as the Attornies Bills by the Prothonotaries?

Pestle. That's only when the Client thinks himself over-rated.

True. So should this be, when the Patient thinks himself over-rated in Medicines.

Pestle. Very fine again! You, and your Politicks. You would make the Doctors our Governours, wou'd you?

you? Good Mr. *Trueman*, we beg your Excuse, we are his Majesty's free-born Subjects. And after all, pray Mr. *Trueman*, how do the Doctors understand to make Medicines? How do they understand the Prices of Drugs? Puh! you talk you know not what. Come, let's leave him.

True. Mr. *Pestle*, by your Leave a little. How did all the Apothecaries learn to make Medicines at first? The Gentility of their Profession, I confess, has been a great Hindrance to them in reaping those Advantages as they might (and with more Honesty than any of ye) otherwise have done.

Pestle. E'n let 'em be genteel still; I don't think them indeed such Fools, as that they cannot make Medicines if they will; but why can't they keep their Learning and Gentility to themselves, and let us alone?

True. O Sir, I am glad you allow 'em to be capable of Learning to make Medicines, if they please. Now, Mr. *Pestle*, to tell you the plain Truth, I hear they have actually made several good Medicines at the College, and continue so to do. Thus they can make Medicines, and Price 'em too.

Pestle. How can they tell tho' when a Medicine is good?

True. Very easily, Mr. *Pestle*: They have Taste and Sight to judge by as well as ye.

Pestle. Suppose all this true, tho' I am resolv'd I won't believe it true; who, after all, shall give Attendance to observe the Operations of the Medicines?

True. Who should but the Doctors themselves? They are paid for attending their Patients.

Pestle. Hah! Hah! Hah! Attending, I mean Administering Physick. How I should laugh to see a Doctor giving a Clyster, and the Bladder break and bespatter his Velvet Jacket: Hah! Hah! Hah!

True. I find you would be merry at such a Mischance as that; but that's but idle to object, because every Nurse does that Office a-Course, and all that ye pretend to about sick Persons, or else they are but sorry Nurses. As for Bleeding, the Surgeon ought to be employ'd. As for chymical Medicines, the Chymist is at Hand; and so for all others.

Pestle.



Pestle. Methinks your Head is full of Projects; can't you find out one to serve them in?

True. I don't pretend to be a Projector; but I think the College would do very well to make all Sorts of Medicines themselves, and sell 'em out at easy Rates. What they Design by forming a Fund by Subscription, I profess I at present know not; but one of them told me t'other Day, that they Design to make that a Fund for buying in Drugs, and making of all Sorts of compound Medicines necessary for the Sick, selling them out again for small Profit, sufficient only to pay about a dozen Servants, and the prime Cost of the Medicines, with a Penny in the Shilling overplus to the College; by which Means the Doctors will be sure to have such good Medicines, and so well prepar'd, as to rely on them not to be sophisticated; or, for Want of any one prescrib'd, to be supply'd by another in the Room of it, as you Apothecaries oft do: If you han't one Thing, you in your mighty Wisdom will put another in the Room of it; so that the Physician may prescribe till Dooms-day, and the Patient will be never the better, if ye substitute what Medicines ye please, and after that put what Prices ye please.

Pestle. Prices, Sir? I sell as cheap as any Apothecary in Town; I never had above 6 s. and 8 d. for a Pint of Pearl Cordial in my Life, an' you go to that.

True. Not so passionate, good Mr. *Pestle*; I believe you sell as cheap as your Brethren, but all damn'd dear, much to the Oppression of the Poor. To remedy which, they propose to sell a Pint of good Pearl Cordial for 1 s. and 6 d. or thereabouts; a Cordial *Bolus* for a Groat, which ye reckon sometimes 1 s. 6 d. and sometimes 2 s. a Quart of bitter Drink for 1 s. for which I myself have paid 5 s. 8 d. and so proportionably for all other Medicines.

Pestle. Puh. What if they do? Our old Customers won't leave us.

True. What if they do? Why then the poorer Sort of People will buy them, because they are sure of good and cheap Medicines. The better Sort will

think it prudence to save 5 s. in 6 s. and 8 d. if they can, to help pay Taxes, and not have a Bill after a great Sickneſs brought in, enough to renew their Sickneſs again. Even the richeſt of all will be apt to be influenc'd by their Phyſicians, when they tell them, they are the only Medicines prepar'd which they can rely on. In ſhort, every body will be willing in their Illneſs, to go to ſuch a Place, where they can with great Probability be aſſur'd of good and cheap Medicines.

Peſtle. Good Mr. *Trueman*, you may e'en prate about ſtifling the Practice of Phyſick till you are weary; I warrant ye, let them do what they can, we'll eaſily perſwade People that we are all very honeſt Men.— We always ſaid you was a very prying, buſy, inquisitive Man, pretending to underſtand Things I am ſure you don't underſtand. You have a mighty Opinion of your ſelf. Come, let's leave him.

All. Ay, come, come, let's leave him.

[*Exeunt four Apothecaries whiſtling with Clyſter-pipes.*]

True. 'Tis an old Saying, *Si Populus vult decipi, decipiat*; if People will be cheated, e'en let them be ſo. I have done what lies in my Power to open their Eyes; and by telling the Truth, have gain'd other Mens Hatred: But,

*I ne'er to Flatt'ry was, or will b' a Slave.
He that loves Truth is generous and brave,
And ſcorns the wealthy and the thriving Knave.*

[Exit.]

Directions to make the Fanaticks Diaſcordium.

TAKE of the Herb of Hypocriſy and Ambition, of each one Handful; of the Spirit of Pride, two Grains; of the Seed of Diſſention, Diſcord, and Sedition, of each one Ounce; of the Root of Obſtinacy, Stubbornneſs, and Covetouſneſs, of each one Quarter of a Pound. Bruiſe the Herbs, break the Seed, ſlice the Roots, and pound them all together in the Mortar of Vain-glory, with the Peſtle of Contradiction;

on; put in a Pint of the Water of Strife; to be infus'd over the Fire of feign'd Zeal, adding thereto four Ounces of Syrup of Self-conceit.

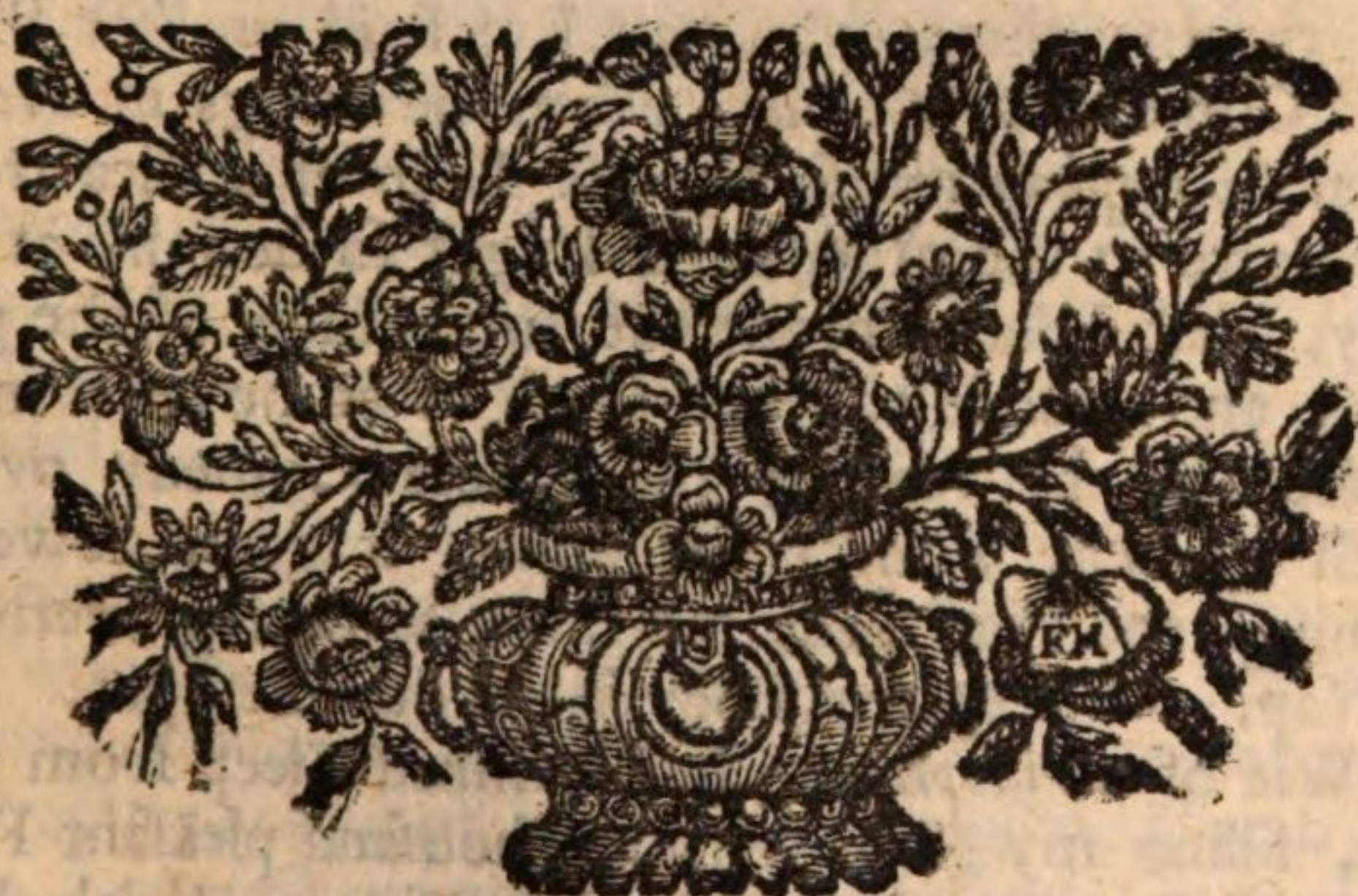
The Use of this Cordial is,

When 'tis warm, let the Dissenting brother take one Spoonful of it Morning and Evening, before Exercise; and when his Mouth is full, let him wink with his Eyes, make wry Mouths, and shed some few dissembling Tears, and then let him speak as the Spirit of Giddiness gives him Utterance.

The Effect of the Cordial is,

It will make the Schismatick maintain the Alchoran, assist the Pope to foment Rebellion, and call it by the Name of *Subjects Liberty*.

This *Diascordium* is to be had at every Conventicle in England.





T H E

London and Lacedemonian Oracles.

Written by Mr. THO. BROWN.

In which he undertakes to Answer all witty and ingenious Questions, for the Diversion as well as the Satisfaction of the Curious.

The INTRODUCTION.

‘ **L**AST Night, being very restless in my Bed, I
 ‘ thought fit to divert the Time with sporting
 ‘ an Author, remembering that of *Persius*, *Nocturnis ju-*
 ‘ *vat impallescere Chartis*. The first Book I laid my
 ‘ Hand on, proved some select Comedies of *Aristopha-*
 ‘ *nes*; turning them over, my Eye staid on that Place
 ‘ in his Comedy of *Clouds*, where he brings in *Socra-*
 ‘ *tes* and *Charephon* measuring the Leap of a Flea from
 ‘ one’s Beard to the other’s: I laught so heartily at the
 ‘ Fancy, that I soon forgot the Inquietude of the past
 ‘ Hours, and resolv’d to spend those to come with more
 ‘ Satisfaction, by reading the whole Comedy over;
 ‘ which by that Time I had done, it grew towards
 ‘ Morning, and that made me think of taking a refresh-
 ‘ ing Nap, to keep my Body in its due Temper. But
 ‘ the Wit of *Aristophanes* had banished Sleep from my
 ‘ Eyes, filling my Head with a Thousand pleasant Fan-
 ‘ cies; till Fortune that took Care of my Health, had,
 ‘ by I know not what Means, laid one of those Papers
 ‘ called, *The Athenian Mercury* by me, being destitute
 ‘ either of *Opium* or *Poppy-water*. I had scarce run o-
 ‘ ver one Paragraph, when I found a Heaviness descend
 ‘ on my Eyes, the welcome Harbinger of approaching
 ‘ Slumbers,

‘Slumbers, which soon follow’d after. The *Mercury*
 ‘had no sooner perform’d its Office, but I found myself
 ‘entertain’d with this Dream or Vision: Who should
 ‘come to me but *Aristophanes* in his own proper Per-
 ‘son, I having methought that Comedy in my Hand
 ‘which I had just before perus’d; he shew’d me a
 ‘thousand Beauties I had pass’d over unregarded: From
 ‘this he pass’d to enquire of me the News of the
 ‘Town: I mean not as to Affairs of State, or any
 ‘of the unpleasant Movements of the Body Politick,
 ‘but as to what related to the *Beaux Esprits*, the Men
 ‘of Thought and over-thought, the Brothers of the
 ‘Quill, and the like: Whether the Soul of the Virtuo-
 ‘so’s of our Age, were agreeable to that of his *Socra-*
 ‘tes, &c. I assur’d him the very same extravagant
 ‘Whims were still in Being, and every Day reviv’d:
 ‘*Anaxagoras*’s Mountains, Valleys, and Dwellings in
 ‘the Moon, were now form’d into regular and distinct
 ‘Countries; and we were as well acquainted with that
 ‘Planet, as *Diogenes* with his Tub: That we had not
 ‘only made large Discoveries there, but had also many a
 ‘laborious Trifle, to exalt the Earth among the Planets
 ‘too: That if the same *Anaxagoras* held the Sun to
 ‘be a Piece of burning Iron no bigger than the *Morea*,
 ‘we had some not long ago that were of Opinion,
 ‘that it was fallen I know not how many thousand
 ‘Miles nearer the Earth than it was in his Time. You
 ‘were not the only People (*said I to him*) that were so
 ‘happy as to be admitted to the Knowledge of the Plu-
 ‘rality of Worlds by *Democritus*; we have since di-
 ‘vided them into their several distinct Classes and Tur-
 ‘bilities: Nay, if your Poets borrowed from your
 ‘Philosophers, some of their Systems to adorn their
 ‘Works, our modern Philosophers have found out Se-
 ‘crets of Nature in your Fables, worth the reducing to
 ‘Practice, as that of *Medea*’s renewing the Youth of *Æ-*
 ‘sop. I confess we were not so successful; but the Reason
 ‘was, because we rather follow’d her Prescriptions to
 ‘the Daughters of *Pelias*, than what she practis’d her-
 ‘self. Here methought the Poet could not forbear
 ‘laughing heartily. We have had (*continu’d I*) Pumps,
 ‘Looms, and Machines, which you never dreamt of

' in your darker Days; and the Virtuoso's of the *Athe-*
 ' *nian Society* have found out, that a Tunnel revers'd
 ' is full as good for the Eyes as Spectacles. *Athenian*
 ' *Society* (*interrupted he*) say you! Why is there any
 ' of that Nation yet in Being, whose Noddles are cast
 ' in the same projecting Mould they were in my Days?
 ' I find, that our Correspondence was false then, that
 ' gave an Account, that the Kingdom of Philosophy
 ' which made such a Splutter there in my Time, was
 ' dwindled down to the honest Mekanick; and none a-
 ' spir'd higher than his Trade, or the Knowledge of a
 ' Country Pedant. Or have the ancient Race transmi-
 ' grated to these happy Isles, to make all run mad with
 ' Whims and Nonsense, with a grave magisterial Face?
 ' No, no, my jovial Poet (*return'd I*) these are only a
 ' Company of unknown, nameless Undertakers, who
 ' pretend to answer all Queries which are sent them
 ' from all Degrees and Qualities; from the Prince to
 ' the Peasant; but particularly such as are sent by the
 ' *Fair Sex*; for whom they have a most profound Ve-
 ' neration; that is, from the Lady in her cock'd Com-
 ' mode, to the Oyster-wench in her lawful Occupation
 ' at the Tavern-door. But why (*interrupted he*) do they
 ' call themselves *Athenians*? I know not (*returned I*)
 ' unless it be by the Resemblance they have to a certain
 ' Bird, for which that City was famous of Yore; tho'
 ' by the Vigour and Force of their Reason, the modest
 ' Gentlemen aim'd not so high, as to equal themselves
 ' to the Birds of *Minerva*, but only emulated the mo-
 ' dern *Athenians*, selecting the silly and trifling Queries
 ' of the Blue and Green-apron Men, and casting aside all
 ' the ingenious and witty, as alien from their Design
 ' and Purpose; for which, when they are reprimanded,
 ' they think it sufficient wisely to answer, *That they*
 ' *who sent those Queries thought them as wise as any*:
 ' As if, because every Fool thinks his own Product
 ' fair, that therefore there is no real Distinction betwixt
 ' *Wit* and *Dulness*, but the fond Opinion of the Person
 ' concerned. Thus, when the ingenious Mr. *de la Cross*
 ' discovered in one Supplement, about forty or fifty gross
 ' Faults in both Words and Sentences, this grave Af-
 ' senably say for Answer, That a Dash of a Pen will
 ' mend

mend them. So many Dashes (*interrupted he*) would
 but disfigure the Paper ; and therefore I am of Opin-
 ion, that the Fire would do it more to the Purpose.
 These are the wretched Answers they give, (*persu'd I*)
 and pretending to gratify the learned World, weakly
 busy the Press with impertinent Questions of Appren-
 tices and Chamber-maids ; and instead of enquiring in-
 to the Solution of witty and judicious Points, relating
 to History and Philosophy, which have been sent them,
 they have everlastingly stuff'd their Papers with Re-
 ceipts for Fleas, &c. and such-like wise Lectures.
 There was, a little after my Time (*said Aristophanes*)
 when the Itch of Scribbling grew more common and
 diffus'd, a damned Block-head of a Poetaster in *A-*
thens, nam'd *Choerilus*, who writ the *Athenians* Vic-
 tory over *Xerxes*, and the noble Acts of *Alexander*
 the Great : But out of all his voluminous Crambo's,
 there were but seven Verses that would stand the Test
 of Reading, and for them he received seven Pieces of
 Gold ; but for every one beside, a Buffet on the Face ;
 which amounted to so plaguy a Number, that he could
 not see out of his Eyes for a Twelvemonth after ;
 and forswore the horned Hill of *Parnassus*, as a more
 inhospitable Place than the Mountains of *Caucasus*.
 It is pity, that you that pretend to improve all that
 was good among us, should want some such Punishi-
 ment for those Scoundrels that presume to scribble in
 spite of their Stars ; and I desire in the Name of all
 the Old, that these new *Athenians* may be regulated
 according to the laudable Custom of our Days. I
 perswaded him this Punishment would be too severe,
 since for all their Buffets they would not have one
 Piece of Gold. But to find out a Punishment more
 agreeable to our Times, I thought the Setting up a
Query-office in Opposition to theirs, would mortify
 them as much as the Office of Insurance from Fire
 by the *Friendly Society* did that of *Barebone*. He was
 satisfy'd of the Equity, as well as Reasonableness of
 my Resolve, and desired me to insert these following
 Queries to his self-adopted Countrymen, that he might
 imploy them as well as he had his *Socrates* and *Cha-*
rephon.

Query. **W**Hat was the Opinion of the Ancients about the Soul?

Ans. Their Opinions were almost as Various as their Persons, and many of them as absurd as others are wonderful. Some thought that the Soul perished with the Body; some, that though it a great while outliv'd the Body, yet it had its Period, and once should be no more; others arriv'd, by the Force of Reason, to a presumptive Knowledge of its Immortality; some took the Soul to be nothing else but the Heart. *Empedocles* held, that the Soul was only the Blood that incircled the Heart; some would place it in the Brain, or at least would have the Brain its chief Seat or Throne. These Opinions found Opposers of such as held only that all this was false, without establishing any Truth in the Place of these supposed Errors they pretended to remove. *Zeno*, the Founder of the *Stoicks*, held, that the Soul was a Fire; perhaps borrowing his Opinion from that Fable of the old Poets of *Greece*, who made *Prometheus* steal celestial Fire from the Chariot of the Sun, to give Life and Motion to that Image he call'd Man; for it was no better than an Image; when *Pallas* was so taken with his Ingenuity of forming it, as to profer him any thing in Heaven for the perfecting his Work. But methinks there is nothing more pleasant than the Fancy of *Aristoxenus*, who, being a Musician as well as a Philosopher, would needs have the Soul nothing else but a certain Harmony proceeding from the well-disposed Motions of the Body, like the proportion'd Notes in Singing and instrumental Musick; though perhaps one would imagine that *Aristoxenus* had a Mind to put a Compliment upon his Diversion, and make the Philosopher truckle to the Musician; yet he only reviv'd that Opinion which was long before delivered by *Plato*. *Xenocrates*, though he denied that the Soul had any Form of Body, yet contended that it was *Number*; the Force of which he thought to be very great in *Nature*, as *Pythagoras* had maintain'd before him. His Master *Plato* supposed a three-fold Soul; the principal Part of which, as the most honourable, he plac'd in the Head, that is, *Reason*; from which he separated two other Parts, *Anger* and *Desire*;

Desire; *Anger* he plac'd in the Bosom, and *Desire* beneath the *Midriff*, betwixt the Heart and the Lungs. *Dicearchus* will needs have it, that the Soul is nothing at all but an idle empty Name; and that the World is much in an Error, to use this Distinction of animal and inanimate Beings, since neither Man nor Beast, nor any Thing which comes within the Notion of a living Creature, has any Soul; and that the *Power* by which we move, think, or do any Thing, was equally diffus'd through every living Body; nor by any Means separable from it, since it was nothing but one indivisible Essence with the Body so made, as by the Benefit of Nature it should live and think. *Aristotle*, the greatest of the ancient Philosophers, (though *Cicero* always prefers *Plato* to him) after he had considered those other four Kinds, from whence he derived all other Beings, supposes a fifth Nature, the Origin of the Soul or Mind; for to think, to provide for Events, to learn, to teach, to invent some Things, and remember many more, to love, to hate, to covet, to fear, to be troubled, to rejoice, and Things of this Nature, he cannot conceive to be in any of those four Kinds. So that he advances a fifth Kind without a Name; and therefore calls the Mind or Soul by the new Name of *ὀντελέχειον*, as it were a continual or perpetual Motion. I think I have enumerated all the Opinions of the Soul, except that of *Democritus*, who makes the Soul, as well as all Things else, to be composed of the fortuitous Concourse of Atoms.

Plutarch and *Stobæus* say, that *Thales* first affirm'd the Soul to be *αὐτεκινετόν*, a Self-moving Nature. *Aristotle* *de Anima lib. cap. 2.* calls it *κινετικόν*, in respect to the Motion it gives to other Things; in which are included both Parts of the *Platonists*: A Substance having within itself a Power to move itself and other Things. This Opinion first rais'd by *Thales*, was entertain'd in the Schools by *Pythagoras*, *Anaxagoras*, *Socrates*, &c. till excluded by *Aristotle*. *Thales* held, that the *Loadstone* and *Amber* had Souls: The first, because it draws Iron, the second Straw, He farther asserted those Things we count *Inanimate* to have Souls. He was the first, according to *Cherilyus*, that held the Im-

mortality of the Soul of Man, learning it from the *Ægyptians*.

Some say *Pherecydides* first asserted the Immortality of the Soul. *Anaximines* held, that our Souls, by which we live, are Air : *Anaxagoras* held, that the Soul is *that which moveth*, that it is *Aerial*, and has a Body of the Nature of the Air ; and that it dies as well as the Body.

Socrates held the Soul to be immortal, proving it with this Reason, what is always moveable is immortal ; but that which moveth another, or is moved by another, hath a Cessation of Motion and Life ; that the Soul is pre-existent to the Body, endu'd with Knowledge of eternal Ideas, which in her Union to the Body she loses, as stupify'd, or in a Dream, 'till awaken'd by Discourse from some sensible Objects : Thus is all her Learning only Reminiscence, or a calling to Mind her first Knowledge. The Body being compounded is dissolv'd by Death ; the Soul being simple, passeth into another Life incapable of Corruption. The Souls of Men are divine ; to whom, when they go out of their Bodies, the Way of their Return to Heaven is open, which to the best and the most just, is most expedite. The Souls of the Good, after Death, are in a happy State united to God, in a blessed inaccessible Place ; the Bad, in a convenient Recepticle suffer condign Punishment.

Heraclitus says, That the Nature of the Soul is so profound, that it cannot be found out by any Means ; he only asserted, that it is as all other Things are, an *Exhalation* ; that which is within, and that which is without, being all of one Nature ; it is incorporeal and always in Fluxion ; that its being mov'd, is self-evident of Souls, that the dry are the wisest and best.

Xenophanes held, that the Soul is a Spirit, and that there were many Things beneath the Mind. *Protagoras* held the Soul to be nothing more than the Senses.

Epicurus conceives the Soul to be corporeal, some more tenuous or subtile Body, made up of most subtile Particles ; he was of Opinion that those that held it incorporeal abus'd the World, and play'd the Fool exceedingly ; for except it were such, it could neither act
nor

nor suffer, and not be touch'd by any Thing, but would be as meer Vacuity, which is such, that it can neither act nor suffer any Thing, but only affords a free Motion to Bodies passing through it.

Now, that the Soul acts, and suffers something, is manifestly declar'd by its Senses and Affections, as also by the Motions by which it impels the Members, and from within governs the whole *Animal*, turns it about, transports it into Dreams, and in general, by its Union and Consent, mix in one Compound with the grosser Matter, which usually, upon this Occasion, is more particularly term'd *Body*. He calls it a most tenuous Body, for that it is made up of the most tenuous and most subtile little Bodies, which, as they are for the most Part exceeding smooth, so are they very round; that the Sense is the Soul of the Soul.

Diogenes held the Soul to be Air; and *Hippo*, that it was Water. What other Opinions of the Ancients there may be of the Soul, they are reducible to some of these.

Query. *A certain Querist of the fair Sex, being in great Doubt what to do in this following Case, desires the Answer of her humble Servants the Athenians.*

Ans. She having by Nature a Constitution that is so abundantly stock'd with LOVE, that she cannot contain, but a Face and Person that scares all Men from making any Address to her, is extreamly troubl'd in Mind, how she shall comply with God's first Commandment, *Increase and multiply*; unless some of the Members of that Society will cast a charitable Eye of Regard on her; if so, we shall take Care to give them exact Directions to find her out.

Query. *What is Scepticism?*

Ans. 'Tis thus defin'd: A Faculty opposing *Phænomena's* (or Appearances) and Intelligibles all Manner of Ways, whereby we proceed through the Equivalence of contrary Things and Speeches first, and Suspension, then to Disturbance; we call it a Faculty, from the Power thereof. By *Phænomena's* we understand Sensibles, which we oppose to Intelligibles. These Words all Manner of Ways may be referred to Faculty or Power simply; it may likewise be applied to Opinion betwixt *Phænomena's* and Intelligibles, since we oppose them
several

several Ways, *Phænomena's* to *Phænomena's*, Intelligibles to Intelligibles, or one to another. Wherefore, to conclude all Oppositions, we say all *Manner of Ways*, or all Manner of Ways of *Phænomena's* seem, or how Intelligibles are understood, as taking them simply. By *contrary Speeches*, we mean not only Affirmation and Negation, but simply those which are repugnant. *Equivalence* we call an Equality, as to Belief and Unbelief, so as neither of the repugnant Speeches is preferr'd as more credible than the other. *Suspension* is a Settlement of the Intellect, whereby we neither affirm nor deny any Thing. *Indisturbance* is a Composure and *Tranquillity of Mind*.

Query. *What Nation invented Painting?*

Ans. I am not of their Opinions, who not being able to wave their bigotted Veneration for that Nation which gave Birth to the divine Author of our Religion, in Enquiries of this Nature, will needs perswade the World, that we owe the Invention of this noble Art to the Offspring of *Abraham*, as well as the other Arts and Sciences; and that from them the *Egyptians*, from the *Egyptians* the *Grecians* successively improv'd them, and arrogantly challeng'd them as their own Productions. I must confess I cannot see any such mighty Reason for their Opinion, but that I may, without Impiety, or the least Irreverence for the Christian Faith, declare myself of a contrary Opinion: For by the Account of all History, sacred and profane, that Nation has a much different Character than what is agreeable to a Mother of rare Arts and Sciences, being always more devoted to their Gain, than to employ their Time on fruitless Observation. And I am sure the *Egyptians* had too mean a Value for them, to admit them as Teachers in any Thing. For at their first coming into *Egypt*, all the Interest of *Joseph* was not sufficient to gain his Brethren any greater Favour than a Frontier Province, remote enough from the Court, to live in, where their greatest Study was to look after their Flocks. And from the *Ægyptians* *Aaron* learnt to make the golden Calf; and *Bezaleel* and *Aholiab* were beholden to an extraordinary Inspiration, not to the Use of any Arts among them. But of all the Arts, none certainly can be
less

less in Reason deduc'd from the Children of *Israel*, than this of Painting, since so little Advantage could accrue to those that first busy'd themselves about it. And if we may add, as a supernumerary Reason, the Inclinations of their Posterity, we cannot suppose them so ingeniously given, as to mind any Art that contributed not immediately to their Interest. I must therefore conclude, that some more easy and contented Nation were the first Designers in that Gentleman-like Profession. To pronounce magisterially in this Case and decide it to any, would be more than the most judicious of the Ancients durst do, who were by many Hundreds of Years nearer its Birth than we: Yet I am apt to believe, the *Egyptians* were the first Painters or Statuaries, as well as Philosophers; tho' I cannot allow their vain-glorious Brag, that *Picture* flourish'd 6000 Years with them before it pass'd into *Greece*. Tho' the Original of this Art is obscure, yet this I may say, that whatever People may in Justice pretend to the Invention, *Greece* alone brought it to Perfection, and therefore may the better be allow'd to arrogate it wholly to herself, tho' it be controverted what Part of *Greece* gave Rise to it, some attributing it to *Sicyones*, and Island in the *Ægean* Sea; others to *Corinth*, where by drawing Lines round the Extremities of the Shadow of a Man, was rudely made the first Step to Picture. The next Advance was into one Colour, call'd by the *Greeks*, *Monocheoma*, that is, of one Colour. But in a little Time it became more stately, and arrived to that Beauty in which it was in the Days of *Apelles*; nor lost much of its Lustre in its Transmigration from *Greece* to *Rome*, 'till the Dissoluteness of some Emperors, and the Weakness of others, suffer'd the Empire to be over-run, first with Ignorance then with Barbarity; for the Inundation of the *Hunnes*, *Vandals*, *Goths*, and *Lumbards*, destroy'd all that was fine in this Art, 'till by *Titian*, *Raphael Urbin*, *Angelo*, and the rest, it was reviv'd almost to as great an Excellence as in the Age of *Apelles*, whom, with the rest of his Contemporaries, I cannot help preferring before any of our modern Artists in Painting, as well as Statues, if we may believe the Account which some of the Ancients give us of those admirable Pieces they themselves had seen.

Query.

Query. *Is there any such Thing as the Philosopher's Stone ?*

Ans. If we believe the Chymists, they will tell us many fine Stories about it: That as the Seed of any Vegetable transmutes that Humidity of the Earth proper to itself, into its own Form and Nature; and thus from a little Seed becomes a great Tree: So if the Seed of Gold or Silver be cast into any baser Metal, it will convert it into its own Nature. But then for this one seeming Reason, they provide Abundance of Obscurities, and enigmatick Subterfuges for you to lose yourself in, if you attempt to pursue the imaginary Treasure; as the *flying Dragon*, the *Spirit of Tellus*, the Marriages and Conjunctions of *Sol*, *Venus*, *Jupiter*, &c. with *Amalgama's*, *Hermetical Feelings*, and an infinite Number of such strange Kind of Whims, as if they writ with a Design not to be understood. Thus *Faber* has deliver'd 112 *Arcanums* to do Wonders, if you believe the Title of each Secret; tho' I never heard of that Man, tho' a profess'd Chymist, that durst pretend to understand one of them: So fearful they are of having their Minds discover'd by any but the *true Sons of the Art*, that they make every Thing a Mystery even to themselves. They'll tell you indeed of one *Artistus* that liv'd a thousand Years; and of a *French* Scrivener that built I know not how many Hospitals and Churches; one by the *Aurum Potabile*, and the other by the *Powder of Projection*. Happy Men! that out of so many Thousands whom the Witchery of the golden Hopes has betray'd to this vain Attempt, and only arise to this more than Miracle: Nay, the Scrivener cannot be suppos'd to have had either Time or Money enough to have pass'd thro' all the tedious Experiments required to its Perfection. The great Duke of *Florence* has, among his choice Collection of Rarities, a Nail that is half Gold and half Iron, which, as they would have you believe, was chang'd from that baser Metal, by only the Touch of the Philosopher's Stone, which it seems had not Force enough to transmute the whole. But this is a Trifle fit for the *Athenian Mercury* to pause upon, and give you a tedious Account of *Lullius*, *Bacon*, *Repley*, and the rest of that mad Tribe of canting Scriblers.

And

And now for Variety, and to comply as near as I can, with your delicate Gust in Poetry, I will propose a few *Queries in Metre*.

Quest. *Self-nam'd Athenians, let it pray be shewn,
(For sure 'tis obvious to your mighty Wits)
Why Farts burn blue when thro' a Candle blown,
And yet that's yellow which the same A—se sh—ts?*

For a rhiming Answer to this difficult Question, I must doubtless be referr'd (for that's your Method) to something that you have already printed. Well then, let's see; what says the Oracle?

Vol. 5. N. 11.

*Hail Bard divine! unknown we must adore,
Thy Eagle pitch out-soars our haggard Flight:
Our glimm'ring Lamp within will flame no more,
Quench'd by too unsupportable a Light, &c.*

Your Servant, Gentlemen, I thank ye, and confess this is most incomparable Fustian, and superfine *Stuff*, but nothing to the Purpose of my Question, no more than it was to that with which it was first printed. Once more——

Quest. *Tell me ye Men of doughty Quill,
And shew in Heraldry your Skill,
Which Order's best and valu'd most,
Knights of the Stocks, or of the Post?
Mistake me not, for I'm sincere,
I mean no Sham-Athenians here,
Altho' their Mansion of chief Fame
Stands by a Market of that Name;
Yet must I needs confess their Writing
Deserves no other Sort of Knighting;
Nor to a Sir can make Pretence,
Unless 'twere join'd with Reverence.*

Quest. *Tell me, in fine, what Scorn is due to those
Who bid us all our Doubts to them propose,
Yet answer none where difficult and hard,
But call them Riddles, and not worth Regard?
When OEdipus, if we may credit Fame,
Clearing a Riddle, got a Heroe's Name.
Excuse th' unequal Instance that I bring;
For what Comparison is in the Thing?
Athenian Rubbish, and a Theban King.*

}
Query.

Query. *Whence have we our Opium? Whether is it hot or cold? If hot, why Narcotick? If cold, why Sudorifick? Let it be what it will, how comes it to have that Deference for those animal Spirits that are required for the Motion of the Heart, and for Respiration; as very often to spare them, while it seizes the others that communicate with the Organs of the external Senses?*

Ans. Here is a Chain of intricate Questions indeed, design'd, I believe, to puzzle or daunt the new Undertakers; but I assure the Querist he will find himself mistaken, especially as to the last Part: For who, tho' never so mean-spirited, could despond in such a Matter as this, when he has such a fair Promise from such a famous and learned Society as the *Athenian Mercury*, that they will take the Pains to view his Endeavours, and correct his Failings. This Encouragement, with the Desire of Self-instruction, will make us continue and give our Thoughts of such Questions as those acute Men have been unwilling to answer; tho' they must of Necessity examine 'em now, since they have openly pass'd their Word to the Booksellers, and especially to their intimate Friends the Coffee-houses, that they would declare themselves upon the Questions of the *London Mercury*. I must confess, this Consequence of their Promise will prove troublesome to them; yet am satisfy'd they are generous, and will stand to their Words. So to the Question;

1. We have our *Opium*, some from *Greece*, some from the Kingdom of *Cabaia* in the *East-Indies*, and some from the Territories of the *Grand Cairo* in *Egypt*; for it is a Tear that distils from *Poppies* that grow in those Countries, when, at certain Times of the Year, Incisions are made in the Heads of those Plants. What is had this way, is the purest and best, and therefore kept by the People for their own Use, who send us that which they press out of the said Heads, and call *Meconium*.

2. Notwithstanding that *Opium* disables the Spirits for a Time from the Performance of their Duty, and stupifies, as Narcoticks do that are granted to be cold; yet I hold it hot, by Reason of its bitter Taste, piercing

eing Smell, and sudorifick Effects; but chiefly, because it is altogether sulphureous, which none can doubt of, that knows how inflammable it is, and how easily dissolv'd in the Spirit of Wine. Now, how such a Substance can be Narcotick, is not as hard to solve, as it may seem strange at first Sight; for it is clear, that any Thing can be Narcotick, which can for some Time obstruct the Commerce of the internal and external Senses: And it is as plain, that any Thing can effect this, which can either fix the animal Spirits, stop the small Passages of the Brain where they are form'd, or hinder their Influx into the Nerves; a Substance that is sulphureous, and consequently of ramous and pliable Parts, can do either, or all three. And consequently *Opium* can be together Narcotick and Hot.

Finally, The Reason why *Opium* does stop the Influx of the Spirits into the Organs of the external Senses, whilst Respiration and the Motion of the Heart go their ordinary Train, is, I believe, because the Insertion of the *Carotids* into the Brain is nigher the Origin of the Nerves that convey animal Spirits into the first, than them that supply the latter; whence it may very well happen, that the little Quantity of *Opium* that is ordinarily prescrib'd, is altogether taken up in obstructing the first small Passages it meets with; and that none, or at least a very inconsiderable Part of it, reaches the *Cerebellum*, where the *Par octarum* has its Origin. Add to this, that it is very probable that these Nerves are wider, and the small Channels of the Brain that lead towards them, more open, by Reason of the uninterrupted Motion of the animal Spirits in them Parts, than others are where this Motion is oft discontinu'd; so that they cannot be so easily obstructed as the latter.

There is a Plant that grows on Mount *Libanus* in *Syria*, which the *Arabians* call the *Golden Herb*; it begins to appear in the Month of *May*, after the Snow is thaw'd; in the Twilight it appears all in a Flame, and continues like a Torch until Morning, without Diminution of its Substance. Moreover, the People of that Country think, the Transmutation of Metals might be compass'd, but they dare not dig it up, because such

as have attempted it, dy'd on the sudden, and in the Undertaking. Pray your Thoughts upon these surprizing *Phanomenons* ?

Ans. Supposing the Relation true, all the Parts of it may be solv'd with one very simple Conjecture. Only supposing that this Plant grows in a bituminous and sulphureous Soil, which is always exhaling Steams in great Quantities, which being condensed by the Cold of the Night, kindle into a Flame; which is no greater Wonder, than to see the fat Exhalations of Churchyards burn like Flame in the Air. Now when the Sun is risen, he rarifies them Vapours, and that so thin that they mix with, and lose themselves in the ambient Air. As to the Transmutation of Metals, it is a groundless Thought of the Vulgar; but as to the sudden Death of those that attempt the digging up of this Plant, it may be true, for ought we know; for it's like enough that a great Quantity of them Steams, which probably being gross, are Narcotick, may either still the Motion of the Blood, or fix the animal Spirits; and so of Necessity bring sudden Death.

Query. *Whether The Young Student's Library, proposed by the Athenians, be not the cast Common-place-book of some antiquated Pedagogue ?*

Ans. 'Tis very probable; for the Authors selected seem to be such as were most likely to fall within the Acquaintance of a Pedant, whose whole Life had been destin'd to the Teaching of Boys to decline *Amo*, and to tell their Fingers; and instructing of ignorant Peasants in the Knowledge of their Christian Names and the Church Catechism. This Medley of Authors seems to be well sorted; *Virgil's Æneids* and the Works of *St. Austin*; *Lucian's Dialogues*, and *Dr. Hammond's Practical Catechism*; the Works of *Aristotle*, and *Culpepper's Midwife*; *Horace* and *Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress*; *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, and *Dr. Sherlock on Death*; the *Call to the Unconverted*, and *Martial's Epigrams*. In short, the Man who made this Collection, was a very necessary Man in his Generation: For here one may learn to cap Verses, and turn a Pancake; save Souls, and cure Corns and kib'd Heels, steal a Flourish to adorn a Country Sermon; and set forth a breaking-up Declamation:

So

So that the Improvements the first Design may receive from so learned and judicious a Society as that of the *Athenians*, will render this Miscellany as useful as a Pacing-saddle, or the late famous Engine to part Cream-cheese; very necessary to be read by *Yorkshire V—rs*, and their pious Dairy-maids, School-boys, Fiddlers, Fencers, Midwives, and *Athenians*.

Query. *Whether it is not the real Interest of the Athenian Society, rather to endeavour the keeping up of the London Mercury, than its Discontinuance?*

Ans. The Roman Historians tell us, that it was once very hotly debated in the Senate, what they should do with their Rival Republick *Carthage*; some were for utterly demolishing it; but others were as earnest to have it still preserv'd out of a prudent Consideration, that if that City were once destroy'd, the Romans would prove resty and effeminate. And now let the *Athenians*, if they please (since they have a Predicator amongst them) make the Application.

Query. *What is the Reason why a Checquer is plac'd at Ale-house Doors?*

Ans. This Question was some Months ago sent to the *Athenians*, by the same Token, that they were pleas'd to say, That without Doubt a Reason might be found for this Custom somewhere or other in History; but that for their Part, having other more material Questions upon their Hands, they would not give themselves any farther Trouble about it. Now, there is no great Mystery in the Matter, nor is a Man oblig'd to turn over his *Selden* or *Spelman* to find it out: For all that need to be said on this Occasion, is That Ale-houses in the Days of Yore were Places of Gaming, where our sober Ancestors us'd to pass away an Afternoon, or so, at Chefs; and therefore, for Distinction sake they plac'd a Checquer over the Door, just as now where a Billiard-table, or a Green and two Bowls are painted on the Sign, any Person may be confident he is not far from a Billiard-house or a Bowling-green.

Query. *Of what Antiquity is Dancing upon the Rope? And what may be suppos'd to give the first Rise to that Sport?*

Ans.

Ans. Tho' the latter End of *August* be the fittest Time to answer this Question; yet since the Querist has been so importunate of late, we can tell the Antiquity of it is unquestionably very great: For (not to mention any more) *Terence*, who liv'd a considerable Time before the Birth of our Saviour, mentions it in his Prologue to the *Hecyra*; where, taking Occasion to complain of the Thinness of his Audience, and the ill Success of his Play, he ascribes it to the People's being so mightily taken up at that Time with a Rope-dancer: *Ita populus studio stupitus in Funambulo animum occuparat.*

'Tis somewhat difficult to assign the Time precisely when this Sort of Recreation first appear'd in the World; but it is no ill-grounded Opinion, that it commenc'd a little after the Invention of the theatrical Sports, which derive their Original from the merry Meetings of the old *Pagans* in Vintage-time, where they first offer'd Sacrifice, and then fell to good Eating and Drinking, and at last, when they were in their Cups, those that were the Top-wits of their respective Villages, pelted one another with Doggrel, and Country-raillery; which prov'd the first Occasion of Comedy; and others, who valu'd themselves upon Feats of Activity, would divert the Company by dancing and leaping upon Leathern-bottles that were well greas'd and anointed; and so this Exercise, perhaps, gave the first Hint to our active Sport, which now makes up so much of the Entertainment at *Barthol'mew-Fair*. And as the *Romans* borrow'd their Comedy from the *Grecians*; so it is not improbable, that to them likewise they owe their Rope-dancing.

Gentlemen,

In your last *London Mercury*, you very clearly stated the Controversy about that famous Passage in *Josephus*, lib. 18. cap. 4. concerning our Saviour, viz. Whether it were really genuine or not, or whether interpolated by the pious Frauds of the primitive Christians. It appears very odd to me, that *Josephus*, who was so exact an Historian of the Affair of Judea, should be so highly silent, and say nothing of our Saviour. For, tho' the Place
where

where this Testimony of his concerning Christ, appears altogether so proper for it; yet if this is not really the Testimony of Josephus, he no where else takes notice of him. But, Gentlemen, granting this Passage to be spurious and forg'd, yet would it not be better, and more for the Promotion and Propagating of Christianity, to have the common People believe it to be true? I myself have heard it urg'd by a Reverend Divine, as a collateral Proof of the Miracles our Saviour wrought; nay, he did not stick to quote even Seneca too, tho' that Philosopher no where takes notice of him, except his Epistle to St. Paul, and St. Paul's to him, be of any Weight. However, after all, I believe the Design of that Reverend Gentleman was good, and purely to possess his Auditors with a greater Regard and Respect for the Truth of our Religion. 'Tis very necessary that your next Mercury should answer this, and so put an End to the Dispute. I am,

Your humble Servant.

Ans. Since there has already, in our last, been so much said of this Matter, a few Lines will dispatch an Answer to this ingenious Gentleman's *Queries*. His first Objection carries but little Weight with it, which is this: Because *Josephus* does no where else make mention of our Saviour, than in this Place, that therefore he must do it there. Now, *Josephus* does no where in his Work take notice of the *Infanticidium* by *Herod*, which an exact Historian, one would think, ought to have done: But the most accurate Historians that have come to our Hands, have doubtless omitted several Things done in their own Times, and left them for others to relate, *Eusebius*, lib. 1. cap. 8. *Ecclesiast. Hist.* indeed quotes *Josephus Antiqu.* lib. 17. as disingenuously as he does several others, where he makes him relate the Punishment with which God afflicted *Herod* for the Murther of the young Children, leaving out the Names of *Juda* the Son of *Saripheus*, and *Matthias* the Son of *Margalothus*, who were slain by the Command of *Herod*, long after the Murther of the young Children, which *Josephus* mentions not at all. But if this Passage were genuine, how could it possibly have escap'd the Notice of *Justin Martyr* in his Dialogues with *Trypho*? Or how should *Tertullian* and *Clemens Alexandrinus*

andrinus so strangely forget to urge its Authority against the *Jews* they disputed with, and combated? And lastly, Is it not a Miracle, that none should ever take notice of it 'till *Eusebius's* Time, who, 'tis very probable, was the first Starter of it? *St. Hierom* translating that Part of the Testimony, $\epsilon\tau\omicron\iota\ \eta\upsilon\ \delta\ \chi\rho\iota\varsigma\tau\omicron\varsigma$, does not say, *Hic erat Christus*, but *Credebatur esse Christus*. *St. Hierom* was very well acquainted with the Frauds of those Times, and believ'd it very improper for a *Jew* to say those Words. Cardinal *Baronius* says, that in an *Hebrew* Manuscript he found those Words scratch'd out; and 'tis very likely (if it be true what *Baronius* says) that he that did it, had detected the Forgery.

To the latter Part of this Gentleman's Letter, we have no more to say, but that we think Christianity has no need of the Supports of Artifice, Forgery, or Contrivance. At this Rate, the *Sybils Verses*, and *Agbaras's Epistle*, are to be esteem'd authoritative and useful; whereas they rather serve to expose our holy Religion to the Insults of *Spinoza's* Gang. At this Rate, the learned Men of this late Age have trifled away their Time; Monsieur *Baluze*, and our learned Protestant Divine *Blondel*, might have spar'd the Trouble to the World and themselves. The Fables of the *Donum Constantini*, King *Lucius*, and the *Thebean Legion*, shall be cry'd up; and for our Protestant Interest, that of Pope *Joan*. Our blessed Saviour call'd himself Truth; let it be therefore our Business to find it out and adore it. *Lactantius* says well in his Institutions, *Summum sapientiae gradum attigisti quando falsa intellexeris*.

Quest. Whether the Herb which we commonly call Fern, bears or produces any Seed? And how and which Way it is to be sav'd?

Ans. There is a considerable Number of Plants reckon'd among the *Imperfecta*, or such as have neither Seed nor Flower, which by late Discoveries are found to be by far the most fruitful of any in producing of Seed: So the Fern, *Polypody*, *Maidenhair*, *Spleenwort*, and the rest of the *Capillary* Plants, were call'd *Asperme*, and never known to bear any Seed, until the Invention of Microscopes, by which it was discover'd, that those little Heaps of Dust that appear'd on the
backside

backside of the Leaves of these Plants, were so many Heaps of Seed; but so small, that one single Grain was not visible to the naked Eye. Hence such Plants are call'd *Epiphyllisperma*, because they bear their Seed on the Leaf. And the best Way certainly to gather or preserve the Seed of them, is to pluck one of the Leaves with the ripe Seed upon it. So the *Fucus*, or *Alga marina*, in English *Seawreck*, was reckon'd among the more imperfect barren Plants, until that learned Naturalist Dr. *Tancred Robinson* first discover'd, That these Bladders, so conspicuous in the Leaves of the *Wreck*, were the Seed Vessels of that Plant, and that they contain perfect Seed within them. Neither do I in the least doubt, that all Kinds of *Moss*, *Coral*, *Sponge*, &c. and even *Mushrooms* themselves, have Seed, or that it shall lie long undiscover'd in them, tho' as yet we have no Certainty of it.

Qu. *Quid Baccho Nymphas adhibes temerarie, Caupo, Cum quo sit natus debeat igne mori?*

Resp. Dispare Dii sexu vincuntur, Amice, domamus
Sic *Bacchum* Nymphis, sic *Venerem* maribus.

Query. By what Means was it, that the Sepulchral Lamps of the Ancients did some of them burn 1000, other 1500 Years.

Ans. The *Querist* tells us, That he believes himself able to make such; but I hope he'll pardon us that we do not believe him; for we are so far from that, that we believe there never was any Lamp made to endure so long. It's true, Monsieur *Des Cartes* has taken much Pains to adapt his Philosophy to this *Phænomenon*; but we may, without Injury to that great Man's Memory, say, That several more Instances may be given for his being concern'd for the Explication of Appearances which never were.

We have receiv'd a Letter from the Gentleman, whose Query about the Explanation of the 17th Verse in *Juvenal*, Sat. XI.

Qui Lacedæmonium pytismate lubricat orbem.
we answer'd before. This Gentleman is, it seems, not pleas'd with the Conjecture we make how it is to be understood, but tells us, That *Is. Vossius* (who, he says, understood Bawdy very well) interprets that Passage
to

to a very obscene Sense, &c. We are not ignorant how *Vossius* would have that Place to be understood ; but we think we have but little Reason (notwithstanding what *Vossius* has said of the Matter) to depart from

believing the other Interpretation we be-
Not. in Catul. fore gave of it, to be true. *Pityfma* is

P. 59. no more than the Wine either squirted from between the Teeth, (as we generally try that Way whether the Wine be good or not) or else some little left in the Glass, and flung upon the Ground. In this Sense *Chremes* in *Terence's Heautontimoroumenos* speaks : *Pitissando modo mihi quid vini absumpsit ? Sic, hoc, dicens, Asperum pater, hoc est : aliud levius sedes vide Relevidolia omnia, &c.* We think this a very fair Instance of its Signification. *Vossius* (of whom the *Querist* knows the Epigram,

*Quod si non placeat salex Catullus
 Effati cape nequiora Vossii*)

is mighty willing that this Passage should be thought Bawdy ; and indeed that Satyr of *Juvenal* gives great Countenance to his Conjecture, which treats of a Vice not fit to be named. As to the Passage in *Apuleius*, we like not the reading either of *Lipsius*, or our *Price*. It may be read either *detrerrima fortuna* in the *Gen. Case sing.* and understand *mancipia*, or some such Word ; or *discrimina fortuna* : Or, if that don't please him, *retrimenta fortuna*. *Apuleius* is not strict to *Latinity*, (for so much he confesses himself) and no-body ought to be accountable for his Negligence.

We have not yet had Leisure to consult our Books about the Receipt to make *Lacedemonian* Porridge for the *Querist*, who says he was old, and would willingly leave off eating Flesh, if he could find the Way to make that Broth. We advise him rather to find out the Duke of *Buckingham's* famous Receipt for making of Porridge, with which the Taylor's Wife would have the whole Bill paid.

Qu. When was the Surplice first instituted, and by whom ?

Ans.

Ans. I doubt not but many Habits, Rites, and Customs, both of the *Jewish* and *Heathen* Temples, were admitted into the Christian Church in its very Infancy; and among these I reckon the *Surplice*. The Jewish Priests had peculiar Vestments, which they put on when they officiated, and so had the Heathen; their sacred Garments were of Linen, and for Colour white; and in the like Habit did the ancient Ministers of God encompass the Altar, as one of the Fathers expresses it, in imitation of the Angels (by whose Name Bishops and Priests are sometimes called) standing about the Throne of God, of which the Altar was look'd on as a Representative. Now of Angels we read, That whenever they made their Appearances on Earth, their Garments were white and shining.

Gentlemen,

We are two Husbandless young Creatures; a Gentleman is now in Love with one of us; but dispenseth his Pretensions so equally, we could never yet make a reasonable Conjecture which it was, tho' each of us has Vanity enough to decide in her own Favour. One Night this Gentleman pass'd a Com liment on us to this Purpose: If he were a Monarch he could marry the one: And could be satisfied to beg his Bread with the other. Query, Which of these was the greatest Compliment? Kind Gentlemen, pray resolve this in your next Mercury, and you'll mightily oblige, at least, one of

Your humble Servants.

Ans. Why truly, Ladies, we are absolutely of Opinion, that the last was the greater Compliment; for if the Gentleman design'd any Favour at all in his Expression, it must certainly fall on her Side, by how much the more probable it is, that he will sooner be a *Beggar* than a *Monarch*. Though for the first Husbandless young Creature's Comfort, we assure her, that we have a young Gentleman for her in our Society, upon Condition, she bring Food with her as well as Appetite; for he will by no Means be satisfied to beg his Bread with her. So we take our Leaves for this Time of

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the Ladies, advising them friendly, to be as speedy as they can in getting Husbands ; for if the War lasts long (as 'tis likely it will) they must expect the Commodity to be scarcer, and advance at least 20 l per Cent.

Qu. *What was the Jus Nigrum made of, that Plutarch tells us was eaten by the Lacedemonians ?*

Ans. 'Tis a hard Matter positively to say of what it was made, there is indeed so little Room even for Conjecture. The *Lacedemonians* were of all People the most temperate in their Diet, as *Plutarch* in *Vita Lycurgi*, witnesses ; and this σιτοδεία, or sparing Diet of theirs, was for these Reasons (of which *Xenophon*, and *Plutarch* in his *Laconick Institutes*) that they might be the better able to endure Hunger when oppress'd by War ; and besides, they imagined it both healthful, and to cause a greater Agility of Body. But this μέλας ζωμός was a Sort of Broth that was design'd chiefly for their old Men, the Young being allow'd Flesh ; and that this Porridge was in the greatest Esteem among them, beyond any other Dainties, *Plutarch* testifies in *Laconicis*, and in *Lycurgo* : Τῶν δ' ὅψων ἐνδοκίμηταί μάλιστα παρ' αὐτοῖς μέλας ζωμός ὥς τε μήτε κρεασδὶς δεινὰς τὰς πρεσβυτέρους, &c. That the Composition of it was Pieces of Flesh and Blood boil'd with Salt and Vinegar, we conjecture from *Plutarch de tuenda Valetudine*, where he says, That the *Lacedemonians* used to give their Cooks Salt and Vinegar, and bid them procure the rest from the Victims. If this will not satisfy the learned Gentleman that sent the Query, if he will have a little Patience, he may doubtless expect a better Account from the most learned Society of *Athenians*.

Query. *Whether the reformed Churches beyond Sea do not all make use of a Form of Prayer, or which of them does not ? And whether they do not approve of the Liturgy of the Church of England, or which of them declares against it ?*

Ans. Dr. Durel hath fully evinc'd to the World, that the Reformed Churches do use Forms of Prayer ; the *Lutherans* throughout all *Europe*, and *Calvin's* Liturgy is most commonly bound up with with the *French Bibles* ;

bles; and *John Knox* himself penn'd a Liturgy for the *Scotch Presbyterians*: The Way of *extempore* Praying was borrow'd by the *Dissenters* from the Emissaries of the *Romish Church*, who by the Pretences of purer Devotion, sought to bring the Common-prayer into Disrepute. In the same Book is proved, That the Reformed Churches do approve of our Liturgy; and it is plain they do, because in the *Harmony of Confessions*, so often printed at *Geneva*, &c. the XXXIX Articles of our Church (in which it is well known, that both our Discipline and Service are asserted, as consonant to God's Word) always find a chief Place. And whatsoever some private hot-headed Men may have said to the contrary, in their Letters to their private Friends, I know of no Church that hath express'd her open Dislike, either of Liturgies in general, or in particular of our excellent Service.

The End of the THIRD VOLUME.





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The End of the Third Volume.





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